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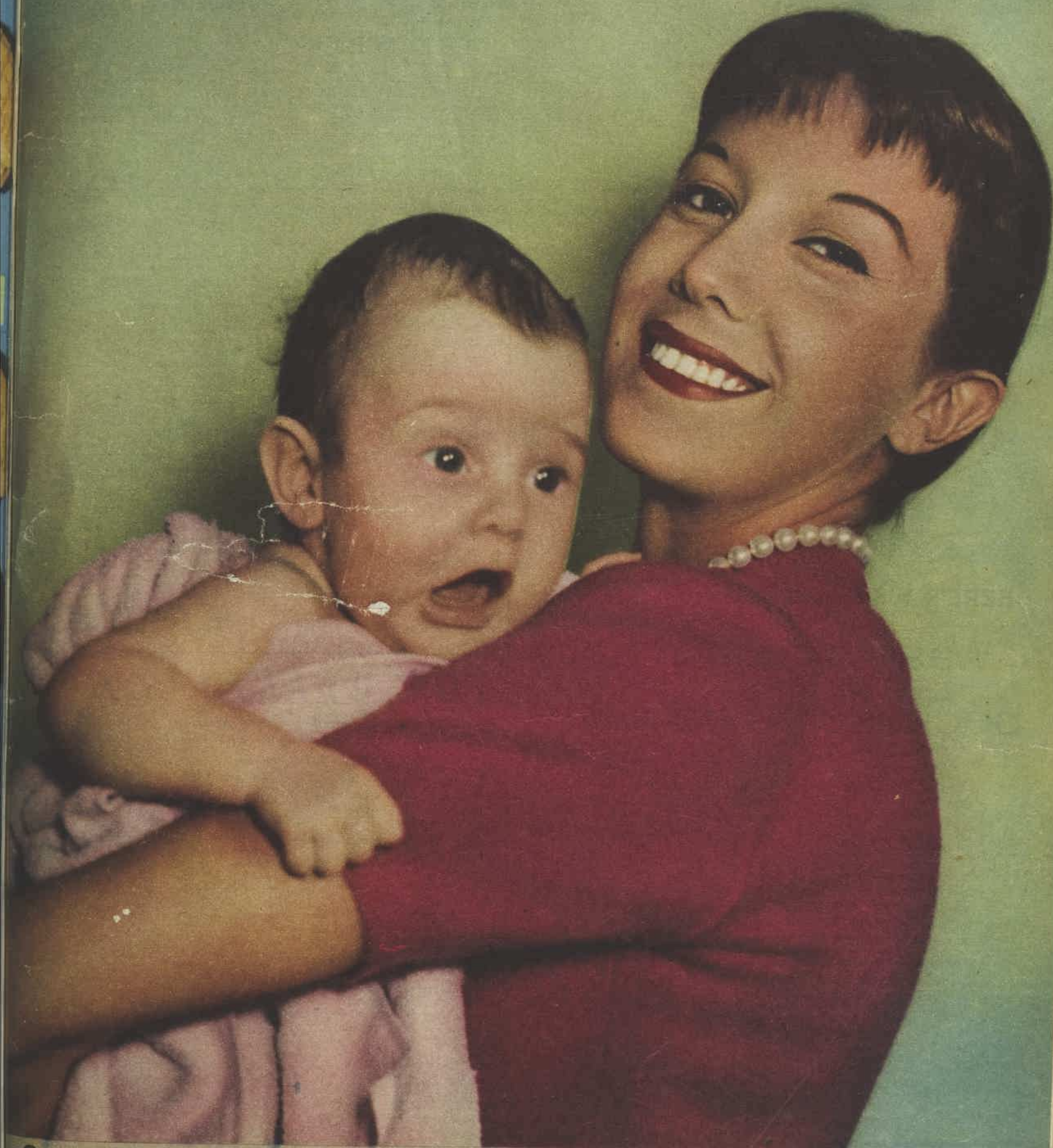
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# WOMEN'S WEEKLY

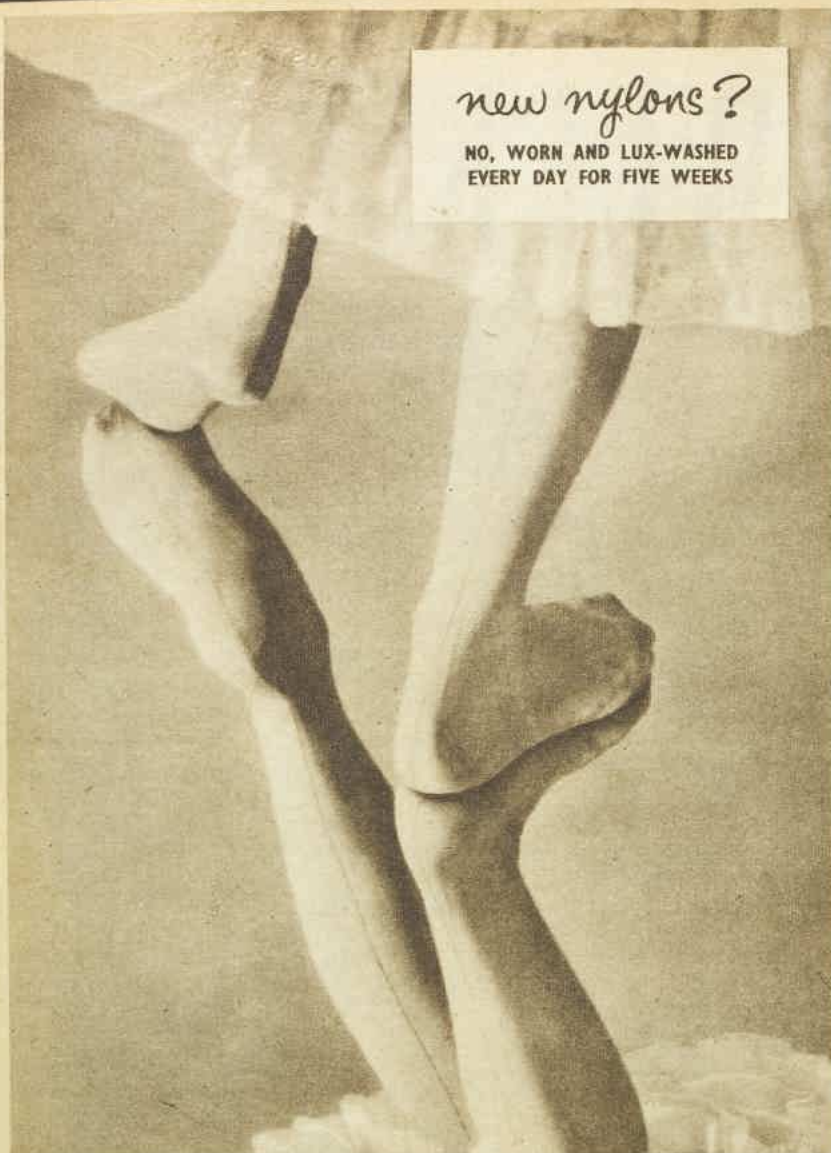
March 12, 1958

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LUX IS SO SAFE . . . YOU'LL WANT TO USE IT ALWAYS

# The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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MARCH 12, 1958

Vol. 25, No.

## DRUNKS AT THE WHEEL

THE British Medical Research Council's report on drunken driving is frightening enough to make most car-owners want to sign the pledge.

The report says that drunks at the wheel are responsible for 50,000 road smashes in Britain each year.

And it quotes the even more ominous figure, that 60 per cent. of all road accidents "have about them the stench of liquor."

There are many reasons for road accidents — from incompetency and bad manners to worry over some personal problem, and driving under the influence.

But of them all, drunken driving is inexcusable.

You don't have to be sodden before you're incapable of driving safely. The Council's report stresses that a tiny amount of alcohol is enough to destroy a driver's sense of timing and balance, and to dull his sense of responsibility.

True, alcohol affects different people in different ways, but the indisputable conclusion of this report is that anyone who drives is a public criminal.

He or  
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at law.

The drunk at  
slightly merry drun  
beyond the sign th:

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driven

Ross Campbell 26  
Here's Your  
Answer 28

## Our cover

● Mrs. John Carew, former Italian mannequin Terry Paliani, of Rome, wraps a pink towel round her lovely daughter — three-month-old Maria Teresa — straight after her bath. Terry came to Australia more than two years ago to take part in The Australian Women's Weekly Italian fashion parades. She has since married an Australian and lives in Sydney.

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## THE WEEKLY ROUND

● All Australians invited to attend functions for the Queen Mother have taken care to make sure they look their best.

BUT perhaps the highest marks for effort should go to a pack of Brownies who lined the esplanade at Manly, in Sydney, for the Queen Mother's visit to a surf carnival.

In charge was Brown Owl, who rushed up and down with a small bottle of brass polish a few moments before the Queen Mother arrived putting a final gloss on each of the youngsters' badges.

When Queen Elizabeth had passed by, the small ones were ecstatic in their praise, and one announced solemnly what must have been the highest praise of all:

"She looks as nice as Brown Owl."

Incidentally, one of our reporters who went to Balmoral Naval Depot for the Queen Mother's luncheon visit was intrigued by the decoratively folded napkins on the dining-table.

The napkins, work of Petty-Officer Edward Allen and

Leading Steward Brian Ray, were folded into five different shapes: the Mitre (like a bishop's hat), slipper, Arum lily, fan, and cockscomb.

★ ★ ★  
OUR Home Plans service, which now operates in Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide, Brisbane, and Geelong, is to be extended to Canberra.

The Home Plan Centre will be run full-time by an interior decorator at Anthony Hordern's store in Canberra.

A representative from the Sydney Centre will visit Canberra every fortnight, beginning on Friday, March 7.

★ ★ ★  
AUSTRALIAN restaurateur Kenneth Hall (see story opposite), who introduced the barbecue to English parties, tells us that they only became "the thing" overnight in England when the Queen and Princess Margaret attended one.

"Neither the Queen nor Princess Margaret had the slightest qualms in taking a hot chicken leg or frankfurts in an ungloved hand," he said.

"And when the Queen gave a party for the American Lawyers' Convention at Buckingham Palace last year, she put on a barbecue for them."

★ ★ ★  
"THE FEELING," our short story this week, is by a newcomer to Australia, and also to writing.

The author — Derry Lemaire — is an Englishman who recently retired as a major from the British Regular Army and decided to settle in Sydney with his wife and four children.

"After living all over the world in peace and wartime," he said, "I just couldn't settle down in England in the cold, so, as my wife is Australian, I thought this would be the place for me."

"I am a businessman now, but have developed a strange passion for writing. I hope to style myself soon as 'author.'"

For a newcomer, he hasn't done too badly with his first batch of stories. He has sold three to the A.B.C. and two to us. "The Feeling" is the first to be published.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 12, 1958





MEETING IN THE VESTIBULE near one of the restaurant's two-tone murals, Australian Jon Bannenberg gives Sydney model Nola Rose a light for her cigarette. Jon, in the few years he has spent in England, has become a leading interior decorator.



DANCER SHIRLEY SUNNERS lets Australian restaurateur Ken Hall recommend a meal from the Adelaide Room's selection of roast meats on a superb silver trolley. The trolley is one of the West End restaurant's most prized possessions.

# A Hallmark of quality in London

By BETTY BEST, of our London staff

● On the eve of his 21st anniversary in the restaurant business, Australian Kenneth Hall has opened the glamorous Adelaide Room in Jermyn Street, just behind Piccadilly.

ALREADY the restaurant has become a popular meeting place for Australians in London.

One of the best-known caterers in England, Mr. Hall is famous for his chain of Quality Inns throughout London, the exclusive "Caprice" and "Monsieur" restaurants, the club-like Jule's Bar, and, most of all, for his imaginative catering for private parties.

"The need for a pleasant spot where people could hold wedding receptions and

private parties gave me the idea for the Adelaide Room," says Mr. Hall.

"This type of restaurant is rare in London. Knowing how many there were in Australia made me keen to try the idea here."

Mr. Hall opens his Adelaide Room as a lunchtime restaurant, but reserves the evenings for private bookings.

And in the premises once famous as Luigi's, amid attractive murals depicting some of London's most beautiful landmarks, Mr. Hall's experienced staff can turn on anything from a small cocktail party to a full-sized banquet.

One of the first parties, soon after the opening of the Adelaide Room, was for a German airline.

"When I arrived to supervise arrangements," said Mr. Hall, "I discovered three big logs and a crosscut saw in the middle of my new carpet."

"I was told that the airline had flown over a company of Bavarian folk dancers. One of their dances involved the sawing of these logs. I pointed out that we weren't in the middle of a forest, and managed to get the logs into a furnace."

But Mr. Hall's career has been varied enough to equip him for most emergencies.

Born in Sydney, he and his brother, Alan, studied law after they left Scots College.

"We both found it rather dull," he says, "so I left Australia with the magician Dante, acting as his stage stooge and manager."

Mr. Hall reached London a year later and when his brother also arrived they found that London offered good scope for medium-priced restaurants.

"You could easily get a superb meal for £1, or a cafe meal for 2/-—but there was nothing in between," he says.

Then they remembered Sydney's popular Quality Inn in King Street.

(This was in the 1930s, and the restaurant has long since been replaced by shops.)

"Without a blush we asked relatives in Sydney to measure booths, tables, and every detail of Quality Inn—including the coat-hangers," Ken Hall says. "We also borrowed their idea of providing the second coffee free."

The English cousin of the Australian orig-



IN THE LOUNGE of the Adelaide Room before luncheon, Australian artist Jocelyn Richards (right) and fellow Australian Mrs. Russell Drysdale meet for a chat.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 12, 1958



ARRIVING at the restaurant in his new sports car is one of its youngest patrons, Tim Drysdale, son of artist Russell Drysdale. These pictures by Alec Murray.

inal was a success from the beginning. Mr. Hall now has 12 Quality Inns in London in which he feeds several million people a year.

In 1947 he started the "Caprice" restaurant, meeting place of stage and screen stars, and famous for food and atmosphere.

In 1950 he sold the "Caprice," but, wanting to open another restaurant in the same class, designed the Adelaide Room.

"I began my private catering business only three years ago and have been fascinated by its possibilities," he says. "Last year I arranged two of the biggest parties of the year."

"One was the Duke of Bedford's banquet for 1000 people at his family seat, Woburn Abbey, and the other was Sir Douglas Fairbanks' party for Ascot Week."

It was Mr. Hall who introduced the barbecue to English parties.

They became most fashionable when, at a

party organised by Mr. Hall two years ago, the Queen and Princess Margaret patronised the barbecue pit, and ignored smoked salmon in favor of a grilled chicken leg.

Mr. Hall gives up part of every weekday to the patrons of his well-known Jule's Bar, also in Jermyn Street. Here, he encourages a club atmosphere unlike any other bar in London.

Many clients are keen members of the sporting fraternity, and meet over drinks to discuss the weekend racing.

"It's also a home from home for England's leading jockeys," Mr. Hall says. "No matter how long I may live in England I shall never lose the Australian atmosphere."





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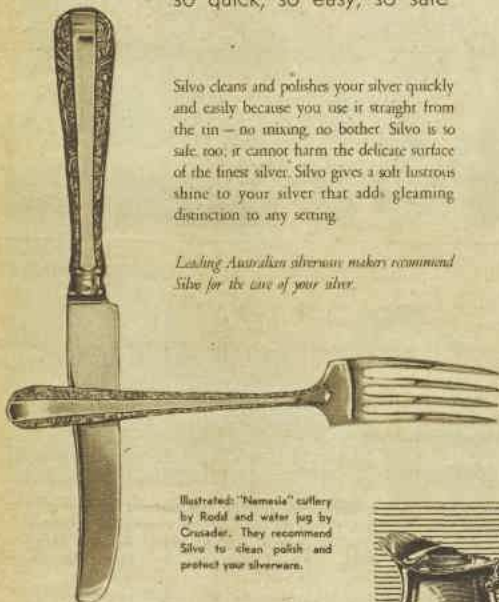
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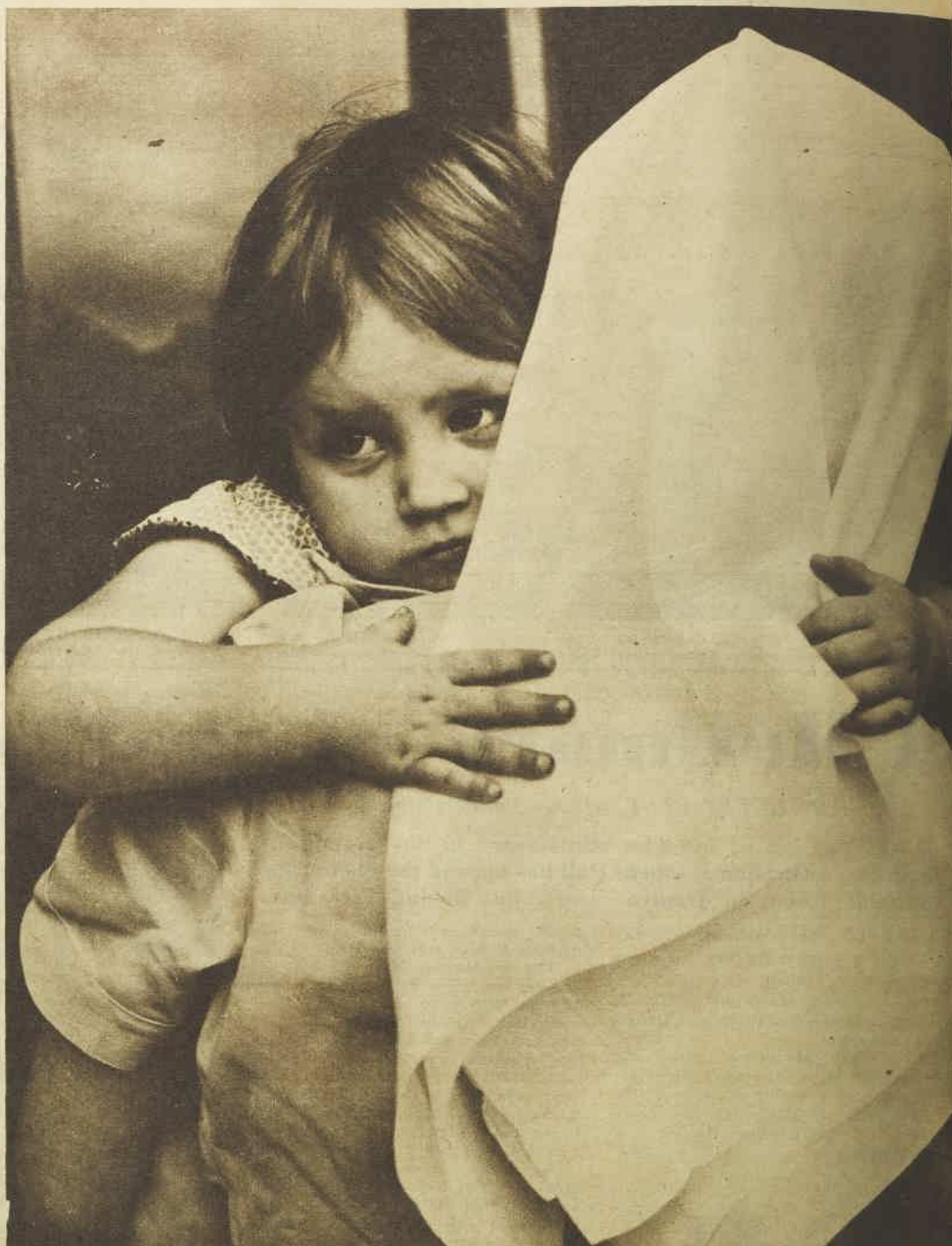


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**VENCATACHELLUM**  
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# CHILDREN'S REFUGE



TREATMENT holds no fears. A sister bandages a cut hand for Vincent, who is at the Home having his eyesight corrected, while (from left) Val, of Emmaville, Robert, of Walgett, and Mary Ann, of Glen Innes, wait their turn.

ALL THE LOVE and warmth of security given to the bush children by the staff of the Far West Home is in the eyes of Lynette. Lynette, three, is from Dubbo. Pictures on these two pages are by staff photographer Phil Merchant.

## Home is just a name on a map

In an old two-story building at Manly, N.S.W., are 150 children who want to go home — but only when they are well.

THE building is the Far West Children's Home, and its patients—born with twisted feet, congenital bone diseases, or suffering from polio, general debility, or eye diseases—have been brought from all parts of New South Wales for treatment there.

These children live and play as one large and usually happy family, and whenever one of them is able to discard the calipers after polio or hip disease, there is renewed hope in the eyes of others — many of whom know their homes only as names on a map.

Yet, because of the love and care they receive from Matron E. E. Hill and her staff of sisters and therapists, most of them cry at parting when they finally go home.



# **A little girl's triumph - 'I can walk!'**



PAULINE, nearly 3, suffered from debility when admitted to the Home. She would not eat and was too weak to walk. After weeks of treatment she is encouraged to try walking.



SHE IS TIMID at first, and uncertain of her balance. But, slowly, with the encouraging words and careful arms of the nurse before her, she makes her first unaided steps.



A FEW stumbling steps and then—"I can walk!" The next time will be easier. Pauline, who entered the Home last year, will soon return to her own home at Grenfell, N.S.W.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - March 12, 1958



THE CHILDREN live as brothers and sisters, learning to help those with worse afflictions than their own. Here, nine-year-old Vincent, of Griffith, conducts a sing-song in one of the wards.



THE FAR WEST HOME is a refuge where children of all ages receive treatment and love. A nursery sister in the kindergarten ward looks admiringly on two of her small charges, 16-month-old Cliff, of Brewarrina (left), and 11-month-old Robert, of Co'sar. Some of the children face years of treatment.



For you busy people who can't brush after every meal...

# NEW SUPER WHITE KOLYNOS



One morning brushing with cool, brisk Super White Kolynos protects your teeth right round the clock!



Don't you, like most busy people, find it difficult to brush your teeth after every meal? Use Super White Kolynos and your whole mouth feels refreshed all day long. Protected, too, because Super White Kolynos contains "S-15".

## JUST ONE BRUSHING STOPS DECAY AND BAD BREATH RIGHT ROUND THE CLOCK

New Super White Kolynos refreshes your whole mouth... leaves a clean after-taste that lasts longer than other toothpastes.

### NEW DECAY-FIGHTER "S-15"

New Super White Kolynos gives you science's most effective decay-fighter, "S-15"... the miracle ingredient that takes up the fight where others leave off. "S-15" destroys germs that cause dental decay and bad breath — in a way never before known.

### ROUND-THE-CLOCK PROTECTION

Just one brushing with New Super White Kolynos gives round-the-clock protection against dental decay and bad breath. If you're too busy to brush your teeth after meals, then this is the toothpaste for you!

Here's better and longer-lasting defence against tooth decay... the kind no other toothpaste can match. So change to New Super White Kolynos — the toothpaste that was specially made for busy people.

### PROOF! "S-15" DESTROYS DECAY-CAUSING BACTERIA!



These are the bacteria in your mouth which cause tooth decay and bad breath.



One brushing with Super White Kolynos and "S-15" destroys up to 92% of bacteria.

**Today's best-tasting,  
best decay-fighting  
toothpaste —  
stops bad breath!**





# Dame in a daring game

## But bike, not car, gave her black eye

By ANNETTE FIELDING-JONES,  
staff reporter

Joy Moyle is a female Jekyll and Hyde  
— on wheels.

**W**EEKDAYS, she's the most careful driver in Wollongong, N.S.W., calls all policemen her "big brothers," has never collected a speeding fine, and steers her bright blue car along at the rattling pace of 25 miles per hour. But catch up with her at the weekends. And watch out! This is Joyce Moyle, a dangerous driver.

Just 26, and all of five foot nothing, she is one of the few women drivers in New

**IN RACING KIT** Joy attends to a tyre of her stock car. She has a short hairstyle that "comes out of the helmet more or less okay."

South Wales who compete with men in stock car racing.

"The boys used to say it wasn't a woman's game," says Joy, giving one of her wide-open grins. "Now I've got some trophies at home and they've stopped making remarks about woman drivers."

Leading a double life doesn't seem to worry her, even though it means two complete changes of character, costume—and language.

Character No. 1 is quiet, sedate Miss Moyle, whose profession is driving teacher.

For this she wears a serviceable teacher's outfit—blue nylon shirt, neat black skirt.

"We've had about 2000 pupils in two years and we've worked teaching out to a decimal point," says Joy, who runs the driving school with partner Helen Oxley.

"Men and women drivers are much the same when they're learning. It's only later that men start thinking they're better behind a wheel."

The two girls work hard at their business. To fit in with their pupils, they sometimes start lessons at 6 a.m. and finish up at 10 p.m.

"When you're teaching you can't drive more than 25 miles an hour on the highway and you've got to slow down to 15 at intersections," explains Joy. "Slow and steady—and very frustrating."

Here's where Character No. 2—Joyce Moyle, racing driver—takes over.

"I love speed," says the



**PARTNERS** in a driving school are Joy Moyle (right) and Helen Oxley. In two years they have taught about 2000 people to drive. Joy has a licence to teach truck-drivers.

girl who got her own driver's licence at the age of 16. "I thought I'd bust at the slow pace we had to stick to. I took up racing so that I could legally drive fast."

Except for a bright gash of lipstick, driver Number 309 is hard to pick from among the bunch of seasoned racing drivers—all men—at a big stock car meeting.

Like them, she wears white drill overalls with her number branded across the back and her name—in big red letters—across the front pockets. And she pushes her short mop of curly brown hair into a heavy white crash helmet which she anchors on with a chin-strap.

"Not much room for glamor," Joy grins.

Stock car racing, as fans will testify, is a game on its own with a language of its own.

"None of those pretty little fast sports cars," explains Joy. "It's a wild, rough game and you need a big solid car that can take the knocks, roll them over, and burn up the track."

(In racing jargon, as Joy explains patiently, to "roll" means literally to roll over your opponent's car; to "burn" is to accelerate so

much that the ground is scorched.)

"The cars are stripped down to a minimum," Joy details. "No windows—they might splinter; no upholstery—it might catch fire. A souped-up engine and an all-steel body. Your driving seat is steel, and you're strapped in with an aeroplane harness."

"Most big races are over 10 or 15 laps, usually handicapped on the size of your car. And there are no holds barred when it comes to rough driving—the more cars you knock out of your way the better."

"The best thing about stock car racing is that everyone is in it just for the sport," she explains. "Prizemoney" is small—never much more than £20 first prize, or a trophy."

Joy has recently bought a car and is having it done up for racing.

"It's a 1939 coupe which cost me round £60, and it will cost another £150 to have it rebuilt."

Doing the rebuilding—which means encasing the car in a steel cage welded on to a steel chassis—is Joy's mechanic, Bill Burcher, of Granville, N.S.W., who looked after the car that ace British driver Stirling Moss raced when he was in Sydney.

The daughter of a Cessnock, N.S.W., coalminer, Joy started work at 14 and ended up managing a grocery store in the town. "It was a nice, quiet life," she remembers.

It wasn't until she moved to Wollongong with her mother and sister that she really got involved with cars.

"I try to keep my race talk out of the house," said Joy as she made a cup of tea in the kitchen of the neat weather-board house she and her mother, Mrs. Lee Moyle, share with her sister and brother-in-law, John and Fay Boom, and their baby son, Wayne.

"Mum just won't watch me race. Fay watches, but says she nearly dies each time; and John is the only other member of the family who even has a driving licence."

"Danger? Not unless you think about it. I don't," said Joy with another grin, ignoring the brilliant "shiner" that surrounded one bright blue eye.

"This is a souvenir of my first—and last—motor-bike race. Mum took one look at it and has put her foot down."



**IN ACTION.** Joy burns up the track. At first she found that men drivers thought she expected special treatment. Now they know she can "dish out rough stuff."

**THE** programme, called "Conquest," is straight adult education. It is designed to give the public a better understanding of the scientist and his work. It was produced and given to TCN by the Monsanto Chemical Co. of America.

The programmes are built around the concept that through science mankind is on the threshold of major life-shaping discoveries.

The narrator, 45-year-old Eric Sevard, explains the idea when he says, "I am not so very old, but my education is already old hat. My teenage sons understand things about the nature of life and the universe that I was never taught."

The first show (there are several of them) has three parts.

The first concerns the beginnings of life, the second the exploration of the sea bed, and the third part is the story of Major David Simons, who spent 32 hours 20 miles above the earth in a balloon.

**THERE'S** a shelf of books in Sydney's Public Library

## TELEVISION PARADE

● One of the most unusual programmes on television is scheduled for Channel 9 next Saturday, March 8, at 9 p.m. It is unusual because it has been donated to Channel 9 as a service to Australians.

that quietly tells the story of Sydney people's interest in TV. None of the books in the library could honestly be described as dog-eared, but this shelf comes closest to it.

All the books deal with some phase of television. It doesn't seem to matter to which educational level they're directed, they all have that well-thumbed, well-worn look.

**I** MUST say I was surprised to see a deodorant soap advertisement in Channel 7's "Royal" programme on the Queen Mother's last day, a very hot one, in Canberra. It came between a film of the Queen's visit to the Royal Military College, Duntroon, and the direct telecast of the spectacular State Ball in King's Hall, Parliament House, Canberra.

There was quite a commercial tang to the State Ball.

The anticipated moment when the Queen took the floor with the Minister for Labor, Mr. Holt, brought happy smiles to Channel 9.

The Queen Mother quick-stepped to "Say It With Music," the theme song and title of one of Channel 9's

By  
**NAN MUSGROVE**

most successful live shows.

My favorite picture of all the Royal occasions televiewing was Lady Slim and Dame Pattie Menzies, heads together, gossiping as they sat to the right and behind the Queen Mother on the dais at the State Ball. Queen Elizabeth was obviously interested in the gossip, too, and leaned back and joined in several times.

It would have been a wonderful picture for a calendar next Christmas.

**TWO** of TV's great Western heroes, Wyatt Earp (Hugh O'Brian) and Paladin (Richard Boone), of "Have Gun, Will Travel," are feuding in real life.

And wouldn't you know—there's not a gun in sight; their weapons are slugs of type in the U.S. newspapers.

Boone started it when he was quoted as saying of O'Brian, "He may be the fastest draw, but can he act?"

O'Brian replied, "I'd like to ask Boone if he was ever put up for a nomination in the TV Emmy Awards—I was."

Boone, replying, said, "If O'Brian read anything but his own publicity, he'd know I was nominated twice in 1955 for my acting in the TV drama 'Medic.'"

This bloodless duel sounds more pettish than exciting, but it was enough to send up the ratings of both "Wyatt Earp" and "Have Gun," which surely proves that there's profit in feuding, even if arranged.

**ONE** of the trials of the TV producer is the costumes performers wear. The wrong color, texture, or style can mean trouble from the censor, depending on the tricks the TV camera plays.

Alec Kellaway, Channel 9's top producer, was caught once when the TV camera had an X-ray effect on a performer's costume.

The morning after the incident he went to town and bought himself yards and yards of pink chiffon. His chiffon "stoles" (he made them himself with the office scissors) are now quite famous.

They've been used to cover daring necklines, as sashes to give contrasts, as graceful scenic drapes, and as cummerbunds to cover midriffs.

They're said to be Channel 9's most versatile prop.



# TWO ROYAL OCCASIONS

● Every Australian city has arranged brilliant events to honor the Queen Mother. On these pages are two of the most spectacular color pictures taken during her visit.



*SURF CARNIVAL at Manly beach, N.S.W., fascinated the Queen Mother. After watching life-saving events, she toured the beach by land-rover, accompanied by the president of the Surf Life Saving Association of Australia, Judge Adrian Curlew.*





**CROWDS GATHERED ROUND** and watched the presentation of leading citizens to the Queen Mother at the State reception in Sydney's Town Hall. Relaxed and happy, the

Royal visitor stayed at the reception for 80 minutes. During that time she shook hands with 500 people, presented to her by the Premier of N.S.W., Mr. J. J. Cahill.





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ALSO . . . SCHOLL NYLON SURGICAL HOSIERY

# THE MAN WHO WOULD BE DICKENS



**CHARLES DICKENS**, a strange little man who conquered the Victorian era.

● The sign over the theatre will read simply "Emlyn Williams as Charles Dickens." No play-title, no cast, no director. Backstage it will be unnaturally quiet, and the Welsh actor-author will admit to an occasional chill of loneliness, a feeling that he is not so much working in a building as haunting it.

**B**UT aside from such brief moments he will be a very happy man, and his Australian audience — if his previous tours are any criterion — will be spell-bound.

To oversimplify, Emlyn Williams' "act" is to stand alone on a purple-draped stage and read Dickens for two-and-a-half hours.

His only props are a copy of the desk from which Dickens gave his own readings, a glass of water, and a few volumes. He turns the pages of these, but he does not need to read from them. He is word-perfect long since.

Then, with the additional aids of lighting, his voice, a superb Dickens make-up, and some elegant Victorian tailoring, he re-creates the author's characters and scenes.

He takes the part of each character, combining eloquence with brilliant acting.

This one-man stage marathon that began as a gamble has won the highest praise of critics in Britain, the U.S., Africa, and the Continent.

Australians will have three months in which to judge Williams as a "master of acting" ("New York Times").

During this time he will tour capital cities and country centres, beginning in Sydney on April 19.

Born 52 years ago in the tiny Welsh village of Mostyn, Emlyn Williams first made headlines in the '30s in his own play "Night Must Fall," a sinister psychological study of an amoral young murderer.

Three years later followed another near-classic, "The Corn Is Green." It starred Dame Sybil Thorndike and established Williams' success as an actor and playwright.

When Williams first planned his Dickens readings he took considerable time over the tricky problem of choosing a programme.

Many people, he believed, would shy from a theatre that featured an old man reading what are often referred to as "school books."

So, in London, he opened with "Moving in Society" and scenes of the Podsnap family from "Our Mutual Friend."

The most overheard comment during the interval was "I'd forgotten how funny

Dickens could be" — which was exactly the effect which Williams aimed.

Other items in this programme are: "Paul" from "Dombey and Son"; "Bo" Sawyer Gives a Bachelor Party" from "Pickwick Papers"; "The Fancy Ball" (a court-life satire) from "Tale of Two Cities"; and two Christmas stories, "Mr. Chops" and "The Signalman."

He is expected to give this programme in Australia.

Dickens, in a private letter once described himself as "a gentleman with rather long hair and no neckcloth, who writes and grins as if he thought he was very funny indeed."

But Dickens, hard worker, social reformer, and conscious of his non-aristocratic birth, was also very vain indeed.

He was immensely flattered when people implored him not to let Little Nell ("The Old Curiosity Shop") die.

The story, like all his early books, from "Pickwick Papers" onwards, was published in serial form, and each instalment was eagerly anticipated by the public.

When mail-bearing ships of the time arrived at America ports, crowds would cry from the wharves, "Is Little Nell dead yet?"

G. K. Chesterton later criticised Dickens for keeping Little Nell "lingering in agony as an exhibition of his power."

Williams' first impersonation of Dickens was the outcome of a series of bedtime readings to his small son during the war.

The boys, then aged 10 and seven, were entranced by pieces from "Bleak House."

When the moon shines very brilliantly, a stillness seems to proceed from her; even on the great wilderness of London there is some rest. . . . Even noise is merged, this moonlight night, into a distant ringing hum, as if the city were a vast glass, vibrating. "What was that? Who fired a gun? Where was it?"

"Terrified cats scamper across the road, the church clocks — as if they were startled too — begin to strike, the hum from the streets seems to swell into a shout. . . . But it soon over; the bright large moon is left at peace again. Has Mr. Tulkinghorn been disturbed? . . ."

Later, when the B.B.C. asked Williams to take part in a broadcast book-reading

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 12, 1958





THE ENTRANCE to Gadshill, the home Dickens bought with the proceeds of his writings after parting from his wife. The author is standing, bowler-hatted, at right.



GADSHILL, a school now, is physically unchanged. The grounds contain a pre-fabricated Swiss chalet—given to Dickens by an admirer—in which he used to write.



EMLYN WILLIAMS, Welsh playwright and actor, whose adroit theatrical mimicry has delighted audiences on both sides of the Atlantic.

programme, choosing his favorite passages, he chose these.

Some years later he read extracts from Dickens at a Drury Lane charity show—with moderate success.

"Then," he says, "I embarked on a terrific gamble. I gambled with Dickens."

"He was a great exhibitionist and an amateur actor—on this side of his career he had the proverbial itch to act Hamlet. There were few things he enjoyed more than reading aloud and acting parts of his novels.

"I decided to do the same. Dickens' books had everything I needed—drama, comedy, pathos, and satire."

But it was more than a year before the first sketches were ready.

"I really worked—reading, re-reading, selecting, piecing together, trying to get variety and balance. And there was no way to rehearse except on friends."

"It became so that when my friends were asked to dinner they knew what they were in for—hours of my stamping up and down, spouting

Dickens, and asking what they thought."

To get the right atmosphere, Williams spent many hours at the author's house in Doughty Street, and, for the first few stage appearances, actually used Dickens' desk, a massive Victorian construction too valuable to use constantly in the theatre.

Now he uses a replica which folds neatly into a packing-case and weighs about one-quarter of the original.

The number of words he utters on the stage which Dickens did not write is

minute, but there have been some fairly bold transitions to which none of his audiences so far have objected.

"Sometimes," says Williams, "one or two characters appear in scenes Dickens didn't put them in. But I argued that they might easily have been there—they knew all the people present and they fit so well."

"Sometimes a reference to something that happened

earlier in the story has to go ... sometimes a few lines are needed to link extracts. But they are the simplest and fewest words I can think of."

"I have never, for instance, put in a funny line that wasn't Dickens'. I wouldn't dare."

Although Williams has had no complaints from Dickens experts, he has had some useful information.

He had always understood, for example, that Dickens wore a red geranium in his buttonhole. Early photographs, however, showed something lighter, which Williams couldn't make out.

He varied the costume with a white carnation until he received a letter from a man whose father had attended Dickens' readings.

This correspondent claimed that the boutonniere was, in fact, a cluster of rubies and diamonds. Williams went back to the red geranium.

The Dickens costume and make-up are of great psychological importance to Williams.

He says he would not give the performance except in the character of Dickens—or, if he did it as himself, it would

be a very different and inhibited show.

If the public could choose, he would be a full-time Dickens, but he thinks differently.

"I don't want to be haunted by him," he says in his soft Welsh accent.

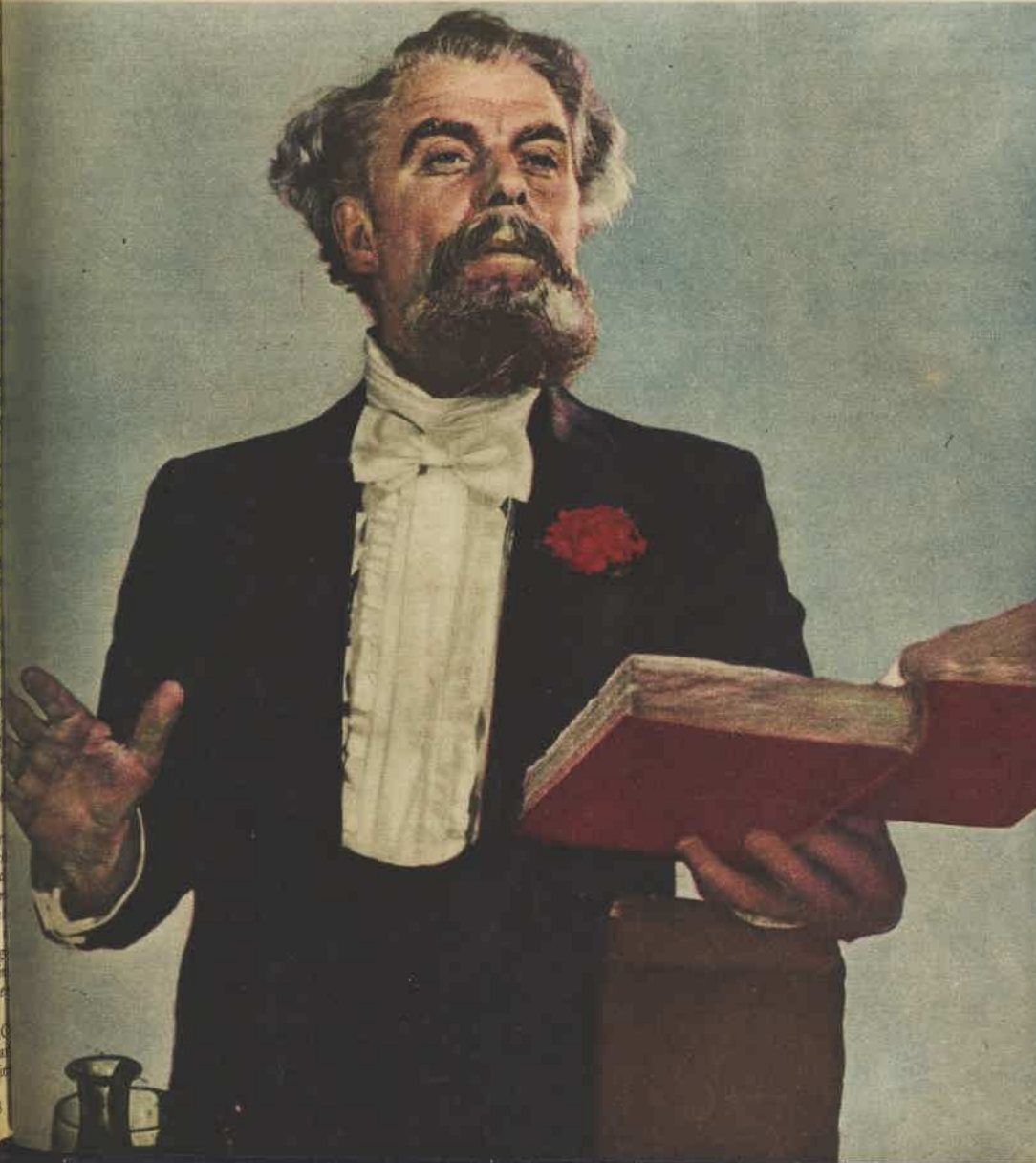
"I won't play him in a play. He was an unhappy man—and a genius. A genius is impossible to portray on stage."

Will Australians like his readings? Williams hopes so. If they do, he will include some dramatised versions of prose by the late Dylan Thomas, a fellow Welshman.

He wonders particularly about the murder of Nancy in "Oliver Twist."

"It is very dramatic. I don't know whether a modern audience will be able to take it. It's a bit Grand Guignol with all those gasps and gurgles."

"It killed Dickens, you know. I hope it won't have the same effect on me."



FROM "A Tale of Two Cities": "There stood the figure of a dark, stout woman, knitting." DICKENS' GRAVE in Poet's Corner, Westminster Abbey. He left a will commending his soul to God.



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does  
a lot  
of work



#### WASHING-UP

1 TEASPOONFUL PER WASH-UP

Imagine! A bottle of Trix does 128 wash-ups (that's 24 times as many as the average woman gets from a "giant" packet of soap powder). Also... Trix cuts wash-up time in half... for when you use Trix there's no need to dry-up!



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1 TABLESPOON TO 2 GAL. OF WATER

No need for expensive soaps and powders when you use TRIX! And Trix gives you a cleaner wash with far less rinsing. Trix is "soap-less"—there's no suds residue left on the clothes.



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1 TEASPOON TO A PINT OF WATER

Save £'s on cleaning bills! With Trix you can "do it yourself." Trix "lifts out" and absorbs dirt and grease... Colours come up bright and new-looking.



#### WINDOW CLEANING

1 TEASPOONFUL TO 1 GAL. OF WATER

Sponge over the panes with Trix-in-water and see how that glass will sparkle! Smears and smudges just disappear. Trix is equally wonderful for all your glassware and crystal.

**Trix is thick**  
it goes twice as far as  
ordinary detergents

TRIX is a product of Samuel Taylor Pty. Ltd.  
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#### LINOLEUM, TILED FLOORS

1 TABLESPOON TO ½ BUCKET OF WATER

Watch that film of grease, dirt and stale wax lift right off when you use Trix! (Trix is gentle... it contains no abrasives or harsh solvents.) Use Trix for cleaning paintwork, too!



#### CAR CLEANING

1 TABLESPOON TO A BUCKET OF WATER

Trix is half the price of "special" car shampoos... yet NONE does a better job than Trix. Wash the car with Trix-in-water, hose as you go along, and that traffic film disappears like magic! Trix cleans your engine, too.



FATHER



"Ed predicts the most severe winter we've ever had."

MOTHER



"Make me lots of meat sandwiches. Mum, I give them to a poor, hungry dog."

## It seems to me

By



Dorothy Drann

**M**ORE in anger than in sorrow I note that the A.B.C. announcers are adopting the hideous practice of reading the news "with expression."

It is not fair to blame the announcers individually.

Considered policy must be behind this change, which has been made gradually. Irksome in its earlier, mild stages, it is now no longer to be borne in silence.

For many years you could rely on the A.B.C. to deliver its daily budgets of death, disaster, and trivia with a becomingly dispassionate, deadpan air.

This was restful. You could pay attention or not as you pleased. News of a hydrogen bomb or of the opening of a parish hall at Upper Wonglepong was read in precisely the same tone. That was the way a lot of customers liked it. I did.

Last week's prize examples of the new mode both related to the Royal Tour. In one of them the item mentioned that a crowd of people chanted, "We want the Queen." The announcer chanted this in capital letters.

Another told of a small boy who said, "She's all right." The announcer imitated the tones of the small boy.

If many people feel as I do about this "with expression" news reading, perhaps we could form a verse-speaking choir, equip ourselves with amplifiers, and recite "The Green Eye of the Little Yellow God" and "Gunga Din" under the windows of the appropriate A.B.C. offices.

It would serve the instigators right.

**SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL** edited his own medical bulletins last week. According to reports, he wanted to be sure that they didn't sound like those issued about President Eisenhower's illness.

There is no doubt that the details provided by President Eisenhower's doctors gave the public more information than was needed.

People are always ready to blame the Press for publishing such details.

These critics may be interested to hear that some of the President's medical bulletins weren't printed in full.

At least one newspaper pasted the official version on an office wall and issued a less intimate draft.

**M**ISSING from the Queen Mother's tour—the background of city decoration which made the Queen's 1954 tour so festive.

Many people regretted the lack of decoration. No doubt most of them would have deplored civic extravagance if the streets had been trimmed with bunting and colored lights.

But the success of the Queen Mother's tour can be counted as a personal triumph.

It could be compared with that of an actor who carries a show alone and without benefit of stage scenery.

**PEOPLE** who try to make the life of the party are not funny but silly, says Dr. Martin Grotjahn, of the University of California.

Dr. Grotjahn put forward the theory that a wit is an angry man in search of a victim.

But at that point I stopped reading. My mind wandered back to some boys I used to know. They were the lives of the parties they attended.

All this took place a long time ago, but we'll call them Jim, George, and Harry, which aren't their real names.

Their average age was 18. Jim, we thought was "a scream."

I remember him at a private dance, suddenly seizing one of the best vases from the mantelpiece and dancing round with it on his head, crying "I'm an Egyptian."

George used suddenly to rise from the bridge table at supper-time, tie a table napkin round his face, seize a knife, and shout, "I a bandit!"

Harry, at teenage gatherings, was given hopping on the back of armchairs and pretending to be a monkey.

I saw Harry a while back. He has respectable, solid job and several children. He sat firmly in an armchair all evening and never once jumped up on the back of it.

George, so I hear, has made a lot of money in a shop, so I suppose he no longer jokes about bandits.

As for Jim, I've never heard of him since.

But I don't think they were sick, any of them. I think they were just young. And time has cured that.

**D**URING the Queen Mother's tour a police horse nibbled at a bouquet of orchids which had been presented to her.

"We're accustomed," said the police horse, "to nothing but the best."

We're not exactly uppish, but we rate above the rest.

Racehorses lead a glamor life among the cafe mob,

Excuse me" (said the police horse) "I sound an awful snob."

Oh, yes, I know—the sport of kings—but then they also meet

Some rather doubtful characters from down on Shady Street.

We meet the real celebrities. Our lineage is proud.

We're used to taking gracefully the plaudits of the crowd,

And while, like humbler horses, we're not averse to grass,

We've acquired a taste for orchids, a befitting noble class."



# First Progress Prize in our £1500 Color Contest

• Winner of the first weekly £10 progress prize in our £1500 Color Scheme Contest is Mrs. A. Walcott, of 36 Bynya Road, Palm Beach, N.S.W. Her scheme was chosen from among hundreds that arrived in an avalanche of early entries.

MRS. Walcott's prize-winning entry illustrates color schemes that are both gay and subdued. The rooms she describes would be a joy to live in, winter and summer, and would suit any part of Australia.

Her entry satisfied the judges' demands on all points.

Another entry highly commended by the judges was sent in by Mrs. Rose Smith, of Oatley, N.S.W.

One contestant from Mount Isa, Qld., illustrated patterned linoleum and curtains by cutting out tiny pieces of different colors and making patterns herself on a plain background.

You don't have to be a bride to enter the Color Contest. It is open to everyone.

Only girls who are natural-born or naturalised Australian or British subjects can enter the Bride Quest. We made this rule regretfully because of transport difficulties involved in the honeymoon trip. But everyone — man, woman, or child, regardless of nationality — can enter the Color Contest.

All have an equal chance of winning it.

Among the first entries was one from a contestant who queried the use of colors not readily available in paint. Paints are now available in such a variety of colors that any color shown in The Australian Women's Weekly is acceptable as a furnishing or paint color.

No correspondence will be entered into concerning the Color Scheme Contest, but any queries like these, of general interest to all contestants, will be answered in the paper.

Progress prizes will be awarded each week during the contest, which closes on June 9, 1958. The winners of all weekly progress prizes are also eligible for the £1000 first prize.

Within days of the first announcement in the issue of February 19, entries arrived by air-mail from as far away as Western Australia and the far north of Queensland.

Many readers welcomed the chance to help Red Cross, enjoy themselves, and have a chance of winning a First

Prize of £1000; 2nd Prize £200; 3rd Prize £50; Consolation Prizes (three of £20, four of £10); £150 in Progress Prizes of £10 each.

Hundreds of contestants devised attractive color schemes using only the issue of February 19, the first of the issues which may be used in the contest.

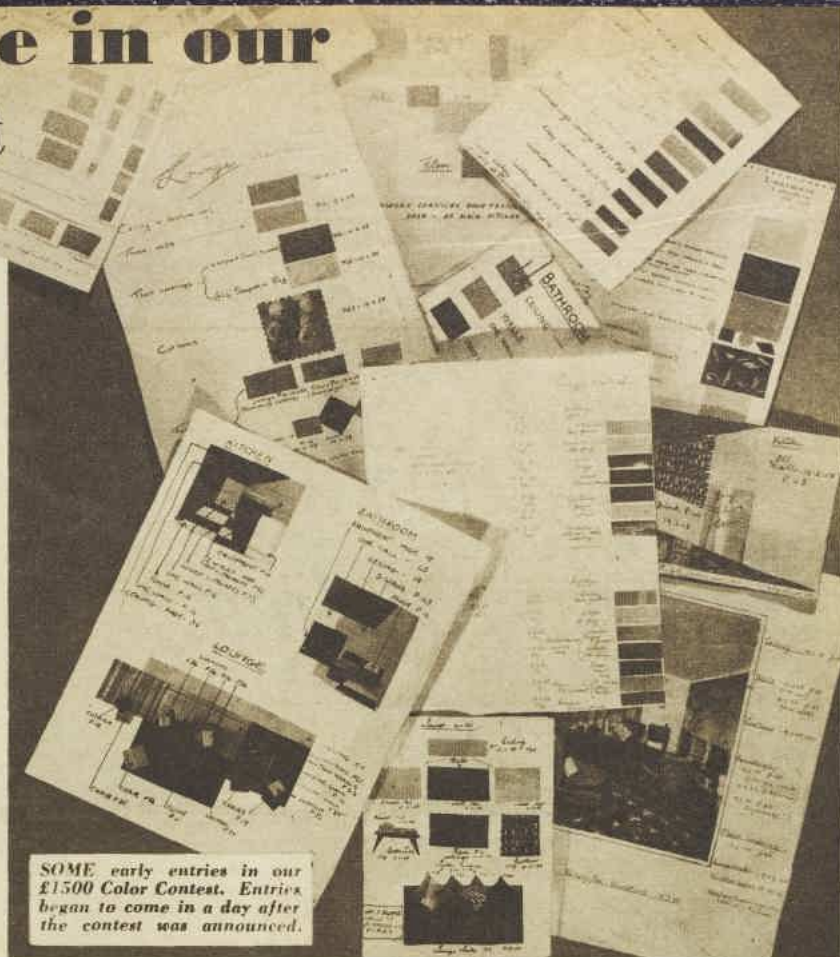
Judges were amazed at the ingenuity of contestants, who worked out highly original entries within the limits of colors in one issue.

Many early contestants say they are waiting impatiently for later issues to plan other color scheme entries.

"Forgive me for beating the gun," one contestant wrote. "I was so delighted with your competition that I couldn't wait for further issues."

Many readers sent in two entries, one accompanied by the official coupon and another by a coupon copied out on plain paper.

You may send in as many entries as you like this way, in one envelope, provided that each entry has its own entry coupon and 1/- in stamps or



SOME early entries in our £1500 Color Contest. Entries began to come in a day after the contest was announced.

postal notes for the Red Cross.

Many entrants sent postal notes made out to The Australian Women's Weekly. Please send them blank or made out to the Red Cross Society, so that they may be paid direct into your chosen "Bride's" account.

## HOW TO ENTER

All you have to do to enter this simple contest is to choose color schemes for a lounge-room (14 feet by 20 feet), a kitchen, and a bathroom.

Prizes to be won are: £1000 1st Prize; £200 2nd Prize; £50 3rd Prize; £100 in Consolation Prizes (three of £20, four of £10); £150 in Progress Prizes of £10.

Funds raised by the contest will assist the Red Cross "Bride of the Year" Quest.

Colors must be illustrated with samples cut from advertising or editorial pages of The Australian Women's Weekly, using any one or more of the issues dated February 19 and subsequent issues up to that dated June 11.

Colors required are for:

**LOUNGE:** Ceiling, walls, floor covering, curtains, furnishings.

**KITCHEN:** Ceiling, walls, cupboards, floor, main equipment (stove, refrigerator, etc.).

**BATHROOM:** Ceiling, walls, floor, main fittings (bath, basin, etc.).

You may give as much de-

tail as you wish, but the only essentials are the headings given above.

The page number and date of the issue from which the sample is cut must be shown beside it.

When colors in a room match, e.g., walls and furnishings, you need give a sample for only one, and state that the second is the same.

Samples need not be given for black or white. Just name them under the appropriate heading.

Every entry must be accompanied by an entry coupon and 1/- in stamps or postal notes for the Red Cross "Bride of the Year" Quest.

The winning color schemes will be chosen for their attractiveness, practicality, originality, and presentation.

The Color Scheme Contest closes on June 9, 1958.

This contest and the "Bride of the Year" Quest are governed by the rules as published in our issue of February 19. This issue of the paper also showed sample entries in our color contest.

## Red Cross "Bride of the Year" Quest —fabulous prize

Five more brides have been accepted by the Australian Red Cross Society as candidates in their "Bride of the Year" Quest.

ALL are brides who have been married since June, 1957. One was married only four weeks ago.

South Australia's first entrant is Mrs. Colin Schwartz, of North Adelaide.

Mrs. Donald Haidley, of Warwick, Qld., is the first entrant from a country town.

New South Wales is represented by two more brides from Sydney, Mrs. J. Carroll, of Miller's Point, and Mrs. Reginald Moses, of Blakehurst.

Australian Women's Squash champion, Mrs. Edward Fitzgerald, formerly Judy Tissot, the second Victorian representative.

All these girls and their husbands are busy with plans to help Red Cross and at the same time give themselves a chance to win the fabulous prizes offered to the "Bride of the Year."

First prize winner—the candidate who raises the greatest sum of money for Red Cross—will win a honeymoon trip around the world by Qantas Super G. Constellation and

£1000 spending money given by Ampol Petroleum Ltd.

Other prizes—holidays for two as guests of the Surfers' Paradise Chamber of Commerce on Queensland's Gold Coast—will be won by the eight girls (other than the first prize winner) who raise the greatest sum of money in each State and the Australian Capital Territory.

Any girl who is a natural-born or naturalised Australian or a British subject resident in Australia married between June 1, 1957, and June 1, 1958, can enter.

The reason for placing restrictions on those eligible was to overcome passport difficulties.

Quest candidates may be nominated by social and sporting clubs, commercial or Service associations, business houses, towns, districts, or suburbs.

The Quest closes on June 30, 1958.

Write to Red Cross in your State for entry forms.

When you return the form to Red Cross, send with it a glossy photograph (6in. by 8in.) of yourself, perhaps with your husband or fiance.



CONTESTANT Mrs. Reginald Moses, of Blakehurst, formerly Yvette Duval, photographed by John Danks Brown after her wedding.



DECEMBER bride Mrs. J. Carroll (nee Dorothea Keiller), of Miller's Point, is another N.S.W. entrant. Norton Trevaire picture.

### WHERE TO APPLY

For entry forms and all inquiries, write to:

N.S.W. Division: Red Cross House, 27 Jamison St., Sydney.

Vic. Division: 122 Flinders St., Melbourne.

Qld. Division: 409 Adelaide St., Brisbane.

S.A. Division: 8-12 Stephen Place, Adelaide.

Tas. Division: 53 Collins St., Hobart.

A.C.T. Division: P.O. Box 82, G.P.O., Canberra.

N.T. Division: P.O. Box 81, Darwin.

W.A.: Address all correspondence to Red Cross National Headquarters, 122 Flinders St., Melbourne.

### ENTRY COUPON

COLOR SCHEME CONTEST

Box 7052 R.C., G.P.O., SYDNEY, N.S.W.

Name ..... (BLOCK LETTERS)

Address .....

I enclose 1/- entry fee to support \* a candidate in the Red Cross "Bride" Quest.

\* If you do not name a candidate the entry fee will go to a common fund to be divided equally among all candidates.



*"Mummy!  
pussy scatched  
me!"*



First Aid? . . . First Dettol!



**Model takes plunge.** Judith Godley, "Artist's Model of the Year", says:—"After a tiring day I add a little Dettol to my bath water. I find it most refreshing and invigorating". And you will, too! You'll feel delightfully refreshed—ready to go! Try it for all-over freshness! Pleasant, gentle Dettol is harmless to everything but germs.



**An ounce of prevention . . .** When illness strikes, you can help prevent the infection from spreading by giving strict attention to hygiene. Soap and water and Dettol are your best weapons. Wash your hands frequently . . . disinfect the patient's linen and crockery with a solution of Dettol.

**DETTOL**...the safe effective antiseptic...  
guards your family against the risk of infection

On the cut or scratch which may lead to blood poisoning . . . use Dettol! Use it in every emergency where speedy, thorough cleansing of a wound is essential . . . in all important details of body hygiene (especially in the bath) . . . in the room from which sickness may spread

. . . to disinfect linen and crockery. No other antiseptic is so effective yet so safe and gentle as Dettol . . . it's a good friend in need at all times. Make it a practice to always have a bottle of Dettol handy in your home. Fragrant Dettol does not stain, does not pain.

do as your Doctor does . . . use Dettol



By Appointment to  
Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II  
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**DETTOL**

the safe, efficient ANTISEPTIC

AVAILABLE ONLY AT ALL CHEMISTS



HP207





HER MAJESTY the Queen Mother chats to champion girl athletes (from left) Betty Cuthbert, Sandra Morgan, Ilsa Konrads, and Lorraine Crapp at the reception attended by more than seven hundred women at the Trocadero.



AN EXHIBITION of native flora caught the eye of the Queen Mother as she left the Trocadero. Here Garden Club president, Mrs. Arthur Davis, names some of the shrubs for Her Majesty. Mrs. D. M. Cleland, wife of the Administrator of Papua and New Guinea, brought down some native orchids for the display.



ARRIVING at Government House, Sydney, for the garden party are Mrs. Graham Thorp (left) and Mrs. John Street, who wore a graceful draped dress of mist-green chiffon.



AT LEFT: Mrs. N. Pritchard with Lady Carrington, wife of the U.K. High Commissioner, Lord Carrington, at the private film premiere of Paramount's "The Ten Commandments" at the Capitol Theatre, Manuka, A.C.T.

DANCED WITH THE QUEEN. Mr. Harold Holt (above), who is Minister for Labor, arrives with his wife for the State Ball in Parliament House, Canberra. Mr. Holt partnered the Queen Mother for the first dance.



FAMILY GROUP at the Royal Garden Party were Dr. and Mrs. A. W. Morrow and their daughters Anna Jane (left) and Christine. The garden party at Government House was the last engagement of the Queen Mother's brilliantly successful visit to Sydney.



ABOVE: At the garden party held at Government House, Sydney, in honor of the Queen Mother are (from left) Mrs. Russell Nash, Mrs. Reg Gardner, and Mrs. Alexis Albert, who wore a blue silk suit.

AT RIGHT: A shady parasol was used by Caroline Anderson, who attended the garden party at Government House, Canberra, with her mother, Mrs. Reg Gaskell (centre), and Mrs. Jim Ashton, of Mandurama.



ELEGANT GUESTS (from left) Mrs. Anthony Hordern, her daughter Romayne, and Mrs. Sam Hordern at Government House, Sydney. Romayne wore one of the prettiest outfits—a mauve-dotted white chiffon dress with a topknot of white and purple violets.



There was a charm

about him that no

girl could resist

ILLUSTRATED BY  
BARBARA  
ROBERTSON

# Lady's Man

IT was more than twenty-four hours since Geoffrey Gordon had smiled his engaging, crooked smile at his nephew and murmured, "Don't wait up for me. I believe that this is my night to howl." Larry had watched from his bedroom balcony in the Pension Hyacinthe at Cap Haitien until Geoff turned the corner of the narrow street. Even after the past disillusioning weeks he could not look at his uncle without a constriction of his heart, a surge of the old love and admiration.

Fifteen years of hero-worship do not evaporate in a month, and Larry could still remember the beginning, on his ninth birthday, when his father's younger brother had appeared like a character from mythology, like a storm or a comet, and enslaved him completely. Fifteen years before Geoffrey Gordon had been twenty-one, a golden giant of a young man, with sapphire-blue eyes and a laugh like surf on a shore. Explorer, amateur archaeologist, writer, and teller of tales—to the enchanted boy it seemed that Geoff had been everywhere and seen everything. His infrequent visits to the southern Ohio town where Larry lived made everyone else seem dull and earthbound.

"When I grow up—" Larry said, over and over. When he grew up he was going to take trips with Uncle Geoff, share dangers, make discoveries. At school and college he selected courses which would be more useful in other places than the town dominated and supported by his father's foundry. Even his military service seemed further training to fit him to share Geoffrey Gordon's life.

He had been out of the Army a week, at home five days, when Geoff appeared. Geoff had been in the Far East and was bound for the Caribbean. "A man I ran into in Bombay has a sisal plantation in Haiti," he told them. "Fascinating fellow. Got me all steamed up about the place." They were at the dinner-table, and he looked, smiling, across at Larry. "Why don't you come along? I could use a—shall I say, secretary?"

"Larry's going to work in the foundry, Geoff," his mother said quickly.

Henry Gordon was buttering a roll. He set it deliberately on the edge of his plate. "Why don't you go, Larry?" he asked. "Take a couple of months before you settle down here."

Geoff's voice moved in, deep and enticing. "—Get a freighter out of New York," he was saying. "There's an island called La Gonave—" The magical names fell easily from his lips like bright pebbles marking a trail.

When Larry followed his uncle up the gangplank to the deck of the freighter it was the culmination of his dreams. But it was a matter not of days but of hours before disappointment crept like a cold fog from the sea, chilling and shocking him. As the ship headed towards the harbor he said, "This is the day, Uncle Geoff!"

His uncle's blue eyes flickered. "Don't you think you might drop the avuncular stuff?" he suggested.

Larry flushed. You bet—Geoff," he answered. It was still strange to realise that they were both grown men. Larry was shorter than Geoff's six-feet-four, a tall, slim young man with dark-lashed grey eyes and a friendly, quick grin. The twelve years between them were no longer a barrier. They were, in a way, equals, and as the sea-days went by Larry recoiled more and more against the things they were equal in.

Geoff no longer told romantic tales to a bemused boy, nor polite travelogues to an older brother and sister-in-law. Glass in hand, hand on bottle, he talked of women and drinking parties, and of women. It was, thought Larry, like being back in the Army.

"Sometimes you look like old Henry," Geoff told him once.

"I'm his son," Larry said, shortly. Old Henry, who had spent half his life running the foundry and forwarding the quarterly dividends to Geoff wherever he happened to be. Old Henry, who had lived half his life with one woman.

The freighter docked at Port-au-Prince, and the glittering harbor with its ring of purple mountains, the white buildings of the city, were all that Geoff had said. Fishing-boats were tied against the long pier, and beyond them a black schooner-yacht rode at anchor.

"How would you like to own her?" asked Larry.

His uncle did not answer. Looking at him, Larry was struck by a stillness, a tautness that reminded him of a cat about to spring. Larry glanced back at the schooner. The woman who had come up on deck was striking. She wore a white dress and wide gold bracelets on her tanned arms, barbaric gold hoops in her ears. Her short hair was almost black.

"I'd like it fine," Geoff said.

Now, three weeks later, on the other side of the island, Larry went again to the balcony and looked up and down the street. Behind the pallid buildings across the way, with their high walls topped by jagged splinters of glass, the harbor was sulphur-colored in the sunset light. A rusty freighter moved slowly past the mangrove islands, and combers broke in a long white plume on the reef.

It was ten o'clock when he heard stumbling feet on the stairs. Geoff Gordon was smiling his engaging, crooked smile. It seemed to slip over his unshaven face.

"Got into little poker game," he explained. "Tol' you it was my night to howl." He put his hand into his pocket and brought out crumpled American bills, dropped them to the floor. "Get me some rum, will you?"

"Have you had anything to eat?" asked Larry.

The shifting smile disappeared. "Sound like a wife," Geoff said. He looked at his nephew. "Good boy, aren't you? Clean young American. Holier than me." He sat down heavily. "Get me some rum, will you, you overgrown Boy Scout?"

Larry brought him a tumbler. Later he undressed him and put him to bed. In the morning Geoff was still sleeping. Larry had breakfast and went out.

He walked, his head down, his tanned face sombre, his long legs in khaki pants propelling him aimlessly forward. The shimmering ocean was on his right, the soaring indigo mountains to his left, but he looked at neither.

The city fell behind him. After a while the ruins of a colonial plantation, a crumbling pink plaster gateway, a double row of royal palms caught his eye but not his interest. On the sea side one of Christophe's coastal forts was barely discernible beneath the century of growth which covered it. Sunlight glinted on an ancient cannon, and he climbed over the earthen rampart and sat down on the grass.

Holier than me. Overgrown Boy Scout. He lit a cigarette. Margo Bowen, the owner of the schooner, had called him "Saint Lawrence" during the weeks in Port-au-Prince when she and Geoff had been inseparable. He scowled. He was no saint and no prig. He had said nothing last night to deserve the anger and contempt his uncle had shown him. Geoffrey Gordon's life was his own to live as he chose. If he was not the golden knight, the romantic figure which a boy's dreams had made of him, it was not Larry's responsibility.

He crushed his cigarette and covered his face with his hands. He had better go back to Ohio, he thought, and lifted his head at a sudden rustling sound. It took a moment for his eyes to focus in the white-hot glare. A man was leading a dust-colored burro along the dusty road, and in the distance a boy in a flamingo-pink shirt was flying a kite. On the sea side of the fort, some fifty feet away, a girl was perched on a cannon looking across at him. She wore a full sky-blue cotton skirt and a white blouse. Her face and arms were brown, her hair the color of honey.

Larry had heard of, but never seen, the blond Haitians descended from Polish mercenaries sent to the island by Napoleon. He called, "Bonjour, mademoiselle," and she slid down from her seat and walked towards him.

Against her brown face her eyes were startlingly blue. She walked gracefully, her skirt swinging like a dancer's. Her brown legs were bare, her ankles slender. She stopped in front of him.

"You're unhappy, aren't you?" she asked.

He jumped to his feet. "You're American!"

She nodded. "I've been watching you for a long time." Her low voice was grave. "Would you rather I went away?"

He said "No!" with such vehemence that she laughed. "Please stay," he added.

She had a tiny brown mole at the left corner of her mouth. Her upper lip was short, her nose small and straight. She sat down on the grass, spreading her skirt beneath her. A lizard darted past her feet and she did not stir. "I didn't mean to be rude," she told him. "I was here when you came, so I didn't move."

He grinned. "I hope I wasn't making faces," he said. "Not funny faces," she amended. "Would it help you to talk about it? What's troubling you, I mean?"

He sat down opposite her, reached in his shirt pocket for his cigarettes. Her hair swung against her oval face as she shook her head in refusal. "My troubles aren't very serious," he murmured. "I lost something. A dream."

"Can't you dream it back?"

"I'm afraid not." He had intended to be humorous, but his voice was bitter. "When you discover clay feet on an idol—"

She waited for him to continue. When he did not, she said, "Idols are made of clay. Or stone or wood. They're graven images, aren't they?"

"This one wasn't," he told her shortly. He did not want to discuss Geoff with this strange girl. "What are you doing here?"

"I live here," she answered.

"In this fort?"

She smiled. "No. Though it would be rather fun, wouldn't it?" Her name was Eve Cannon. Her father was a medical missionary and her mother was dead. They lived in a village in the interior of the island and she was in Cap Haitien because her father was holding a clinic. "What are you doing here?" she finished.

"I'm beginning to wonder," said Larry. "That's why I was making faces. I think maybe it's time I went back where I belong."

"Where do you belong?" she asked.

"Ohio."

She repeated it. "Ohio. It's a pretty name, isn't it? What's it like?"

He told her about the town where his family had lived for four generations, about the hills and woods and lakes.

"Tell me about the people," she said when he paused.

He laughed. "They're not especially different from any other people."

"They would be to me," she explained. She had been a child when she left the United States eight years ago.

"How old a child?" he asked.

"Twelve. I'm twenty."

She seemed at once younger and more mature than a girl of twenty at home.

"I brought my lunch," she said, abruptly. "Won't you share it with me?"

He thought about Geoff and realised that for nearly two hours he had stopped thinking about him. Geoff was probably still sleeping; in any case, Larry was in no hurry to see him.

Her picnic basket was in the shade, and he carried it to where they were sitting. She unfolded a checked tablecloth and spread it on the grass. Her hands were small and quick, like brown birds.

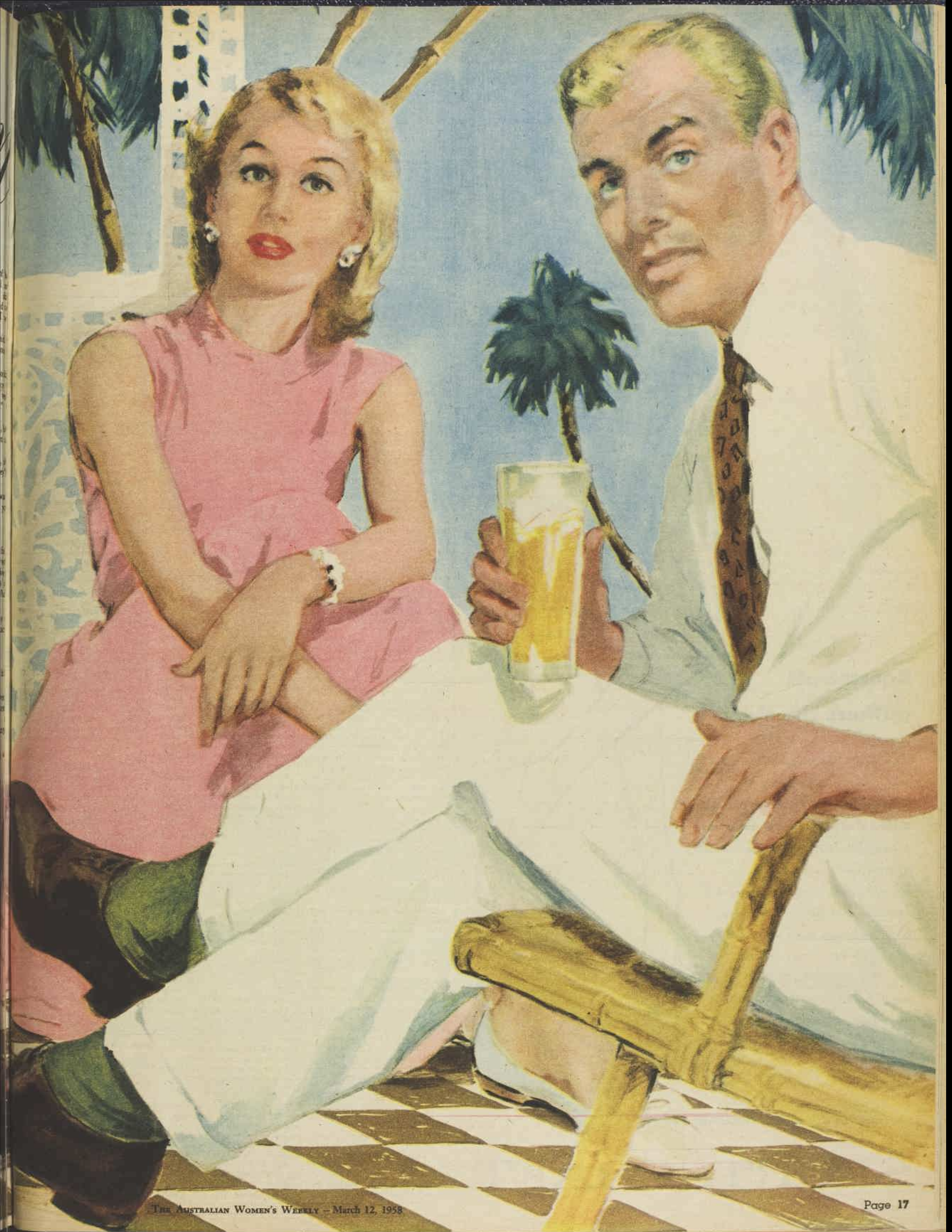
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Geoffrey and Eve looked up as they heard the others coming.



A romantic short story by PHYLLIS DUGANNE









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# SPORTSCRAFT

## Continuing . . . Lady's Man

from page 17

fluttering in and out of the basket.

She bowed her head. "Lord, for what we are about to receive—" Larry's throat choked. It was a long time since he had heard grace and he liked hearing it. "Fried chicken?" She bent over to serve him and he saw the curve of her young breasts, white below the tan of her neck. He looked away quickly.

They walked back together towards the town. Surf pounded against the yellow sand of the beach, and from the mountains pale spirals of smoke curled upwards against the sky.

"You're not afraid to go off by yourself like this?" he asked her.

"What should I be afraid of?" She looked up at him, and the brown mole stirred beside her mouth. "Wolves?"

Two-legged wolves, he thought. She was extremely pretty. He could imagine Geoff's clinical comments on her delicate figure. She was smiling, now, teasingly, her eyes on his face.

"No wolves in Haiti?" he inquired.

She laughed and did not answer.

Outside a green wooden gate she held out her hand. "This is where we stay when we're at the Cap," she said. "Au-voir."

Her hand was smooth and firm, and he kept hold of it. "I'll see you again?" he said.

"Tomorrow?"  
"You know where I live," she told him. She withdrew her hand and pulled the bell-rope that hung beside the gate. A Haitian boy in a white jacket opened it, and Larry saw a paved courtyard, the coral-pink facade of a house beyond, before the gate closed.

At the Pension Hyacinthe Geoff was drinking coffee. "I'm sorry about last night, Larry," she said.

"Let's skip it," said Larry.

Geoff shrugged. "Richemont blew in a while ago. I thought I'd fly back with him to Port-au-Prince for a few days. Check on what Margo's doing. Care to come along?"

"No, thanks," said Larry.

He drove his uncle to the airport, in the jeep which Paul Morand, the owner of the sisal plantation, had lent them. Returning, he drove slowly past the house where he had left Eve Cannon. "Tomorrow," he had said. At least, she had not said no.

He pulled the bell-rope at four o'clock the next afternoon. The Haitian boy smiled, as though he had expected him. Eve was standing in the doorway. She wore a white dress and high-heeled white slippers. She was even prettier than he had remembered.

The room they entered was high-ceilinged, the windows arched, the walls of unpainted plaster. Green shutters were pulled against the sunshine giving a strange submarine light where shadows darted like swimming fish.

"So your uncle has gone to Port-au-Prince?" she said.

For a long moment Larry stared at her. "How do you know?" he demanded. "How do you know I have an uncle?"

She laughed. "This is Haiti. No one has any secrets here." Her eyes were dancing. "Listen!" she told him. "Stand very still." From the hills the far-off beating of drums echoed and reverberated in his ears.

"You can't understand them," he said flatly.

She was still laughing, laughing at him. "I've lived here a long time," she reminded him. She looked up, and he was not sure whether he heard the drums or felt the throbbing of his own blood in his veins. Her

soft hair brushed his face as she turned. "Here's my father."

Montasse, the Haitian boy, served them tea. The wind from the ocean blew the shutters, making horizontal pencils of light slide and slip over the floor. Dr. Cannon was a thick-set, red-haired man, in a crisp white linen suit, who talked easily and affably.

"You've seen the Citadel, of course?" he asked Larry.

"Only from a distance," Larry answered. Crossing the island, their plane had flown above the massive fortress. From the road to the Morand plantation he had glimpsed it again, high on its towering peak. Geoff had been in no condition to make the ascent.

"People have called it the eighth wonder of the world," the doctor was saying. "Eve and I have been up there many times, and the impact of it never diminishes." He added, "Why don't you get her to go with you?"

Larry looked across at Eve. "Would you?" he asked, and she nodded.

When she climbed into the jeep at six o'clock the next morning Larry Gordon knew that he was in love. She was dressed in faded twill jodhpurs and a pink shirt, her hair tied at the back of her neck with a pink ribbon. They drove through a low-hanging, swirling white mist along the shore, and then inland. At Milot the ruins of the Black Emperor's palace were salmon-colored in the opalescent haze.

LARRY watched her as she made arrangements, saw the warm glow in the Haitian eyes when she spoke quickly and easily in their native Creole. They mounted two stunted little horses and, accompanied by two barefooted guides, began the long ascent.

At first the trail was gentle, sylvan, and they rode side by side through the dappled green shade. Coconuts and bananas, breadfruit, all the lavish abundance of the island grew lush and dense as they went higher. The path narrowed, became steeper; the horses felt for their footholds gingerly on the rocky ground. After an hour they stopped for rest.

Far below, the mist was beginning to dissolve. They could see the silver thread of a long river winding and looping through the plain. They continued to climb. Eve was ahead, sitting straight in her saddle. Once her horse stumbled, and Larry's heart jumped. She turned her head, smiled reassuringly. He lost track of time as they went on.

At a bend in the trail she reined in her horse. "Look, Larry!"

The first sight of the Citadel, flaring upward from its peak above them, made him catch his breath. Racing clouds gave it the illusion of movement, so that it seemed like a great ship sailing through a blue sea. "Only about half an hour more," she told him.

The final short stretch was so steep that they dismounted and climbed on foot. Eve's eyes were glowing with excitement. She took his hand and led him through an arched doorway. Inside, the air was cold, the light murky and opaque. Green moss clung in patches to dripping walls.

They climbed stone staircases, past cavernous chambers, walked through echoing, vaulted corridors lined with open gunports and long rows of ancient cannon. From the chilling dampness they emerged to blazing courtyards, rank with vegetation. On the topmost parapet, with only the sky above

them, she broke into a little run.

For an instant, Larry stood rooted. This was the parade ground where Henri Christophe had marched row after row of soldiers over the edge, into space and eternity, to demonstrate his discipline. From this highest point of the fortress, the sheer wall merged imperceptibly with the side of the mountain.

Here, three thousand feet above the sea, the wind blew. It was blowing Eve's bright hair, plucking at her pink shirt, as she ran. He lunged forward and caught her, not three feet from the edge, and pulled her back. His face was completely white, and he was shaking.

"Don't ever do that again!" he cried.

She looked up at him, wonderingly. "Why, Larry!" she said. "I didn't mean to frighten you. I don't mind heights."

He shuddered, closing his eyes against the vision of her slim figure silhouetted against space. His grip tightened convulsively, and suddenly both his arms were about her, and he kissed her, straining her close. When he let her go, she did not move. Her eyes looked straight into his, wide open, questioning, steady. Then she turned. "Perhaps we'd better go down to the lower terrace," she said.

He followed her. The guide had carried their lunch to this level. A group of tourists was examining Christophe's tomb. Eve looked as though nothing had happened at all. Larry's knees were still shaking.

The ride down the mountain took less time than the ascent. They talked little on the drive back to the Cap. When he stopped the jeep outside her house, she smiled, but did not ask him to come in.

Geoff was sitting on the balcony of the Pension Hyacinthe. "Where have you been?" he asked.

A rum bottle was balanced on the railing, and Larry poured himself a drink before he answered.

"How would you feel about pulling out of here tomorrow?" Geoff asked, abruptly. "Take a look-see at Trujillo's holdings, and then hop a boat for some of the other islands?"

"I don't think so," said Larry.

His uncle looked at him quizzically. "Cherchez la femme? Don't tell me that you've found yourself a girl, Larry!"

Larry did not tell him. "Margo still at Port-au-Prince?"

"She's taken a villa at Petionville. Very plush." Geoff was smiling. "It's time for me to move on. A rolling man gathers no wives, so to speak."

"It's time for me to move on, too," said Larry. "Home, I mean." He added, "Dad's worked like a horse for years, and it's time I took over some of the responsibility."

Geoff laughed. "You know the old saying that people are either posts or rails? Me, I'm the horizontal type." He filled his glass. "To responsibility, then. Keep the dividends coming, Larry."

They were at breakfast when Montasse arrived with a note: "I hear that your uncle is back." Dr. Cannon had written. "Won't you both have dinner with us tonight?"

Geoff was looking at him, curiously.

"We're asked out for dinner," said Larry. "A medical missionary I met here."

Geoff's mouth twitched. "Travel is so broadening," he murmured. His eyes had a speculative glint. "I'll go," he added.

Larry had a feeling of weight

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# Listen

THE two kidnapped children, JAMIE and ARABELLA LACEY, are proving a problem to the woman EVE, who has them in her slum house by the river. She also has an angry scene with the man at whose bidding she has taken the children.

Meanwhile, in Manchester Court the distraught mother, HARRIET, widowed after her husband JOE'S death in a car accident, tries to get more details from the nursemaid, MILLIE. The terrified Millie has not told Harriet that she helped to arrange the kidnapping after a phone call which threatened to expose her for borrowing Harriet's valuable earrings and losing them. Millie is sure the blond woman who watched her the night she came home from the dance with FRED, the porter, has the children.

Harriet gets the money for the ransom and finally tells blind FLYNN PALMER what has happened.

That night MRS. HELPS, the old wig-maker, who lives in the basement, is anxious when her son, Fred, prepares to go out at about the same time the ransom money is to be left in the park. She fears he may be mixed up in the crime.

When Harriet returns after leaving the money she is angry to find Flynn and his faithful valet, JONES, waiting for her. She thinks they may have frightened the kidnapper away. Jones goes home to his invalid wife, NELL, and Flynn and Harriet wait in the flat for the call telling them where to find the children. NOW READ ON:

HARRIET suddenly flung down the letter she had been mechanically reading.

"Why doesn't he ring? It couldn't take this long."

"We agreed to wait till midnight," said Flynn calmly. "Or do you change your mind about calling the police immediately?"

Harriet's mouth was dry.

"No! Not just yet! There may be a hitch. He may be taking the children somewhere. But it's so late for them. How can he manage them at this hour?"

"If your children are safe, Harriet, you can depend there's a woman in this."

"The blond woman—"

"Blond or not, let's imagine she knows how to take care of babies."

"Yes," Harriet agreed feverishly. "Yes."

"Now I should think that when this call comes, if it does—"

"It must!"

"Very well, it must. But when it does, it will be to say the rendezvous is for the morning. What's the time now?"

"Half-past ten."

"And it's snowing. So naturally babies couldn't be left on doorsteps or anywhere else."

"I suppose not," Harriet whispered. "It's so long till morning."

She went to the window and drew back the curtains. The snowflakes were still scattered, making no more than a shivering of white on the roofs and pavements. The tall trees in the square gardens bowed and cracked in the wind. Down the dark avenue of the roadway no one moved.

"Tomorrow I must apologise to Zoe," she said, half to herself.

"Zoe's a good kid."

"Yes."

"Was that room very awful?"

"Oh, not as bad as all that."

"I must do something for her. The little fool, why didn't she tell me she was in trouble?"

"She's in love with you, Flynn."

"You told me that once before."

Harriet remembered the wedding-dress, incongruously pure and shining in that dreary room. Even though now he knew her background, Harriet guessed that Zoe would still refuse to take money from Flynn. She was playing for the higher stakes of matrimony. Supposing she succeeded, would her happiness last? Did any happiness last? Once Harriet would have thought her own completely secure. But Joe had gone, now the children had gone.

She gave an uncertain laugh.

"Flynn, I wish you'd lose your temper. This isn't like you, being so unnaturally calm and gentle."

"You don't really know me, Harriet."

Again he seemed to be looking at her. She had a momentary illusion that his eyes were keen and aware.

"You haven't wanted to know me," he went on. "And, to be truthful, I haven't wanted to know you. All right, I suppose it was Joe's shadow."

"And now it's my children—Joe's children—" Harriet pressed her hands to her face, feeling the hot tears trickling through her fingers. "Only trouble brings us together."

"Listen!" Flynn cried suddenly.

Her head shot up, she went tense.

There was no sound at all. Yes, there was, a very faint whimpering.

"It's the blessed puppy. I'm sorry. Did I frighten you?"

"I expect it's—lonely," Harriet got out.

"Yes, that's what it is. My poor darling—"

She went rigid as his arms came out protectingly. Somehow she knew that to have him touch her now would destroy the last shreds of her desperate control.

"Bring the puppy up here. After all, you did say it was half Jamie's. I'll make some tea while you're gone. Can you manage?"

"Of course I can manage."

The sudden curtness of his voice brought her to her senses. She would not have said that ordinarily. She would not have lost her tact. But his characteristic anger had brought her off that dangerous plane of emotions when even his hand on her arm would have been too much to bear.

Now she could go into the kitchen and make tea. When they had had that she would resolutely continue with the letters that had already helped to pass one more hour.

Time was not interminable. This day, this night, this week would pass, just as the happy ones had also passed, bearing with them their varied emotions.

Joe had never seen Arabella's red-gold curls. And he had wanted a daughter with hair like Harriet's. Like sun through a fog, he had described it. The red sun of London through thinning fog.

Fog... Did he know how it would overtake her and baffle and terrify her?

Flynn came back, carrying the puppy in its basket.

"All the neighbors will be talking," he said cheerfully.

"Who's to see or hear you at this hour?"

"That's it. Visiting an attractive girl at eleven o'clock."

"Eleven!" cried Harriet in a stricken voice.

"Harriet, my love, the children will be sound asleep by now."

"V—yes. Yes, I expect so. But I left the money where he could see it. I thought he would be waiting behind a tree."

"As I've no doubt he was, the treacherous hound. Now, we have one hour left. Did you say tea? And then a little more of great-grandfather?"

"Oh, Flynn!" she cried despairingly.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 12, 1958



to

# DANGER

Each time the telephone rang she was afraid . . . fourth instalment of our exciting mystery serial

By DOROTHY EDEN

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

"You're astonishingly wonderful, Harriet dear! Don't weaken."

And then the telephone rang.

Earlier that evening, in the house by the river, Eve could not sit still. She did not care to remember the day that had gone before. It had been the longest in her life. She was not used to looking after small children. Even if she had been, she could not have managed those two. The baby had whimpered all day, screaming if one approached, going rigid with terror or temper if one picked her up. She had eaten almost nothing and been sick twice. But at least she was only a baby, acting from instinct.

The boy was another thing. His naughtiness was purely deliberate. He asked for food, then tipped it on the floor. She told him to be quiet, and he promptly shouted and stamped like a wild Indian.

He went into the bathroom and ran water into the basin until it overflowed, drenching the floor and seeping through into the basement.

When, in desperation, she threatened him with the river again, showing him its chilly, shining darkness through the little window, he refused to show fear. He looked at her with his clear, derisive eyes and jeered: "You wouldn't throw me in there. You'd be too scared!"

And every other minute he reiterated angrily, "You promised to take us home today! Why don't you take us home?"

"I told you some time this evening," she kept repeating. "But if you're such a bad boy no one might ever take you home."

She had to lock the front door and hide the key and also bolt the windows that looked on to the street. All the time she was afraid nosy-parker Mrs. Briggs would come back inquiring about the dear little children, and Jamie, hearing her, would start screaming for help.

She should have gone out for more bread and milk to compensate for what Jamie had deliberately spilled or Arabella knocked over with her flailing fist. But she didn't dare to leave them, even for five minutes. One couldn't guess what the boy would get up to. He had the most cunning brain she had ever encountered.

What with waiting for the telephone to ring and listening for real or imaginary footsteps, she was limp with exhaustion and nervous strain. At six o'clock, to persuade Jamie to behave, she let him put on his shoes and the jacket he had been wearing the previous day. She also dressed Arabella in her woolly coat and beret. They were ready then. It gave semblance to her story that this evening they could go home. Even Jamie seemed convinced and became quieter, treating her to one of his rare illuminating smiles.

"Will we go soon now?"

"In about an hour, perhaps."

"Tell us a story while we wait. Please!"

Eve was nonplussed. She had never told a story to a child. She didn't even know any, except for vague memories of The Three Bears and something about a little girl and a wolf. Oh, and there was Cinderella, the girl who had to wait alone in the shabby house until some wonderful thing happened . . .

Well, there would be no harm done in making up a story with a happy ending. A combination of Red Riding Hood and Cinderella, she thought.

"Once there was a girl who lived all by herself, and she was always waiting for the doorbell or the telephone to ring, but when it did ring she was afraid to see who was there, because sometimes it was a nice person she loved, and sometimes it was a wolf . . ."

They were in the room at the back of the house where no light was visible to the street. With the heat from the fire, and the closed windows and doors, the atmosphere was close and muggy. It had the effect shortly of sending Arabella, in her little woolly coat and beret, fast asleep, and Jamie's eyelids also began to droop.

He opened them wide and gazed at Eve earnestly. Not only was he interested in the story—she was not nearly such a good storyteller as Mrs. Helps with her witches and giants, but Jamie passionately loved stories and all was treasure to him—but he did not intend to fall asleep in case that would mean he was cheated out of going home.

He must have fallen asleep, however, for suddenly he was awakened by the telephone ringing. As he struggled up he saw the thin, dark woman run eagerly into the hall to answer the telephone.

The fire was almost out in the tiny room. Jamie began to shiver and he badly wanted to cry. He felt as he did when he woke from a nightmare, scared and forlorn, and wanting his mother.

But his mother, he knew, was not here. He was in the strange house with the unkind dark woman, who did not

even know how to tell fairy stories properly, and at this moment was talking on the telephone in the hall.

He could hear her voice raised in protest.

"Not tonight! But you said—I've had the kids ready for hours. Honestly, I can't. Not another night!" There was a short pause. "But I'm scared. I don't like it." Then another long pause, and then the helpless, almost whispered voice, "I guess I'll have to if you put it like that."

She came back into the room very slowly, as if she were too tired to walk.

"Come along, kids. Bedtime." Before Jamie could speak her eyes gleamed fiercely, and she said: "One word out of you, my boy, and that'll be the end of you. Splash! Into the river."

Jamie stiffened, his chin thrust out defiantly.

"But you said we were going home. You promised!"

She turned on him, her face white and narrow with anger. "Heavens, kid, do you think I haven't had enough of you, too!"

"Do you think I want to keep you? Does anyone keep dynamite for fun? Now, off to the cellar and don't argue." Jamie, by now very frightened indeed, whispered, "What about Arabella?"

"She stays here."

"W-what are you going to do with her?"

"Nothing, of course. She's asleep, and if I move her there'll be more yelling. I've had enough for one day."

The tears quivered on Jamie's lashes. He tried hard to blink them away.

"I'm h-hungry."

"Of course you are. You've despised everything I've given you to eat. Oh, all right, I'll bring you some milk."

Jamie made a last forlorn protest.

"It made me sick last night."

"It won't tonight, because I won't put brandy in it. I'm not wasting any more good brandy that way."

"B—but—"

"Stop arguing! Go downstairs!"

Her tone was so fierce that Jamie was at last without words. Having woken so abruptly, he could not sleep again. The bed made up on the floor was cold and hard, the cellar, lit by one dim bulb, full of shadows.

He was frightened.

He had been frightened all the time, but so far, by making a lot of noise and being as naughty as possible, he had managed to bluff both the horrid thin woman and the strange person who had hidden behind the couch last night.

Now he could no longer keep up the pretence. Sobs kept

catching in his throat. He wanted to open his mouth and bawl loudly, but somehow he couldn't. He just crouched on the makeshift bed, trembling and sobbing quietly.

Presently the sound of the doorbell ringing, two short secret rings, made him hold his breath to listen. Had someone come for him and Arabella at last? Had, by any chance, his mother or Millie come?

He heard quick footsteps and then a murmur of voices. Was it again that person who hid behind the couch?

His lively curiosity overcame his fear. He would go up and see. The woman might hit him on the ear, as she had done several times that day, and send him downstairs, but at least he would see first who had come.

Stealthily he climbed the stairs and crept along the narrow passage. If he was very quiet he could look in without anyone seeing him.

He could hear the woman talking in a rapid voice. Suddenly he heard her gasp, "No! Oh, no!"

Someone gave a low laugh. There was a strange, sharp noise, and Arabella whimpered.

Jamie summoned up all his courage and looked quickly round the half-open door.

The only person visible was the now-familiar figure of the

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Jamie was able to say only a few words to Harriet, his mother, before the dark woman pulled him from the telephone.





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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - March 12, 1958



# THE FEELING

A short short story

By DERRY LEMAIRE

PIERRE FOUQUET ran a bar. It was called the Bien Venu and he and his wife for thirty-five years had tried to live up to its name. "You must always give service, Jeanne," he used to tell his wife, "even if by doing so you make a loss. In the long run it will pay, because people will come back."

The Bien Venu was at the Brussels end of a small village about half-way along the main road to Malines. It was still within the limits of the rough cobbled stone with which the Belgian authorities in their practical way made roads through villages on this route. This way motorists doing their hundred kilometres an hour on the smooth-surfaced highways were forced, if they had any consideration for their car, to slow down to the prescribed speed limit on entering a village.

All this was, of course, useful to Pierre, because a motorist will stop at 40 kilos an hour, he has time to consider. "That looks a likely place," he will say. "Yes, I will stop," but at a hundred kilos the car takes over—there is a momentum which must not be ended except in dire necessity, one must go on.

So Pierre Fouquet made a living—nothing spectacular, mind you, but sufficient.

Perhaps fewer cars stopped these days, but the evening regulars were punctual, and on a winter's night would settle themselves comfortably round the closed cylindrical stove in the middle of the room. It was allowed to get red hot and, together with sealed doors and windows, and the smoke of black cigarettes, a thick, friendly, foggy atmosphere, which perhaps might have frightened an Englishman, soon filled the room.

Pierre, who was short, red of face, and rather tubby, enjoyed these evenings. He liked to join in the political discussions and air his views on any subjects brought up.

Jeanne would join in, too, and as she frequently disagreed with her husband's views the two would often be found shouting at each other across the regulars sitting around the stove. But let anyone disagree with Pierre or Jeanne, and the other would immediately change his or her argument in mid-air, and come to the support of his partner.

Pierre first felt the feeling during one of his word battles. He paused only for a moment, lost the thread of his argument, picked it up again, and went on. A week later the feeling came over him again, but this time it lasted several minutes.

Three or four days later he had it again, but this time he went to see the local doctor without telling his wife. "You know, doctor," he explained, "I don't drink to excess and I have led a simple life, I can understand having a dizzy spell, heart perhaps, but I cannot under-

stand this feeling. I feel myself stiffening, becoming rigid, and an intense wish comes over me to whirl round inside me, without me myself turning, and then I feel light, so light that I think I am weightless."

Pierre was given some prescription and told to rest. Jeanne was quite capable of running the bar without his help for a few days.

Four days in bed were too much for Pierre, especially as he felt perfectly fit and the feeling had not come over him again. The fifth day he got up, to everyone's delight. The evening gossip and discussions were in full swing when suddenly Pierre stiffened—for a moment he remained like this, and then he rose slowly six inches into the air.

There was an awe-struck silence—the Bien Venu had never been so quiet—Pierre slowly came down again, sweat pouring from his forehead—he sat down, relaxed, and fainted. When he came to, the doctor, Jeanne, and his friends were all talking at once. How did he do it? When did he learn the trick, there was money in this, why hadn't he told them about it instead of giving them such a shock?

Pierre explained that there was no trick, he had simply felt his feeling, only more strongly, so that he had had to allow the internal whirling feeling to happen—it was the strain of unwhirling to let himself down gently that had caused him to faint.

The doctor examined him and said that there was nothing wrong with him, a little nervous exhaustion perhaps, but no more. Pierre felt no particular discomfort after his experience and the next day told his wife that he was going to see whether he could bring on the feeling again. He concentrated hard, at the same time stiffening his body and willing the whirling feeling.

A few moments later he rose into the air some four feet, stayed

there for a moment or two, and was able to come down this time without fainting.

"You know, Jeanne, they were right," he said, "there must be money in this—if only I can practise a little more and can learn to move my arms when I am up—I could make my own price at the circus or any music hall. We would surely make our fortune."

Jeanne at first was thrilled with the idea, but as Pierre practised she became less enthusiastic—the publicity—already the Press were descending on them—the travelling, the disturbance of their quiet life—was all this worth a fortune? They had, after all, been satisfied up to now. But Pierre was enthusiastic. He was quite good now and could rise forty feet more, move his arms, and even carry weights about ten pounds up and twenty pounds down.

The papers had made front-page news of his achievement. Scientists, doctors, and laymen all advanced the most fantastic theories to explain the phenomenon—most of them saying that it was quite a natural thing to have happened; they had always known of man's potential ability at levitation, so far only developed in Tibet.

It was not long before Pierre was inundated with offers ranging from film magnates, the music hall, to representatives of the NATO powers wishing him to sell his secret for the Services. He had already been previously sworn to secrecy by the Government. But Pierre did not know how he did it, he could only induce the feeling and that was all.

Meanwhile, the Bien Venu was inundated with sightseers—special police were called to direct the traffic and Pierre and Jeanne were kept busy with the new flow of business. Jeanne now felt there was all the more reason for Pierre not to become involved in selling himself to a show—there was enough

business now for them to make their fortune at home—but Pierre was adamant.

As a concession to Jeanne he refused all offers outside Brussels, and accepted an engagement at the Palais d'Ete. Jeanne had to agree that the money was good, and perhaps it wasn't such a bad idea after all.

Meanwhile, Pierre was enjoying himself, the publicity, the fame, the awe with which he was treated by all with whom he came in contact. All this went to his head. He became a little insufferable.

If it had not been for Jeanne the regulars would no longer have attended the Bien Venu—they were, anyway, a little put out by the influx of the curious, who still visited the bar, though in fewer numbers.

All the same, Pierre was beginning to feel tired; two months of serious levitation had left him so that when he came down from his position half-way up above the stalls he had to concentrate with all his power to do it smoothly. Once he had stopped his internal anti-whirl too early and fallen the last four feet.

The management were furious and told him to mind his p's and q's or the contract would be broken.

Pierre was depressed, but still had two months to go. He told Jeanne he would take no more engagements and she was delighted. So were his evening regulars. In fact Pierre said, "I think I will stop lifting myself up. After all, what is the point of doing it? I am not a bird but an ordinary decent publican. No, if I feel the feeling coming, I will stop it if I can."

It had, of course, been awkward at first, as he had only limited control and would rise into the air at the most inconvenient moments—in public buses, or at the restaurant, and even once as he was undressing



There was an awe-struck silence in the bar as Pierre slowly rose six inches off the floor into the air.

behind some bushes prior to swimming in the lake.

The strain of his twice-nightly performance told more and more, and Pierre was now looking still large, but half his old size.

Jeanne comforted him as best she could—it would not be for much longer, the novelty of the act was wearing off, the public were no longer as interested, and they would soon be able to go back to their old ways. Just a few more days and the contract would be completed, and they would have enough set aside to run the Bien Venu gently and quietly as before.

Then it happened, as they both really knew it must. Pierre was suspended some five feet below the top of the dome of the Palais d'Ete, it was time to come down, and he willed and concentrated and thought of anti-whirlings, but nothing happened.

Perspiration fell off his forehead and stung his eyes, he made himself rigid, he tried an internal whirl-up, and rose two more feet, but try as he would he could not come down.

It took three-quarters of an hour of fuss and bother, of chaos and shrieking, to get a rope to him with which he was eventually pulled down. Two ambulance attendants held him by the arms and put him into his car, where he had the most uncomfortable journey home, bouncing against the roof.

Jeanne, in tears, though she was not very surprised, roped him down to his bed. All night they discussed this latest predicament, and finally humbly admitted that it served them right—they should never have tried to make capital out of this gift that had been thrust on Pierre.

The next morning Jeanne obtained two large iron balls—such as are used by professional weightlifters, but without the bar. These, with the aid of the local blacksmith, were fixed to Pierre's ankles and were found to be sufficient to anchor him under their own weight.

Perhaps you will visit the little bar—Bien Venu. You will notice that the landlord is the only innkeeper in the world to walk with such a roll, and legs so far apart, and certainly the only one to wear plus fours right down to his boots.

(Copyright)



"Car of the Year"



## New Star in the World of Elegance

The 10TH INTERNATIONAL ELEGANCE COMPETITION held in Rome by the Automobile Club of Italy saw the New Humber Hawk emerge as style leader of today's motor world. It won the Grand Prize of Elegance in open competition in a brilliant display of cars from all the leading car producing nations.

With its new aerodynamic styling and longer, lower, wider lines (over 5 feet across the seats) the New Hawk leaps years ahead. A host of new features add to the joy of ownership for discerning people who want a superior quality large car that is economical to buy and operate.

**GRAND PRIZE  
WINNER**  
*International  
Elegance  
Competition*  
ROME

The Melbourne Herald typifies the praise of newspapers the world over for this brilliant car. Its motoring writer said "The biggest motoring surprise of the year is the new Humber Hawk. I feel it deserves the title 'The Car of the Year'. It's a full six-seater too."

Make sure you drive the "Car of the Year" yourself. Your Rootes Group distributor or dealer will be glad to arrange it without obligation.

*Choice of three models — fully automatic transmission, overdrive and normal transmission. Eighteen fashionable colour schemes.*

THE BRILLIANT NEW

Accredited Finance Company  
Industrial Acceptance  
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# HUMBER HAWK

PRODUCED IN THE FACTORY OF ROOTES (AUSTRALIA) LIMITED



He was surprised to  
earn a hat could matter  
so much . . . A frivolous  
short story

By DEE Y. RALES

# Hats and Hearts

ILLUSTRATED  
BY BATTEN



"Oh, Walter! Where have you been  
all this time?" Lucille exclaimed,  
and flung her arms around his neck.

Lucille Langley stepped into  
his life.

He saw her first at a distance  
as she approached his garden  
gate. Her outlines were slender  
and notably feminine. This  
would normally have been a  
signal for him to retreat, but  
something—possibly his birthday  
and an abrupt awareness that  
he was not getting any younger  
—made him more than usually  
venturesome.

He walked on briskly and met  
her at the gate. Here he stopped  
and stared at the arresting  
details of her appearance. In a  
few moments of high excitement  
he drank her in. It was to take  
him several hours of analysis to decide that  
her complexion reminded him of the nectarines  
that grew on his espaliered trees, that  
her hair was as soft as duckling's down, and  
her eyes as rarely blue-green as the color of  
a field of young barley. Meantime, he looked,  
loved, and silently opened the gate.

"Good afternoon," she said, smiling.  
Walter replied, although without smiling,  
for he was in the grip of new emotions. She  
came through the gate and moved past him,  
overwhelming him, as well as a nearby  
verbena bush, with a scent of violets and  
cedarwood.

"I want to buy one of your puppies," she  
explained.

"Do you? Do you, really?" Walter asked  
wonderingly. The thing struck him as a  
kind of miracle.

"When could I see them?"

"Now. Now, of course." He led the way  
to the kennels. The puppies, their fur glint-  
ing gold in the sunshine, were feeding from  
one large bowl.

He heard her gasp. "Do you like them?"  
he asked anxiously.

"They're perfect!"

He studied them, then put one into her  
arms. "This one's the best."

"It's a little beauty. Just what I want!"

"He's yours," said Walter.

"He's twelve guineas, isn't he?"

"You don't have to pay for him." Walter's  
voice was passionate.

"But the advertisement said . . ."

"Never mind the advertisement. This is  
your puppy."

"No, please. I have to pay for it. It  
isn't for me, actually; I'm buying it for  
Galaxy Film Company. We're here on loca-  
tion."

"What sort of location?"

"Film location. We're shooting a picture  
down here and the director wants a puppy  
in a hurry. He's decided that the star is  
to fondle it when the leading man proposes.  
He seems to think it will make an attractive  
picture."

Walter eyed her. "I don't know about the  
leading man," he said a little coldly, "but  
you'll look wonderful."

"Oh, I'm not in the picture. I deal with  
the continuity." She smiled at his puzzled  
look. "My job is . . . well, call me the dogs-  
body who . . . Look, I wonder if you'd like  
to see how we work? If you would, I could

To page 45

OO many men know too little about  
hats; especially women's hats. If the  
relevant facts were brought to light  
it would probably be shown that more men  
endangered their hopes by a disrespectful  
side to a woman's new hat than by  
missing such grave defects as ill-nature or

Walter Prescott had a fine contempt for  
men in general. For himself he had no need  
of them. His head was thatched with an  
opulence of thick, dark hair, and his lean,  
weathered face was fully weatherproofed by sun,  
and wind. As for women's hats, he  
gave them a thought.

He could not be blamed; he had not been  
brought up in a tradition of hats. His  
father had worn hats, but not often; and  
these were simple, basin-like structures com-

posed of felt in winter and of straw in  
summer. There had been no gay young  
sisters to enlarge Walter's ideas and no girl-  
friends to edge him closer to the feminine  
viewpoint.

The fact was that his farm, more erratic  
and demanding than any woman, had  
claimed his tireless attention year in and  
year out, with the result that at the age of  
thirty-five he was a skilled and prosperous  
farmer and a poor understander of women.  
This last did not worry him, since he had a  
staid and competent housekeeper and con-  
sidered himself sufficiently comfortable as a  
bachelor.

It was on his thirty-sixth birthday that  
something happened which made his com-  
fortable foundations quiver and changed his  
ideas—within minutes.

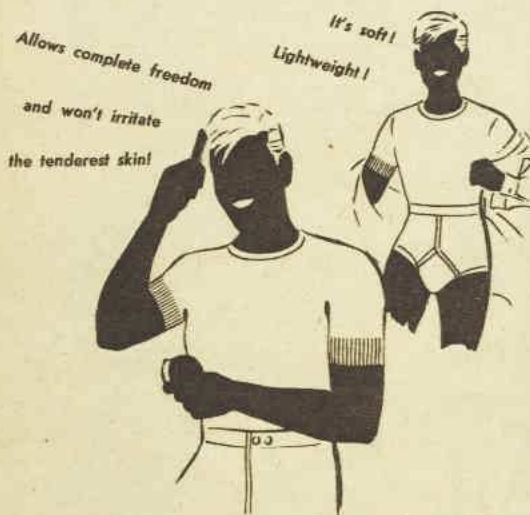


it's got everything men want

MORLEY

**Velnit**  
(REG.)

MORLEY "Velnit" Underwear is easiest of all to launder, stands repeated washing and won't shrink. Lasts longest, too! Once men wear it they prefer MORLEY "Velnit" always



Always look for the name

**MORLEY**

M 73

*'Cutting' Comments*



New hair fashions may not all be 'tip-top' in your view... but you're oh so right to be 'set' in your ways about insisting on a genuine Eugene COLD WAVE. Created by the originators of permanent waving, Eugene COLD WAVE in the deft hands of your favourite hair-dresser helps you to softer, longer-lasting waves and curls — keeps your hair soft, lustrous and natural looking as no other wave can! Available at salons displaying the world famous Eugene sign...

**Eugene**  
COLD WAVE

## Letters from our Readers

### WEEK'S BEST LETTER

WOULD it not be a good idea if programmes for plays, concerts, ballets, etc., could be purchased a short while before opening night? They could then be studied properly and all the relevant information thoroughly absorbed. Before symphony concerts especially, if one can read about the composers, the music, and the conductor, the knowledge gleaned heightens the interest. The average person also can get a better understanding of what is to come. Most people, I think, like to watch the audience before a show begins, and don't pay much attention to their programmes.

£1/1/- to Miss Betty McDougall, 62 Tasma Street, North Hobart.

MY firstborn started school recently and already I have discovered who is to rule our household in the future. "But, Mummy, Miss D. says..." is the end to all arguments. I am amazed such discipline can be instilled in such a few hours. I would like to say thank you to the many Miss D's who have helped to make happy and interesting what must be very big days in the lives of our children.

10/6 to Mrs. D. Phillips, 4 Laurie Road, Manly Vale, N.S.W.

RECENTLY a friend of mine entered a large hospital for an operation. Being a country man and having no relatives or friends to visit him in hospital, he had no way of having his laundry done. Couldn't arrangements be made by such hospitals for patients so placed? A person outside the hospital, or a laundry, might be only too pleased to help these patients, besides making some extra money. Feeling fresh and clean does much for morale, especially for the ill.

10/6 to Mrs. E. J. Joliffe, "Burwood," Gresford, via Paterson, N.S.W.

COULD I appeal to the moody, irritable, self-centred husbands, who unfortunately seem to be numerous, to make life better for their wives and children? I know one who comes home every day for lunch and expects his wife to be there so that he will not have to light the gas and make tea, or lift his salad out of the refrigerator. She must listen to his reiterations about politicians, workmates, and the obnoxious modern child. He never narrates any happy incidents, hardly ever gives praise or thanks, and mostly doesn't answer questions. If these men have any religious training, why don't they carry out the good rules they have learned — or see a doctor.

10/6 to Mrs. G. Mann, 138 The Boulevard, Dulwich Hill, N.S.W.

£1/1/- is paid for the best letter of the week as well as 10/6 for every other letter published on this page. Letters must be the writers' original work and not previously published. Preference will be given to letters signed for publication.

### Suggestions for Mother

TO "Worried Daughter," whose mother needs an outside interest (5/2/58), I suggest she should persuade her mother to enrol at one of the evening colleges in the Newcastle district. As a pensioner, her mother would receive tuition free and could take her choice of various interesting subjects such as cake-decorating, ceramics, basket-making etc. Many women in her age group attend, so she will find congenial company.

10/6 to Mrs. A. Holland, 80 Barton Street, Mayfield, N.S.W.

IN reply to "Worried Daughter" (5/2/58) I would suggest any or all of the following. Join a reading circle — Mother need not do any reading herself, but could listen and join in the talks; learn to write Braille for the blind and use her knowledge to transcribe books and magazines; join a "pygones" or theatre-lovers' circle; baby-sit for a young mother help some New Australian learn English; act as a collector for some church or religious society.

10/6 to Mrs. Irene Smyth, Box 14, P.O. Nunawading, Vic.

### Family affairs

MY son failed in his annual examinations, and I could not be sure whether his promise really to work if given another year at college was genuine. A shrewd friend gave me this advice: "Let him finance his own schooling and refund the money if he passes his exams. It seemed hard taking the money he had saved for years to buy a motor-bike, but I steeled myself. At the end of the first term I refunded a term's fees, and by the end of the year my son had his money back, plus valuable lesson he is not likely to forget. I suggest this course as a true test of whether a student's desire to continue school is genuine ambition or merely a false promise."

£1/1/- to "Penny Wise" (name supplied), Geelong, Vic.

• Every family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

## Ross Campbell writes...

THE most generous man I know is Mr. Trimble, the barber.

Before describing his generosity I shall tell how I came to know him.

He works in a big barber shop in town.

Each barber in the shop has his own little after-haircut treatment, by which he builds up a personal following.

One of them puts a hot towel on your face with menthol in it. Another gives you a sniff of smelling salts. Another massages your forehead and says: "Does that feel good?"

Mr. Trimble's specialty is rubbing your head with a little curry-comb.

I like this — there may be a streak of the horse in me — so I usually have my hair cut by Mr. Trimble.

When I sat in his chair last week I said, as usual: "Done any good in the lottery lately?"

Lotteries are his great interest in life. He buys tickets in all of them, big and small.

### MR. BOUNTIFUL

"No," he replied. "I can't even crack it for a fiver."

He told me about the bad luck that has dogged him. He recalled the time he was one off £5000 in a Melbourne Cup sweep in 1926.

"That was a lot of money in those days," he said.



I expressed sympathy over the 1926 disaster, as I had done many times before.

He mentioned that he had just bought two tickets in Tatts.

Then he said: "Do you know what I'd do if I won £40,000?"

"No," I replied.

He stopped, snipping to give his words their full effect.

"I'd give most of it away," he said. "Some young chap I know needs the money for a deposit on a house. I'd say: 'Here you are, go and put your deposit on the house!'"

"That's a very nice attitude," I said.

"I don't want all that money myself. I'm not greedy!" he said. "That's what I can't understand about most people. They're greedy! They're always after money."

I felt guilty. When I have a lottery ticket I think of how I would spend the first prize. I'm greedy. But I didn't tell Mr. Trimble.

"You're right," I said. "There's too much interest in money today. Are you going in for the next Opera House Lottery?"

"Yes, I got a ticket last week," he said.

While he curry-combed me I thought of all the money Mr. Trimble must have spent, over the years, for the sake of his friends.

I hope he wins that £100,000. It would make such a lot of people happy.



Introducing the lavish, luxurious

# new pink Cashmere Bouquet

*scented with  
rare, costly  
French perfumes*

*... rich with  
beauty-giving creams*

Cashmere  
Bouquet



For you ...  
New gleaming  
pink and silver foil  
wrapper seals in the  
captivating perfume

Now you can enjoy all the luxurious beauty benefits of Cashmere Bouquet in either the pure white cake in the familiar flowered wrapper or the new pearl pink cake in gleaming pink and silver foil. Both give you the

same exquisite fragrance and the caress of a unique creamy formula to complete your personal beauty care. Whether you use pink or white ... you can see your skin thrive on Cashmere Bouquet soap.

*yet it costs no more than ordinary soaps!*



Really  
beautiful  
— even close-up



three  
flowers  
FACE  
POWDER

brings new soft loveliness to every complexion!

WONDERFUL, finely textured Three Flowers Face Powder smooths on so evenly, it blends perfectly with your skin tones . . . keeps your skin satinsmooth for hours. It is the lightest powder you can imagine . . . so soft, so fine, it brings to your complexion a delicate, clinging veil of loveliness

that covers tiny skin flaws, glorifies your own tonings . . . gives you a new, irresistible radiance! And Three Flowers is fragrant with the perfume of the Rose, Violet and Lily of the Valley. Seven lovely shades: Rachel, Dark Rachel, Tan Rachel, Peach, Naturelle, Cream Beige and Champagne, 4/11



YOU CAN'T BUY A BETTER FACE POWDER

—AT ANY PRICE!

## Here's your answer

By LOUISE HUNTER

• Requests for personal replies to problems, accompanied stamped, addressed envelopes, have once more reached plag proportions. Please stop sending them. It is impossible answer personally. It is also impossible to answer letters "our next issue."

**TECHNICAL** problems of rotogravure printing prevent this, although urgent problems are always given priority treatment.

Here is the first letter I opened this week:

"I AM in need of your advice, please. I am 26 years old, and have met a nice girl of 17. I feel there is a place for her in my heart. What would you say to this, as I have not dated other girls of any age? Do you think the age difference is all right?"

"Cracked Record," N.S.W.

I think you had better find out whether your feeling is right. You can do this by seeing more of her and taking her out, and spending a lot of time with her.

I don't think the nine years between you is too great. It seems worse now when the girl you like is only 17, but the older she gets the less important the difference becomes.

But why don't you just take this girl out a few times without planning a lifetime together or making any serious declarations of feeling.

"PLEASE help me as I have no one to talk to. I went steady with a boy who has now gone to Sydney. I find I am having a child and don't know where he is. I have no money and no relatives in Melbourne. Is there any place where I could stay and work?"

"Desperate," Vic.

Yes, there is. You should get in touch immediately with Miss Isobel Strachan, the almoner at the Royal Women's Hospital, 720 Swanston St. Her telephone number is FJ9441. Ring and make an appointment with her if you can. She will help you with all your problems—financial, accommodation, and those of work and your future.

"AT my wedding I am having two bridesmaids and a trainbearer. Please tell



### A word from Debbie . . .

I'M going to feature exercises for the next few weeks to help you all grow up into beautiful ladies. Here are the first two. They give you a trim "middle" look and pull in your stomach and reduce it, too. Do each exercise four times the first day, and increase the number of times each day by one until you reach a maximum of eight.

• **STRETCHING:** Lie down, or if you're in bed stay there and throw your pillow away. Stretch yourself as long as you can. Stretch one leg out, while bringing the other knee to your chest.

• **LITTLE KUNDALANI:** This gets its queer name because it's part of a very good yoga exercise. While still lying down, take a deep breath and hold it. Try to pull your stomach in to your spine. Now puff up your stomach muscles, still holding your breath, trying to make a mound of your stomach. Release your breath. Pause for ten seconds between each attempt.

me the correct order of both procession and recession at the church for this group. What are the trainbearer's duties, and with whom should she ride? She is 7."

G.A.M., S.A.

Bridesmaids and trainbearer should arrive at the church at least ten minutes before the expected arrival of the bride. They wait in the porch, greet her, make any adjustments to her veil, bouquet, or dress (if any are necessary through wind or rain), and then follow her up the aisle.

When there are two bridesmaids they walk side by side, the chief bridesmaid moving forward to stand directly behind the bride at the altar.

Your trainbearer should walk behind you, preceding the bridesmaids. Her duties nominally are to carry your train, if you have one, to see that it lies properly as you stand in the church, that it does not get caught on the carpet or any obstruction. The chief bridesmaid is in charge of the trainbearer, who really acts under her eye. These days trainbearers are generally simply a picturesque addition to the procession.

Leaving the vestry after the ceremony, the bride and

groom lead the procession. They are followed by the trainbearer, the chief bridesmaid with the best man, the second bridesmaid with the groomsmen. The bride's mother follows, on the arm of the bridegroom's father. Next the bridegroom's mother, on the arm of the bride's father. The remainder of the vestry pair off, a member of the bride's family, when possible walking with a member of the bridegroom's family.

I don't think it matters all in whose car the trainbearer travels, just where she will fit. I should imagine that as she is so young she might well travel with her parents and rejoin the wedding party at the reception. "COULD you please give me an address to visit? I can write for full details. Occupational Therapy training?"

K.O., N.S.W.

You should write to May Forsyth, Director of Training, Occupational Therapy Training Centre, 5 Elizabeth Street, Sydney.

"Worth Reporting" in the issue of February 12, 1955, there was information about this profession.

### \*\*\*\*\*DISC DIGEST\*\*\*\*\*

THE craze for music of the 1920s seems to go undiminished. "The Roaring Twenties" series, in three LPs, played by the Charleston City All-Stars, just about covers all the memorable tunes of that period, but if you're intent on adding a purely vocal disc to your collection you may care to listen to "Charleston" (330SX, 7565).

The singer is Bonnie Alden, and this is her first shot on records. Bonnie is an actress, but she was heard imitating a singing flapper at a private party, and won a recording contract. To me she sounds like a cross between Helen Kane and Carol Channing (more Kane than the delicious Channing), and she lays on the boop-boop-

ee-do with rather a heavy hand. Her selection of 12 songs includes the album's title number, "Bye Bye Blackbird," "Black Bottom," "When the Red Red Robin," and "Mississippi Mud."

ALTHOUGH Michael Holliday made his record debut in 1955, I hadn't had a chance to hear him until his LP entitled just "Hi!" came along this week. Michael, who was born in Liverpool, England, in 1928, admits to having a lazy streak.

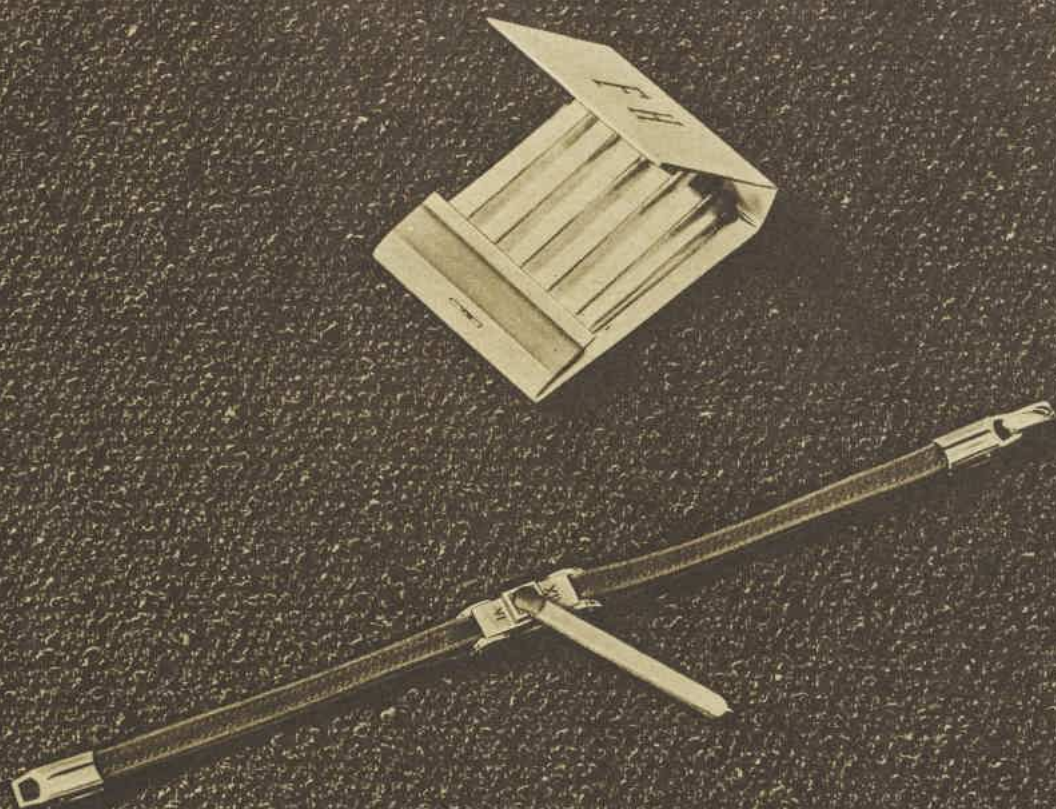
It turns out to be an asset in his singing because it gives him a relaxed style reminiscent of Crosby; in fact, in many of the numbers on 330s.1114 he sounds uncannily like the old maestro. Apparently, he is somewhat

indifferent to publicity, maybe that's why so little heard about him.

The numbers on this inch LP range from disc jockey standards, through musical comedy, to romantic ballads, and it should therefore have a wide appeal. Among the 10 tracks are "Of You" (from Cole Porter's "Silk Stockings"), "I'd Like To Come Home To You" (that wonderful old sea shanty "Shenandoah"), "The Things in Life We Remember," and, I regret to recall, a rather too jazzed-up version of Ivor Novello's "We'll Gather Lilacs," which I'm sure Novello tended.

—BERNARD FLETCHER





## *The smallest watch in the world*

No trick shot this; the watch is so small a match-head could cover its face.

To scale down more than 125 intricate parts to this minute size—and *preserve complete accuracy*—these are just two of the achievements of the Watchmakers of Switzerland. There are many more. It is their skill and ingenuity which have produced the world's smallest watch, the thinnest, the most complex. These Swiss jewelled-lever watches make all others (including *yours*, perhaps) out of date.

Good reasons, these, for choosing a Swiss jewelled-lever watch. When you buy one you can be *sure* you are investing in years of accurate, trouble-free time-keeping.

Ask your jeweller or watchmaker to help you choose from his selection of Swiss jewelled-lever watches. *His knowledge is your safeguard.*

• IN GENEVA, as in all seven of the watch-making cantons of Switzerland, the traditions started almost four centuries ago are inspiring the watch wonders of today. *Time is the Art of the Swiss.*



**THE WATCHMAKERS OF SWITZERLAND**





AMAZING NEW HAIR DISCOVERY!

# color-glo lights up your hair with sparkling natural colour

THERE'S A COLOR-GLO SHADE TO SUIT YOUR VERY HAIR COLOUR



HONEY BROWN



BLACK CHERRY



DEEP AUBURN



DOVE GREY



TITIAN GOLD



MOLTEN GOLD

Not a dye! Not a tint!  
Outlasts 5 shampoos!

**color-glo** — the hair beauty discovery of the age — has arrived from Paris!

Now you can give your hair radiant natural colour in a few minutes — at home!

Working on an entirely new principle—'controlled colour' color-glo performs the miracle of doing for your hair (and for you) what lipstick does for your lips—make-up does for your complexion! Your own natural hair colouring actually controls the degree of new colour color-glo creates in your hair for more beauty.

color-glo brings your hair to life by creating new, delicate colour loveliness. It adds new, natural colour . . . new brightness . . . enhances your own natural hair colouring. And it's so simple to use. There's no messy mixing or pouring into saucers with color-glo. No difficult brushing into the hair . . . no special methods of any kind. Just use color-glo as you would an ordinary shampoo. Then, see what happens! In a few minutes, your hair will have an entirely new beauty . . . glorious natural colour that will outlast 5 shampoos!

color-glo has an added attraction, it improves the condition of your hair. Hair becomes more supple, silkier, easier to manage . . . stays as you want it to. It is safe to perm color-glo'd hair.

color-glo won't rub off on clothes or pillows, and is not affected by rain, damp or seawater.

#### HERE'S ALL YOU DO to color-glo your hair

1. Wash your hair in the usual way. Sprinkle color-glo straight from the bottle on to your damp hair and lather it.

2. Wait a few minutes, then rinse. Your hair is now ready for setting. It's as easy as that!

color-glo is available in 6 lovely shades. Dove Grey, Honey Brown, Black Cherry, Molten Gold, Titian Gold and Deep Auburn. Whether you have "mousey", brown, blonde, black or grey hair, one of these shades will blend with it, and bring out lights you never dreamed existed!

# color-glo

by  
marigny

TRADE MARK

The House of Hair Beauty

AT CHEMISTS AND STORES — ONLY

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 12, 1954



# Worth Reporting

**A** YOUNG Parisian artist, who did the decor for the ballet "Renard," by French novelist Françoise Sagan, has very valuable hands.

He is 30-year-old Bernard Buffet, whose hands are insured for 100,000,000 francs (about £800,000), the insurance on the right thumb alone being £500,000.

Buffet, one of the biggest money-spinners in the art world, has achieved the success of struggling young artists dream about.

Ten years ago, however, he was just another painter living in a garret near the Gare du Nord, Paris.

His room was so small that he had to stand on the bed to paint.

Once, he was so hungry that when a fellow student at art school passed him some bread he rubbed out a charcoal drawing, ate the bread.

"That's how I learned economy of line," he says.

Fame entered Buffet's bleak existence in 1948, when he submitted one of his works for the Prize of the Young Painters.

Today, he gets from £800 to £2000 a picture, and every painting is bought almost before he finishes it.

## Couture shaded by cambric blinds

**A** N elegant 18th-century mansion in Merrion square, Dublin, has become the new centre of Irish fashion.

Its occupant is famous interior designer Sybil Connolly, who, with a nice sense of timing, combined the opening of the house with her 1958 spring and summer collection.

The walls of the salon are covered with pleated linen (a Connolly trademark); the window blinds of white cambric are edged with navy crochet instead of fringe; the carpets were specially woven in Donegal.

The collection shown against this background was notable for its sparkling colors—lettuce-green, yellow, orange, lavender, and the red, blue-green combinations.



**FAMILIES** take note. We liked the 50th wedding anniversary gesture to Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Roberts, of Penhurst, N.S.W., from their children, who decided on an unusual and practical present—they refurbished the Roberts' kitchen.

Mr. and Mrs. Roberts celebrated their anniversary with a party attended by three daughters, two sons, 14 grandchildren, and Mrs. Tom McDonald, who was Mrs. Roberts' bridesmaid half a century ago.

## They have no teething troubles

**E**IGHTY dental nurses from the Sydney metropolitan area will be awarded certificates and badges by the Minister for Health, Mr. W. F. Sheahan, at a special ceremony on April 21.

This will mark their graduation from the first year's training course organised by the Dental Assistants' Association.

The association secretary, Miss Mary Murray, said that this year's course begins on March 6. Applicants for the course must be 16 or more, and work in a dental surgery.

"The course provides lectures including ethics, dental jurisprudence, dental health education, anatomy, preventive dentistry, anaesthesia, and oral surgery," she said.

"This year we are catering for country assistants, the course being available by correspondence."

## Pianist with an ear for politics

**MUSIC** and French politics are the main interests of Australian pianist Gordon Watson, revisiting Australia for an all-States season with the Australian Broadcasting Commission.

Gordon, an eligible bachelor, with a booming voice, went overseas in 1947 to study in America, and made his London debut two years later. He is now well established in Britain as a concert pianist. He last visited Australia in 1955.

**SPANIARDS** in the audience at performances by Luisillo and his Spanish dancers applauded by calling, "Ole, Ole."

A young Spaniard was asked what "Ole" meant.

"You know," he said, "like 'You beaut!'"

## Stepping out in "mountie-red"

**MOUNTIE-RED**, a clear, strong color reminiscent of the Canadian Rockies and the men who always get their man, will be one of the most popular colors for shoes and handbags next spring, according to leather expert Mr. Harold Kennon.

Mr. Kennon says that in leather goods Australia follows U.S. trends.

Apart from white—top summer color—Australians will follow America with imperial-blue, bright blue, pueblo-yellow, three shades of off-white verging to light brown, and spring-fever red.

**FASCINATING** facts about fowls, just in case you didn't know:

"A fowl's eyes are divided, giving it two separate fields of vision, and on top of that each eye has a third eyelid. This works sideways..." (from a B.B.C. talk aptly called "The Eyewitness").

## Alpine village in New South Wales

**SKI-ING** is being made easy on Crackenback Peak, in the Ramshead Range, N.S.W., where ski enthusiasts and businessmen are building an alpine village and a double chairlift to carry 350 people an hour to the ski runs.

Heading the project is Mr. Andrew Thyne Reid, who forecasts that by winter Thredbo Village will be the premier ski resort in New South Wales.

It will not only be a ski resort—Thredbo Village is to become eventually a mecca for trout fishermen, hikers, climbers, camera enthusiasts, and horse riders.

There are also plans for ice-skating, ice-curling, bowling, tennis, and winter swimming in a heated pool.

The 67-acre site of the resort adjoins the Alpine Way and the Thredbo River. Area manager is Tony Sponar, a Czechoslovakian Olympic skier and former Czech national champion in downhill and slalom.

**THE** air hostess checked on her passengers for the N.S.W. country flight as they filed into the plane.

A woman and her four-year-old daughter settled into their seats.

As the captain walked along the aisle to the cockpit, the small girl lifted the hem of her skirt, touched his arm, and smiled with satisfaction as he nodded approval at the rows of little frills she was showing him.

Later the hostess asked if she had any brothers and sisters.

The small girl replied very smartly.

"Oh, yes, I have two brothers and two stiff petticoats!"



**TV and Radio Star Bob Dyer says:**

*"I like Weekend"*

**...and here's why:**

*"It's Exciting"*

Every week you'll read world-famous fiction, enjoy jokes and cartoons on every page, thrill to exclusive features from all over the world.

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More than 16 separate sections, over 100 different features, packed with the entertaining, happy reading everyone enjoys! And the pictures... literally dozens of them.

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No less than 32 pages in color. Household hints, wonderful recipes in color, overseas fashions, beauty, and hair styles.

*and it's now*  
**BIGGER**  
*than ever before!*

**Buy "Weekend" now!**

## SCIENCE FACTS—

# About sound

**SOUNDS** are pressure waves in the air which travel at 1100 feet a second.

That's why for every second you count between a lightning flash and its thunder the lightning is about 1100 feet away.

The pressure waves come from anything that vibrates—thunder, a moving tram, an engine starting, your own voice.

But you don't hear these pressure waves as sound until about 30 or more of them vibrate outward from the source of the sound each second.

These 30 oscillations, or cycles, are

known as the frequency of the pressure waves.

And the higher the frequency the higher the note.

A frequency of 30 cycles a second makes an extremely low note, a "dull growl," but a frequency of thousands of cycles a second makes a high, unpleasant squeak.

At 15,000 cycles a second sound is so high that it can't be heard by most adult ears.

But children can detect higher sounds than adults, while dogs can pick up sounds at about 40,000 cycles a second, and bats as high as 100,000 cycles.

Bats emit beep-beep squeaks and get sound echoes back from objects. Although blind, in this way, by using their own sound-radar, they never bump into anything.

Frequencies of 100,000 to 1,000,000 or more cycles a second are known as "supersonics"—high-speed vibrations which detect flaws in castings and which heat substances and even destroy them.

Supersonic waves have been used in modern brain surgery. A beam of these waves, focused with extreme accuracy on a tiny diseased part of the brain, has destroyed the area.



It's the mower

of tomorrow...Today

The New 18"

# VICTA Automatic



HERE'S a mower that's as modern as space-travel... a mower that's literally years ahead of its time. Flick the automatic rewind starter and get set for a new experience...

## The Victa thinks for itself!

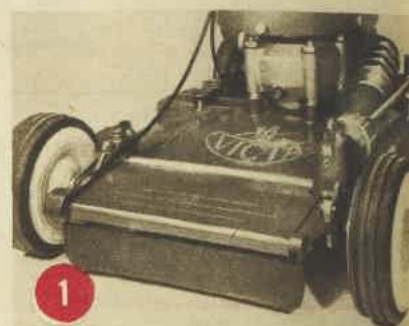
There's NO hand throttle. As the mower eases forward, the Predicta Automatic Accelerator takes over and engine speed is automatically adjusted to the exact revs. required for any grass growth. Raise the cutting height for that patch of jungle? No trouble. Leave the motor running and turn the Automatic Height Adjustor a fraction. All four wheels adjust simultaneously. Now feel that power! Only a fraction of it is needed on fine lawn, but in thick paspalum the full 3.6 horsepower is automatically unleashed as required.

But that's just the beginning—the new Victa incorporates feature after feature that you must see to believe. Your Victa agent would like to demonstrate the Victa Automatic for you—at your own home. Ask him about it.

**56 GNS.**

(INCLUDING TAX)  
Freight charges extra  
in some areas

**EASY TERMS**



## Predicta AUTOMATIC ACCELERATOR\*

Mower virtually thinks for itself. No hand throttle. Predicta mechanism automatically increases or decreases engine revs. to suit every variation in grass growth. The world's only mower with automatic power control. Amazingly efficient... saves time, fuel and engine wear.

\* World Patents pending



Predicta is pushed back slightly by light grass.

Heavier grass pushes Predicta further back, releasing extra power.



## AUTOMATIC REWIND STARTER

Pull the starter knob and the engine bursts into life. Spring-loaded cable rewinds itself, ready for the next start. The smoothest, easiest starting device you'll find on any power mower.



## AUTOMATIC HEIGHT ADJUSTOR

Just turn the adjustor to raise or lower cutting height to any position. Give instant automatic adjustment of all four wheels simultaneously—even while the engine is running.



## FOLDAWAY HANDLE

Folds right down so mower can be stored easily, even under garage bench or laundry tubs. Carries easily, too, in smallest car boot. Two nuts lock handle in most comfortable mowing position.



## SAFETY RIM-GUARDS

Quickly and easily attached or detached by simple clips. Rim-guards ON for ordinary mowing—OFF to cut right up to walls, fences, trees, garden edges, or to sweep as you mow.

## For 7 guineas LESS, the mighty STANDARD 18" VICTA

NOW WITH SAME FOLDAWAY HANDLE AS THE AUTOMATIC Same Lifetime Guarantee. Safety Ring—detaches easily for cutting up to walls. Automatic Rewind Starter can be fitted as optional extra.

### BOTH MOWERS HAVE THESE BIG ADVANTAGES

- 3.6 h.p. VICTA ENGINE  
Cuts fine lawns at quarter throttle—this means longer engine life. Designed to suit all Australian conditions.
- New super-efficient cooling. Cooled engine can't overheat.
- New, Victa-designed magneto makes starting easier.
- Die-cast aluminium baseplate for greatest strength.
- Snorkel tube keeps only air-inlet high and free of grass or dust. With unique clean-air choke.
- Tough Polythene rubber-tyred wheels with nylon bearings—never need oiling.
- Forged-steel crankshaft & con-rod, with roller-bearing big-end.
- Spring steel blades, never need sharpening. (Heavy-duty blades also available.)

Only VICTA gives you a Lifetime Guarantee



**49 GNS.**

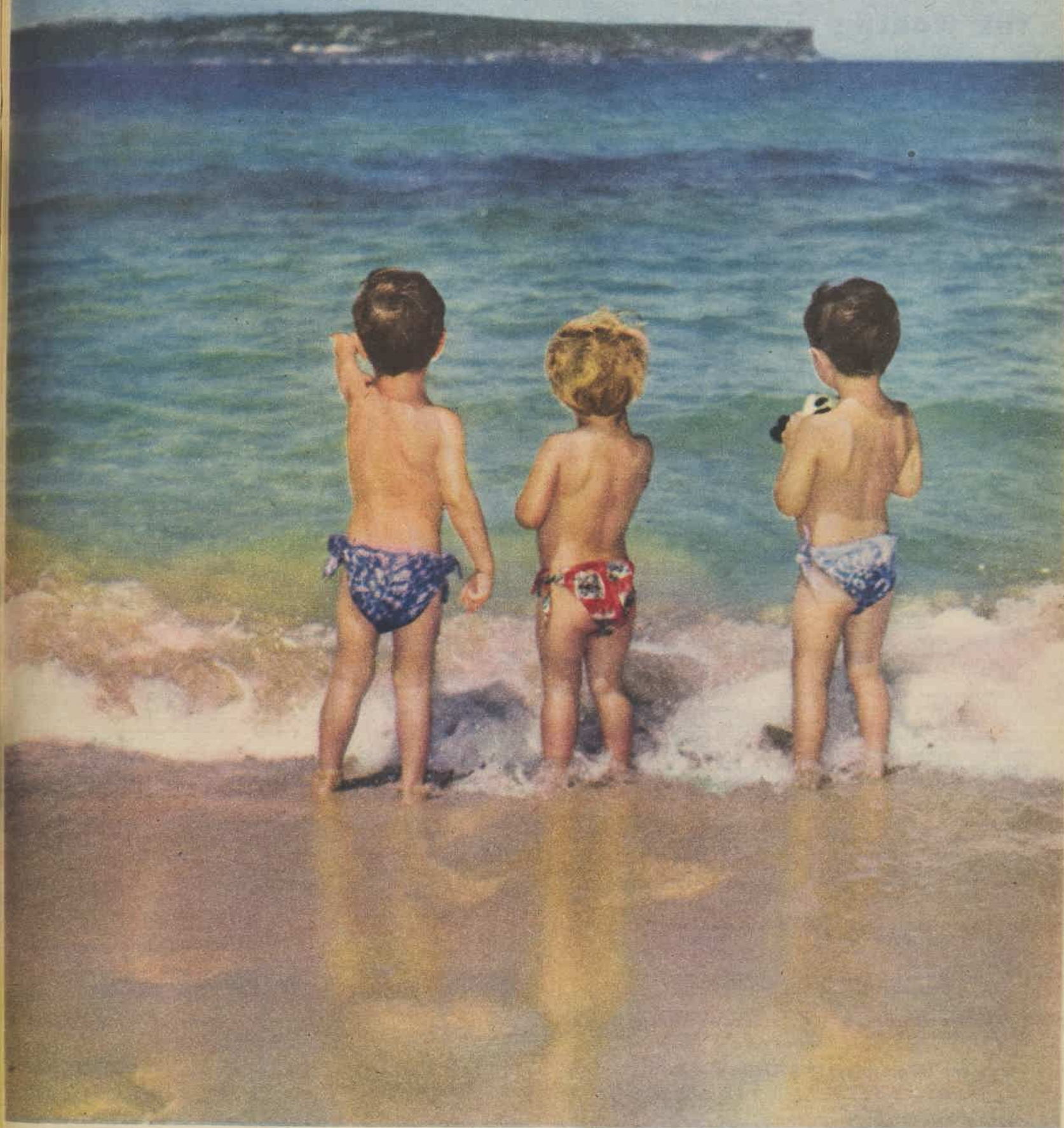
(including Tax)  
Freight charges extra  
in some areas  
EASY TERMS

**VICTA MOWERS PTY. LTD.**

Head Office and Showroom: 47-51 Parramatta Rd., Concord. UJ 0251 (8 lines) VICTA CENTRE, Sydney City Showroom: 397 George St. BX 364

IN VICTORIA: 156-158 Barwood Rd., Hawthorn. WA 1478 • IN QUEENSLAND: Allmet Buildings, Castlemaine St., Milton. FM 4359





## THE AUSTRALIAN YEAR

● Now that March is here, the routine of the year is in full swing. Summer holidays are over for most people, children are back at school, and on weekdays the coastal beaches are left to young mothers living close enough to take their toddlers for a morning splash. Despite its small population, Australia is the world's top swimming nation,

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
...	...	...	...	...	...	1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30	31	...	...	...	...	...

with Australian teenagers rewriting the record books. Experts say this success is due to the warm climate, improved training methods, nutrition, and the early age at which most children begin to swim. These three water-babies were paddling at Balmoral Beach, N.S.W., when they were photographed by Mr. J. E. Toghill, of Mosman.

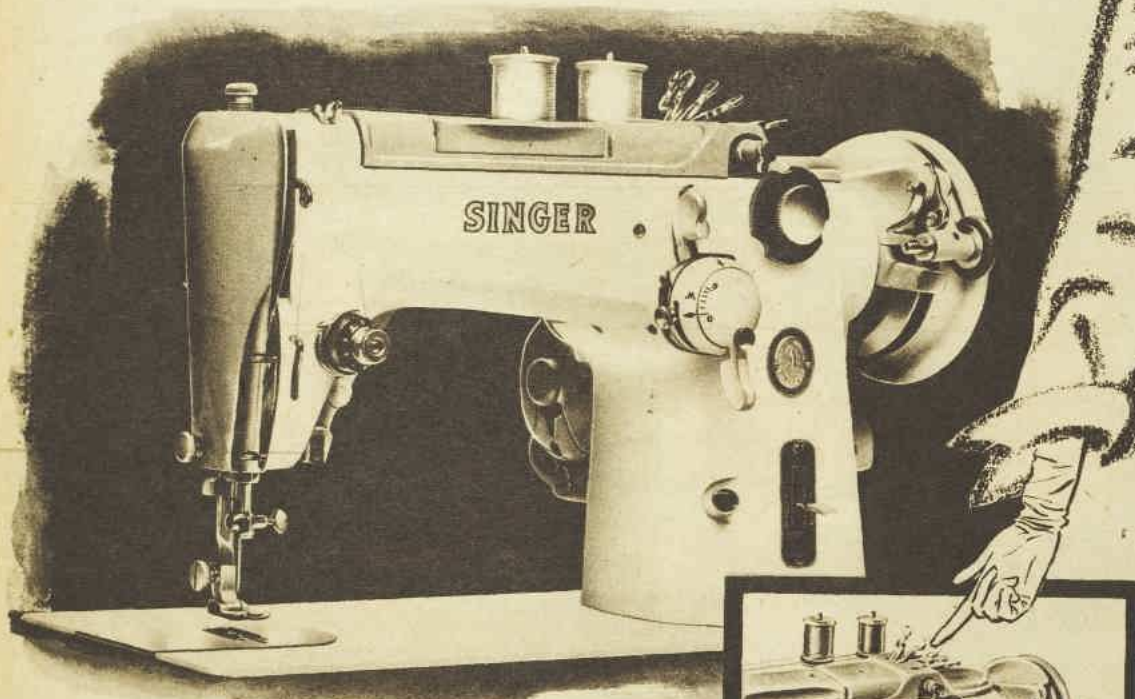


# BEST BUY-A SINGER

THE WORLD'S MOST MODERN SEWING MACHINE

*Here it is...*

**SINGER AUTOMATIC** WITH 'FINGER-TIP' CONTROL



Comparisons prove *SINGER* best. There's no doubt why *SINGER* is the world's best sewing machine—your best lifetime investment.

The *SINGER* Automatic has more features, more advantages, more attachments than any other sewing machine in the world to-day. They include single and twin needles—almost endless variety of stitches from the decorative, the multiple zig-zag to darning—all automatic with Finger-Tip Control. Also buttonholes and sews on buttons.

Why not get a home demonstration of this wonderful machine—contact your nearest *SINGER* Sewing Centre. Service, parts and attachments always available.

Easy to sew, *SINGER* is so easy to buy—your present machine can be your deposit—with 24 months to pay. *Singer* Finger-Tip Automatic comes as portable with two-toned case, handsome console or in treadle style. All models can be equipped with electric motors from 32-240 volts.



**AUTOMATICALLY APPLIQUES**



**AUTOMATICALLY INSERTS**



**AUTOMATICALLY OVEREDGES**



**AUTOMATICALLY PATCHES**



**AUTOMATICALLY MONOGRAMS**



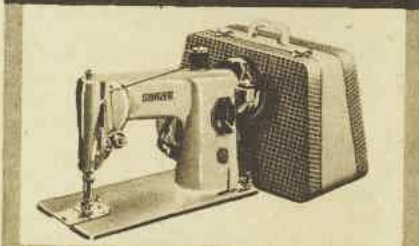
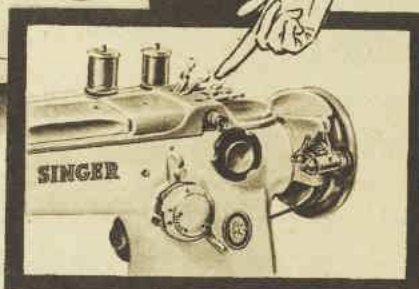
**AUTOMATICALLY DARNS**



**SEWS ON BUTTONS**



**MAKES BUTTONHOLES**



**ANOTHER "BEST BUY":** *SINGER* 201 makes every sewing job easier, faster. Has automatic tension, stitch length control, complete range of attachments—add two more and you can do anything from zig-zag stitching to buttonholes. Portable or console, *SINGER* 201 yours for only £7 deposit—24 months to pay.

**BUDGET "BEST BUY":** For the woman on a budget, the *SINGER* 99 is best buy. Portable or console—it has a wide range of attachments. Only £5 deposit—24 months to pay.

**THE MANAGER, SINGER SEWING CENTRE**

388 George St., Sydney, or 330 Swanston St., Melbourne  
(For other addresses see your telephone directory)  
Please send catalogue of all *Singer* Models.....☐  
Please arrange home demonstration for me.....☐

NAME

ADDRESS



Every machine backed by famous *SINGER* service—best throughout the world. There's a *SINGER* Sewing Centre or representative in every city or town in Australia and New Zealand.

# SINGER\*

\*A Trade Mark of the Singer Manufacturing Company.



# BOUDOIR FASHIONS FOR TEENAGERS

● On this page are exciting new teenage fashions designed to wear sleeping, relaxing, or just to look decorative. The fashions are plotted for all types. You can take your choice and play it ingenue, sophisticated, or feminine. More boudoir fashions (with patterns) overleaf.

—CANDY HARDY

DASHING pyjamas for a dashing girl, designed for sleeping or relaxing. The coolie pants and tunic in Chinese-red, frog-fastened, are bound in white.



ALL FASHION PATHS lead to easy, unbelted lines, and the house-robe (above), in this category, is based on the sack look. The material is scarlet flannel; cotton would look equally chic made in sapphire-blue or orange-yellow.

BLUE-SPOTTED white cotton gives an ingenue air to the sack-line nightgown (right) cut to above-ankle length. The hemline is finished with a double frill, one in white lace, one in self-material. This trim is repeated at the neckline.



SIMPLY FEMININE and a pretty way to sleep is (above) a long-skirted nightgown. The skirt falls straight from an Empire-line bodice-top finished with little sleeves. The ribbon tie trim is in the palest possible blue.





## CLEANS YOUR HAIR LIKE MAGIC!

... leaves it shining,  
silken-soft and lovely!

### RICHARD HUDNUT egg creme SHAMPOO

for NORMAL, DRY  
or OILY hair

#### Soapless! Concentrated!

This wonderful, soapless shampoo contains the natural, beneficial protein of egg formula. And egg is a natural beautifier of hair. Richard Hudnut Egg Creme Shampoo cleanses your hair like magic—yet it's gentle, non-drying. It leaves no dulling, "soapy" film and it keeps your hair shining clean.

Dull, dry hair, limp, oily hair gain new silken beauty; hidden subtleties of tone are revealed. Every permanent "takes" better. Best of all, Egg Creme Shampoo is concentrated—costs no more to use than ordinary shampoos. Made in two types to care for all kinds of hair.



Economical  
Bottles  
5/6 & 9/6

Bubbles ...  
1/3



EC521.143

## THE CHEMISE IN



4806

4806.—Straight, loose lines for the short-cut duster (above) finished with Oriental-inspired fastenings. Sizes 30 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½ yds. 36in. material and ½ yd. 36in. contrast. Price 4/.



4805

4805.—Tailored two-piece pyjama suit (above) has a short-cut jacket and Capri-length pants. Sizes 30 to 38in. bust. Requires 3 7/8th yds. 36in. material and ½ yd. 36in. material. Price 4/6.



4804

4804.—Empire-line dress-gown (above) falls straight and loose from a high-cut, belted yoke. Sizes 30 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½ yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.



# THE DREAM WORLD

## Make one from a pattern

● Lingerie and sleep-wear keep pace with autumn's fashion developments. Few designs look prettier, younger, or more enchanting than these with their unfitted silhouettes and lowered waistlines. At-home fashions (see No. 4806, left) follow the same no-waistline shape and shortened skirt. Order now, and make one from a pattern.

Patterns may be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. They can be ordered by mail. Address orders to Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. New Zealand and Tasmanian orders to the same address. Please state size and number of pattern.



4803. — Chemise-type short-cut duster (left) has the currently popular ribbon bow trim and streamer ends. Sizes 30 to 38in. bust. Requires 5yds. 36in. material and 3yds. 2in. ribbon. Price 4/6.



4799



4799.—Chemise nightshirt (above) has front-buttoned fastening and long, cuffed sleeves. Sizes 30 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.



4802 — Two-piece sleeping pyjamas (above) feature a lowered waistline for the jacket. Sizes 30 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material, 2yds. 1½in. ribbon. Price 4/6.



4802



4800. — Shortie dressing-gown (above) follows the new autumn silhouette of low and loosely belted. Sizes 30 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material and 2yds. 2in. ribbon. Price 4/6.



4800

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# BOND'S

# lead with Ban-Lon

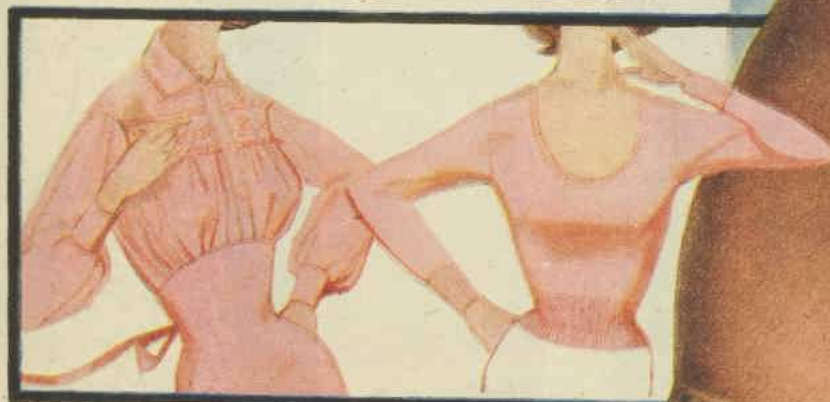
THE "STRETCH-TO-FIT-YOU" UNDIES WITH THE KITTEN-SOFT FEEL

*It's our "Tru-size" fittings and prices that give us the lead with Ban-Lon*

Our vests, panties and briefs are *contour knit*, hug your figure. Never show a ridge under the tightest dress! • Ban-Lon is 100% nylon but softer than ordinary nylon • Edgings are elasticised for snugness • Only Bond's Ban-Lon are "Tru-Size" in the stretch. They stretch to fit you.

never shrink a fraction! • They weigh a few ounces — of comfort! • Hang them up or spread them flat to dry. Iron them? Never. They don't need it • Bond's make the prettiest pattern in Ban-Lon. In peach and white. SW-OS. Ask for Bond's Ban-Lon at your favourite store.

BRIEFS 17' 11" VEST 18' 11" PANTIES 21'



Bond's fit you best with  
"Tru-Size" Interlock Nighties and Spencers

**The Nylon Touch** for prettiness and interlock for warmth! "Tru-Size" fittings mean no skimping in the cut. In peach and sky, this nightie washes beautifully.

**Big Scoop!** Bond's spencer gives you all the warmth you need under a suit but the deep scoop neckline never shows. Peach and white. Double basque and cuffs.

Sizes  
SW-OS.

XOS.  
44/11.

39' 11"

Long-sleeve, SW-OS,  
XOS, 15/11.

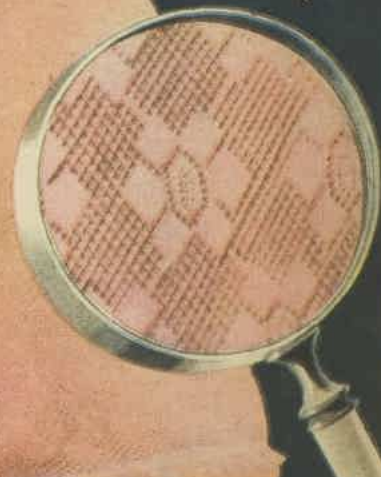
Short sleeve, 12/6,  
Sizes SW to OS.  
[NOT ILLUSTRATED]

13' 11"

For comfort and fit, it must be knit — BUY

# BOND'S

"Wash Ban-Lon overnight. It dries while you sleep."





# DRESS SENSE by Betty Keep

• The semi-sack dress in tweed, illustrated here, was chosen in answer to a request from a reader.

HERE is the reader's letter and my reply:

"Would you please design me a semi-sack dress suitable for tweed? I want the style slightly shaped, as I think the really full, straight ones are too difficult to wear."

Flattering shaping is shown in the chemise dress I have chosen in answer to your letter. The half-belt buttoning just below waistline level adds news and chic.

You can obtain a paper pattern for the design in sizes 32 to 38 in. bust. Beside the picture are further details and how to order.

"I HAVE a maternity problem I hope you can help me with. I would like to find some sort of garment to wear sunbaking."

I suggest you make, or have made, a two-piece consisting of bloomer shorts with a drawstring waistline and a separate loose smock-like top. Have the latter made with fullness falling from a square-cut neckline finished with wide straps. Check gingham would be a good material choice.

"COULD you tell me the sort of material that would be correct and new for a winter suit, and also for a coat?"

All materials with surface interest take on fashion importance for the coming season. Tweed, mohair, and basketweave wool are all excellent examples.

"I WANT to make a fitted sheath for late-day and can't decide on the details. Would you please assist me?"

An elongated bodice marked by a hip-band in self-material would be the newest design for a sheath dress. Have the bodice-top finished with an oval neckline and short sleeves.

"I HAVE some black satin to make a cocktail frock and would like your advice about the style. I like very tailored designs and want something very smart and unusual."

The two-part chemise dress is very new. It is reed-like in conception and should look very striking in black satin. A square-necked, straight, hip-length overblouse and a slim skirt would be a chic interpretation of this theme.

"COULD you suggest a really new and striking idea for pants and a separate top? I always wear high-fashion clothes and want the outfit to wear for a beach holiday."

Why not follow an amus-

ing Italian resort-wear idea—skinny pants made in two colors, one trouser leg lilac, and the other pink. The trousers are worn with a bloused striped-cotton top in the same colors; the blouse has a drawstring hem.

"HAVING blue eyes, I look my best in pastel blues. Would such a color be suitable for a dress and coat for between seasons? I would also like an idea for the material."

All shades of blue will be worn for the coming season, and I think two shades of this color would look very effective for a coat-and-dress ensemble in silk and wool. For example, you could have saxe-blue light-textured wool for the coat and pastel blue silk for the dress.

"IS red too bright a shade for a winter topcoat?"

No. Red is now a general favorite in tweed and other coatings, and is treated like a neutral to wear with everything.

"WOULD you please answer the following problem?"

When a bride wears a formal floor-length wedding gown, is it necessary for the bridesmaids to wear a dress with a floor-length skirt?

If a bride wears a floor-length wedding dress, her

bridesmaids have the choice of ballerina, street, or floor-length. Only if the bride wears a short dress is it necessary for attendants to have dresses of the same length.

"I HAVE some very lightweight nubby sort of wool to make a one-piece frock and matching jacket, and would like your advice for the style. I am 22 and the outfit is for a going-away ensemble. My measurements are 32-25-34."

I suggest a simple chemise dress with short set-in sleeves and a high oval neckline. From the oval neckline have a self-material tab centre-front, finished with three covered buttons. The tab will reach just below bosom length. For the matching jacket I like the idea of a low bloused-at-back silhouette. The front of the jacket will be best single-breasted and fastened with self-material buttons. Finish the jacket with a small round collar. Wear the outfit with a hat made in the dress fabric.

"WHAT style of jacket would you recommend to wear with a knife-pleated skirt?"

A blazer jacket a la Chanel is perfect with a pleated skirt.

DS287.—Chemise dress in sizes 32 to 38 in. requires 2½ yds. 54 in. material. Price 4/-. Patterns may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.



## How YOU can have a beautiful bedroom . . .

It's so easy! You just need "Llama," Hollywood's luxuriously simple bedspread in rich, deep, silky-soft chenille. Fringed flattery in 19 heavenly colours! A bedspread is your bedroom showpiece, isn't it? The first thing you look at when you open the door, the last thing you see as you turn out the light. Elegantly plain, pretty-pretty, or bold contemporary, you'll find your dream spread among the glamorous Hollywood range in uncrushable no-iron chenille. Moderately priced at all good stores.



HOLLYWOOD TEXTILES PTY. LTD.  
216-220 Wyndham Street, Alexandria, N.S.W.

"Llama" (Design No. 511). In grey, beige, lilac, mushroom, rose, champagne, gold, chartreuse, green, blue, aqua, scarlet, lipstick, burgundy; pastels pink, blue, green, gold and white. Tailored style or round-cornered throwover. Double and 3' sizes.

Hollywood's "animal friend" spreads—cuddlesome comfort for a toddler's cot. Five enchanting designs on background shades of pastel pink, pastel blue or white . . . frisky Lamb (Design No. 901) . . . gentle Giraffe (Design No. 902) . . . roly-poly Bear (Design No. 903) . . . demure Duck (Design No. 904) . . . lovable Jumbo (Design No. 905).





# 6 NOURISHING LENTEN DISHES ~

Cheese sauce and tender-baked fish fillets . . . cheese cubes with steaming soup . . . cheese slices topping hot baked beans — and three other especially fine Lenten ideas. What wonderful cheese eating ahead.

And what flavoursome meals you'll serve when your cheeses come from the Kraft range. 20 fascinating

varieties to discover — and such delightful ways to enjoy them.

Nice to know Kraft cheeses are really good for you, too — rich in the food values you need every day.

So *do* try these Kraft ideas soon. Fun to prepare . . . take little time . . . and so rewarding.



**Lift your fish course — with a Kraft Cheddar Sauce:** Your favourite fish fillets take on tempting new flavour when you smother them in a smooth cheese sauce.

**Sauce Ingredients:** 2 dessertspoons butter, 2 dessertspoons flour, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 1½ cups milk, ½ teaspoon paprika, 4-oz. (half packet) shredded Kraft Cheddar Cheese.

**Sauce Method:** Melt butter in saucepan and stir in flour. Gradually add milk,

stirring constantly. Bring to boil. Let cook for a few minutes. Add cheese, salt, cayenne and paprika. Stir until cheese melts.

Arrange 1 lb. fish fillets in the bottom of a greased casserole or ovenproof dish. Sprinkle with ½ teaspoon salt and a squeeze of lemon-juice. Pour cheese sauce over the fish and bake in a moderate oven, 350°F. for 30 minutes. Garnish with tomato and parsley. 4 servings.



**Soup's on! Serve with cheese.** Tangy tomato soup . . . thick vegetable . . . delicious celery — any soup teams perfectly with Kraft Cheddar. Simply cut cheese into tiny cubes and serve in place of sippets — it's a new and delicious menu idea which provides the family with essential food values.

And remember, when Kraft Cheddar is on the table you can enjoy slices with cracker biscuits, too.



**Tried pancakes with Philly? You've a treat in store!** Beat one 4-oz. package of Philadelphia Cream Cheese until fluffy. Add 3 slightly beaten eggs, ¼ cup plain flour, ¼ teaspoon salt and 2 dessertspoons cooking oil. Beat together until well blended. Drop batter by tablespoonfuls onto a hot, greased griddle, iron or frying pan and cook until top is bubbly and underside nicely browned. Turn only once. Roll and sprinkle with icing sugar. Serve with cream and jam or jelly. Serve hot or cold — makes 8.



# all easy to make with versatile **KRAFT** cheeses



**Hot cross buns — our Easter special!** Pile buttered toast high with hot baked beans. Make a simple cross over the beans with slices of Kraft Cheddar (or Kraft Old English if you prefer a packaged cheese with a stronger flavour) and pop under the grill until the cheese is melted.



**Kraft Cheese Tray** graces any table — and no one misses out on his favourite flavour! You'll need cracker biscuits, fresh fruit, and a selection of Kraft cheeses — mellow Monterey, nut-sweet Swiss, "tasty" Coon, fresh-tasting Philadelphia Cream Cheese, rich blue-veined Kraft Bleu, mild Kraft Cheddar, a few 1-oz. portions and perhaps a variety of Kraft Cheese Spreads.



**Vegetable pie without pastry — something wonderful instead.** A vegetable pie with a topping of delicious Kraft Cheddar.

**Ingredients:** One 8-oz. can tomato soup, 1 bay leaf, 1 teaspoon Vegemite, 2 cups left-over vegetables, 3 slices bread, buttered and crusts removed, 2 oz. shredded Kraft Cheddar.

**Method:** Place vegetables and bay leaf in bottom of a casserole. Combine Vegemite and soup and pour over the vegetables. Cut bread into triangles and arrange on top of mixture. Sprinkle bread triangles thickly with shredded Kraft Cheddar Cheese. Bake in a moderate oven (350°F.) for 15-20 minutes or till lightly browned on top and thoroughly hot. 4 servings.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 12, 1958



**Monterey Cheese** (above): The mellow, well-balanced flavour and delightfully smooth texture of Monterey are fully protected in its 6-oz. sealed plastic package. Ideal for snacks and lunch sandwiches.



**Coon Cheese** (above): Great news! This old-time "tasty" favourite is now available in convenient 1/2-lb. plastic packages. No rind or dried out edges — a fresh 1/2 lb. of "tasty" cheese that's fully matured and specially selected. Coon, made by Kraft, is a fine "after-dinner" cheese — and delicious in sandwiches and on savoury biscuits.



**Kraft Swiss Cheese** (at left): Is now in slices. A full 1/2 lb. of convenient individual slices in a plastic package that seals in the delicate, nut-sweet flavour of this cheese with distinctive eyes. Enjoy Kraft Swiss in sandwiches and salads... snacks and savouries. Kraft Swiss slices are also available in smaller 4-oz. plastic packages.

**Kraft Bleu** (at right): A rich-flavoured blue vein cheese. Kraft Bleu is a delicious "after-dinner" cheese served with cracker biscuits and salad greens. Deliciously different in salads and sandwiches.



**Kraft Spreads** (at right): Choose from Cheddar Cheese Spread, Cream Cheese Spread, Gorgonzola, Smokay, Danish Blue and a non-cheese variety — Sandwich Relish. All come in handsome 5-oz. re-usable glasses. And there's Cheez Whiz — for a creamy-thick cheese sauce. Perfect for all your fast cheese treats.



**Cheese Portions** (at left): Ideal for lunch boxes — and always a hit at parties and picnics. Try giving portions in school lunches to the children who are not keen on their daily glass of milk. Big variety — Gruyere, Cheese and Bacon, Cheddar, Gorgonzola, Velveeta and Old English.



**Kraft Cheddar:** Australia's family favourite for sandwiches, savouries, salads and hot dishes. Available in the 8-oz. packet, 1-oz. portions, the family-size 2-lb. pack or sliced from the 5-lb. loaf.



**Kraft Velveeta:** Contains all milk's goodness. Velveeta spreads like butter — in fact, you don't need butter when you spread money-saving Velveeta. Choose the yellow 8-oz. packet and 1-oz. portions.



**Kraft Old English:** For those in your family who like a packaged cheese with a stronger flavour. Made from fully matured cheese. Available in the red 8-oz. packet and 1-oz. portions.



**Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese:** Made from whole milk with added cream. Try some with desserts and salads... on the breakfast toast with your favourite jam. "Philly" is a refrigerated product.

Please don't be disappointed if you cannot always obtain the new convenient sized packs of Swiss, Monterey and Coon. These fine cheeses are also available from most grocers and delicatessens in plastic-wrapped rindless loaves, and your supplier will cut for you any quantity you require.

**K** Cheese is a wonderful food — and **KRAFT** makes wonderful cheeses.



Enchanting

loveliness

Bewitching

fragrance



# Gemey face powder

Sifted through pure  
silk to keep your face  
looking its youngest  
and freshest!



**SUPER-FINE**, because it's silk-sifted, Gemey Face Powder's velvet-soft texture is balanced to give just the right effect to every type of skin. It's light as air, yet gives even coverage and lasting finish without caking or streaking. Dry, rough patches freshen in a

moment; lines, tiny blemishes smooth away. This is the perfect powder to keep your skin looking young and fresh. Be lovelier from your very first make-up with glorious Gemey Face Powder. Six fashion-perfect shades.

At chemists and stores everywhere, 8/-

GEMEY BEAUTY PREPARATIONS • PARIS • LONDON • NEW YORK • SYDNEY

## Glorify your complexion with Gemey Vanishing Cream

This magical cream creates the soft, smooth, supple skin that is the true basis of real beauty. It provides the most perfect foundation you can imagine. In convenient tubes 4/3



## Continuing . . . Lady's Man

from page 18

in the pit of his stomach, a sense of impending disaster.

He would never forget the first time he saw Eve and Geoff together. She was wearing a light yellow print dress. Geoff was in white. Under the linen jacket his shoulders seemed astonishingly broad; his waist and hips were slim. The lamplight glinted on his thick hair, and his eyes were sapphire flashes in his tanned face. He lifted her hand to his lips, and Larry thought that they looked like the golden knight and fair lady of legend, two figures making a perfect, harmonious whole.

Geoff turned to Dr. Cannon. "Larry tells me that you have a hospital in the interior." His eyes, his undivided attention were on the missionary. Skillfully he drew him into talk of his work.

After dinner Geoff talked. Larry felt as though time had been rolled backward and he was again the bemused boy listening to the golden voice. Some of Geoff's tales he had heard before, some of them were changed or augmented in the telling, some were untrue or had happened to another man, but the fascination was the same. He looked at Eve. Except for the faint rise and fall of her bosom beneath the thin dress she was motionless.

It was after midnight when Geoff said, "Good grief, why didn't someone choke me? Larry, you shouldn't have let me talk like this!" His crooked smile was charming, rueful, and apologetic.

Outside, in the moonlit street, he took Larry's arm. "Holding out on me, eh?" he demanded. "No wonder you don't want to leave! That's one of the most entrancing young women I've met in a long, full life. She's like a dryad."

Larry was silent. In the morning, early, he would go back to Cannon's house and ask Eve to marry him. At the Pension, he went at once to his room. Through the open windows the noises of the city were harsh and staccato, the night-long crowing of the cocks, the barking of watchdogs, loosed now on their long chains, the honking of car horns and always the distant pulse of the drums.

Beyond the connecting door he could hear Geoff moving about. He lay, wide awake, beneath the white netting of his bed, and he was still awake when the dawn began picking out the plaster walls, the heavy Empire furniture of the room.

Eve was in the courtyard when Montasse opened the gate. She said, "Do you know

anything about pumps, Larry? Ours has broken down and we haven't a drop of water."

He spent two hours working on the gasoline motor. When it was functioning, she said, "You're wonderful! How did you happen to come here so early in the morning? Did the Lord send you?"

"If He did, I hope He'll stay with me a while longer," he said.

She was smiling. "Why, Larry?"

He took a step towards her, and she waited, watching him. He reached out his hand, then saw the grime and grease that covered it. "Better let me wash up before I tell you."

There was grease on his face, too. He scrubbed it with soap, and stood suddenly still, looking intently at his reflection. "Clean young American," he thought. There was nothing romantic about his face, any more than there was about his father's strong countenance. The family glamor had all gone to Geoff.

When he came down the stairs Eve was leaning against the door that led to the seaside terrace. "You didn't tell me that your uncle was so handsome!" she said. "He's charming, Larry."

"Yes," said Larry.

"Wouldn't you like some gin-and-tonic? I'll call Montasse." She turned, and Dr. Cannon came striding across the courtyard.

He shook Larry's hand warmly. "Such a pleasant evening," he murmured. "Fascinating man, your uncle."

"Yes," Larry said again.

"You're staying for lunch with us, I hope?"

"I'm afraid I can't." He looked wretchedly at Eve. "May I come back later?"

Her eyes clouded. "We're having tea with some friends. Would you like to come with us?"

"No, thanks."

Geoff was writing when Larry returned to the Pension. There was no rum bottle in sight. He looked up cheerfully. "I've been going over these notes on Desalines," he said. "There's an article there, Larry. Want to type some of it for me?"

Around four o'clock Geoff rose and stretched. "Think I'll take a walk."

"If you're going to the Cannons', they're out," Larry said shortly.

"So?" Geoff murmured.

"Then I'll drop in at the Roi Christophe for a while. Come with me?"

"No, thanks," said Larry. Geoff returned, sober and in high spirits. "Ran into Paul Morand," he said. "I really should do that piece on the sisal plantation before I leave Haiti. Do you know where I put my notes?"

After dinner they sat together on the balcony. Geoff leaned back in his chair, his feet on the railing. "You know," he said contentedly, "maybe I've missed something in life. Never thought I wanted to get married. Never believed I was the type." The chair legs thumped as he sat up. "I'm not too old to have a home and children," he said.

"Of course you're not," Larry replied automatically. Geoff was only thirty-six. Marriage might steady him, make him fulfil the bright promise he had shown. But not to Eve.

Before breakfast, before Geoff was awake, Larry wrote her a note and gave it to one of the houseboys. "Will you meet me at the Fort at two o'clock?" Geoff was shaving when the boy brought her answer. Three words, but they were enough. "Yes, I will," she had written.

They had met there for the first time, and it seemed the perfect setting for him to tell her that he loved her, to ask her to go back to the States with him. He wondered whether she knew that, too, and understood why he wanted to ask her there, with the waves pounding on the hard beach and the purple mountains rising skyward.

He worked with Geoff, sorting papers, checking dates and facts. The morning was hot, and he carried the typewriter to the balcony. When he had finished the last page he went inside. Geoff was not in his room, nor in Larry's room. It was twelve o'clock. He had probably gone down the street to the Roi Christophe he told himself, and went out. The jeep was not at the kerb.

He strode into the cool patio of the hotel and stopped short. Margo Bowen was sitting alone, drinking a rum-soda. She had been tanned when Larry and Geoff first saw her on the deck of her schooner, but she was mahogany-colored now, her eyes pale as moonstones.

"Saint Lawrence!" she cried in her husky, uneven voice. "The mountain didn't come back to Mahomet, so here I am. You may call me Mahomet for short. Where's Geoff?"

"How did you get here?" asked Larry. She slapped her arms. "Flew, darling. On my own broomstick. Where is that

To page 44

## SWEET and SOUR

● Contributions are invited for our Sweet and Sour Contest in which each week we award £2/2/- for The Nicest Compliment and The Best Backhander. Here are this week's winners:

### THE NICEST COMPLIMENT

**A**T a Chinese New Year party at my boss' residence I overheard him telling his friends about me. He said:

"My secretary (me) is just like my wife—a quiet type with a heart of gold." To my mind he paid me the highest compliment by comparing me with the first lady of the household.

£2/2/- awarded to Mrs. Ethel M. Chew, 5 Queen's Road Central, Hong-kong.

### THE BEST BACKHANDER

**A**LL winter I had worn to work a small off-the-face hat. When I appeared one day in a wide-brimmed, forward-tilted spring model, the office boy was heard confiding to the junior typist:

"I do like that new hat on Eva. You can't see so much of her face." £2/2/- awarded to Miss E. Reed, 22 Durham St., Albert Park, Vic.

● Send your entries to "The Nicest Compliment" or "The Best Backhander," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.



*It's the rage overseas! Now—in Australia—you can*

# Match or blend your stocking shade with new season's fashions...



## KAYSER TONES

new 15 denier nylons with just a shade of difference!

Now you can follow in the glamorous footsteps of the world's most fashionable women by toning or contrasting your nylons with your ensemble as you would your hat, shoes and gloves. For every new fashion colour there's a soft echo in Kayser Tones—15 denier sheers with a subtle interpretation of positive colour! Be lovelier than ever—compliment every fashion you wear with new Kayser Tones

12'11

Price varies in some States

**Key the new KAYSER TONES to your new fashion wardrobe:**

Peaches-'n-Cream . . . tones with Apricots, Oranges, . . . contrasts with Deep Blues, Green, Rose

Flamingo . . . . . tones with all shades of Red, . . . contrasts with Taupe, Royal Blue

Harvest Moon . . . . . tones with Yellows, Browns, . . . contrasts with Deep Blues and Greens

Blue Smoke . . . . . tones with all shades of Blue, . . . contrasts with Mauves, Deep Pinks, Emerald Green

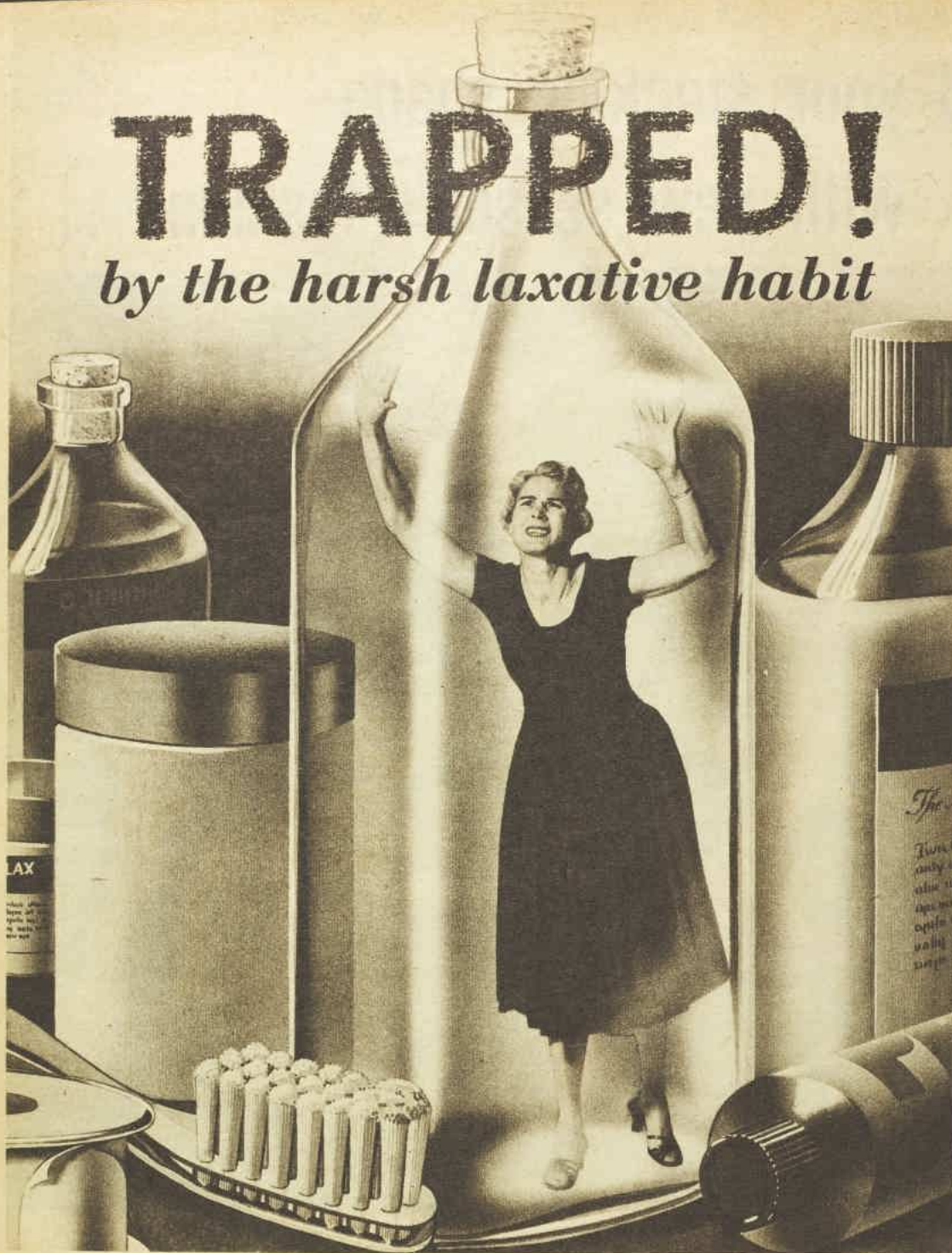
**Coloured Nylons . . . another KAYSER fashion first!**





# TRAPPED!

## by the harsh laxative habit



Now — before it is too late — discover how to enjoy daily regularity — the way Nature intended.

Unfortunately, the woman trapped in that laxative bottle is typical of so many of us! At first she reached for harsh laxatives only when the need was there... when she became constipated. After a while she found she was needing a dose quite frequently, then almost every day. She found she couldn't be regular without frequent doses of those harsh laxatives to "help" her.

**Doses get bigger and stronger**  
One day she woke up to find that she needed even bigger and stronger doses than usual. This was the danger signal that she was trapped — but she didn't realise it even then. She went on draining the life and vitality out of herself — until even the biggest doses couldn't bring the kind of relief she needed! Her system was tired of being jolted into action — too tired at last to respond.

**New read this sincere warning...**  
The British Medical Association magazine "FAMILY DOCTOR" says: "Purgatives cause constipation by irritating and paralyzing the bowels. This fact was known in A.D. 100 and has been repeatedly confirmed ever since. If you have developed the 'laxative' habit, discard it at once..."

**Don't let this happen to you!**  
You may think "That can't happen to me!" But don't be too sure of that. Constipation is a very common complaint nowadays — and it is becoming more so because of the kind of foods we eat. Civilization has given us many unnatural tastes and values. Too often we take good raw materials and refine them until every trace of roughage — or bulk — has disappeared. These over-refined products are used in a wide variety of popular foods which make up a greater part of our daily diet. Even in our own homes we tend to overcook many foods, and rely too much on mushy dishes.

**Further good advice from "FAMILY DOCTOR"...**  
"FAMILY DOCTOR" goes on to say: "regular habits, adequate bulk — like cereals — in your diet, sufficient fluid and regular exercise will keep most people fit in this respect" (regularity). It's just as "FAMILY DOCTOR" says: we need that vital bulk to keep us regular. Without enough of it — sooner or later — the whole digestive rhythm slows down. It has nothing to "grip" on... becomes "paralysed." We suffer from constipation, become headachy and listless. We catch more colds than we should, and we wonder why we feel so tired and depressed. What we need is bulk, not laxatives.

**How to put bulk back in your diet...**  
There is a pleasant natural way to put bulk back in your daily diet — and get your system working easily, gently and completely — as Nature intended.

**How to put bulk back in your diet...**  
All you need do is to enjoy All-Bran every morning. All-Bran is a delicious, nut-sweet breakfast food made by Kellogg's from the nutritive outer layers of the wheat grain. It is not a food for "faddists" — but is enjoyed daily by hundreds of thousands of Australians just like yourself.

**Unlike harsh laxatives, All-Bran builds your health**  
Enjoyed every morning with hot or cold milk, All-Bran not only supplies the vital bulk your system must have, but it builds you up at the same time. It is a health food — rich in Vitamins B1, B2, phosphorus, niacin and iron. Unlike habit-forming harsh laxatives which drain the life and vitality out of you with every dose, All-Bran gives you the benefit of those health elements. Yes — it is food that can form only one habit — the habit of keeping you regular the natural way. And it builds your strength and vitality at the same time. Whatever invented purgative can do that?

**Think of the years ahead...**  
Remember, as you grow older you will take less exercise — so the more important it becomes to get the proper amount of bulk into your diet. Start now — even though you may not feel a definite need. It is better to be wise now than sorry later — when you are trapped in a harsh laxative bottle. Delicious, nut-sweet All-Bran is sold by your grocer.

**Unlike harsh laxatives, All-Bran builds your health**  
Enjoyed every morning with hot or cold milk, All-Bran not only supplies the vital bulk your system must have, but it builds you up at the same time. It is a health food — rich in Vitamins B1, B2, phosphorus, niacin and iron. Unlike habit-forming harsh laxatives which drain the life and vitality out of you with every dose, All-Bran gives you the benefit of those health elements. Yes — it is food that can form only one habit — the habit of keeping you regular the natural way. And it builds your strength and vitality at the same time. Whatever invented purgative can do that?

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Remember, as you grow older you will take less exercise — so the more important it becomes to get the proper amount of bulk into your diet. Start now — even though you may not feel a definite need. It is better to be wise now than sorry later — when you are trapped in a harsh laxative bottle. Delicious, nut-sweet All-Bran is sold by your grocer.

Continuing . . . .

## Lady's Man

from page 42

fascinating man?" He looked at her silently. Margo, in her simple, expensive black linen dress, the big square-cut diamond on her hard brown hand, looked back at him impishly. "Is she blond or brunette?"

"Look, Margo," he began, but she interrupted him. "Dear Larry, I haven't any illusions about Geoff. I'm not like you."

"You think I have illusions about him?"

She laughed. "What would you call them?" She set down her glass. "Larry, I'm going to tell you something. It's by way of being a joke, and the joke's on me."

She straightened her shoulders. "I'm thirty-one years old, and I never wanted to get married before. Never thought I was the type. I'm in love with Geoff. I want to marry him." For an instant her lashes hid her eyes. "I'm not too old to settle down. Maybe even have a family."

They were almost identically the words Geoff Gordon had spoken on the balcony the night before. "I won't expect a lot of him," she was saying. "No miracles. He'll always drink too much, and he'll always have a roving eye. He'll tell tall tales and try to avoid responsibility. He'll never grow up. He's a sort of dissolute Peter Pan, really. But I love the man."

Larry pushed back his chair. "You wait here, Margo," he said. "I think I know where to find him."

He ran the distance to the Cannons' house. The doctor's station-wagon was inside the courtyard. There was no jeep.

"I thought that Eve was with you and your uncle," the doctor said. "You're all out of breath. What's troubling you?"

"Have you any idea where they went, sir?"

Dr. Cannon looked at him sharply. "Montasse would probably know." He called the boy. Larry's fingernails bit into the palms of his hands as he listened, uncomprehending, to their conversation. One word leaped out. "Morand?" the missionary repeated. He was frowning. "This is odd," he addressed Larry. "Montasse says they were going to the Morand plantation. What sort of man is your uncle, Larry?" he asked.

"What do you mean, sir?"

"Eve left me a note saying that she was having luncheon with you and Mr. Gordon," he said slowly. "Montasse says that Mr. Morand flew to Port-au-Prince yesterday. Neither Morand nor his establishment have a very savory reputation here."

Geoff had talked with Paul Morand the previous afternoon, at the Roi Christophe. "May I borrow your car and start after them?" asked Larry.

"We'll go together," said Dr. Cannon. The missionary drove. They may have had trouble with the jeep," Larry said, after a long silence.

"Possibly," said Eve's father. They drove on. Larry looked at his watch. It was two-thirty. Eve had agreed to meet him at two. He had not answered Dr. Cannon's question about his uncle, nor had the doctor asked it again. A dissolute Peter Pan, Margo had called him. In spite of her poise and sophistication, Margo Bowen had fallen in love with Geoff.

It was past three when they drove through the gates of the plantation house. The jeep was in the drive. No one came to the door as they walked up the steps with their delicate wrought-iron railings. The wind blew through the wide, cool hall. On their left, a beautifully furnished drawing-room was empty, the looped crimson taffeta drap-

eries at the french window rustling. Dr. Cannon's mouth was tight.

They recrossed the hall passed the ivory staircase with its crimson carpet, and entered an oval dining-room where a crystal chandelier swung gently above the mahogany table. Abruptly, Dr. Cannon stood still. At the far end of the room, glass door leading to a terrace were open and a familiar, melodious voice, like surf on the shore was speaking.

"—the perpetual adventure of the unknown," Geoff was saying. "Different stars—the Southern Cross, like a diamond pendant on black velvet—" He was stretched in a wicker lounge-chair, a glass in his hand, his back towards them.

Facing him, Eve sat on the stone steps which led to the garden. Her arms were clasped tightly about her knees. She looked very small and grim. Her eyes widened as she saw her father in the doorway, and her tension relaxed.

Geoff turned his head. For an instant his handsome face was stripped of charm, startled, almost apprehensive. Then he smiled. He set down his glass and rose. "We were hoping that you'd guess what had happened," he said easily. "Eve came with me while I picked up some papers Paul left, and when we started back—hours ago—the silly jeep wouldn't run."

"What's wrong with it?" asked Dr. Cannon bluntly.

Geoff shrugged. "We don't know. We couldn't get a spark, could we, Eve?"

"Let's take a look," said the doctor.

Geoff was carrying his glass as they went outside to the driveway. Dr. Cannon yanked up the hood of the jeep. The disconnected wire dangled limply. Larry swung about towards his uncle, and the doctor's hand closed on his shoulder.

"Think you can fix it, son?" he inquired mildly. The pressure of his fingers tightened authoritatively.

Larry replaced the wire with shaking fingers. "Why don't you and Eve go ahead of us?" he asked.

The missionary smiled. "I think it would be better if Mr. Gordon rode with me. You and Eve take the jeep."

Larry looked at Geoff. He was a little drunk. It would be easy to knock him down. Easy and senseless. He'll always drink too much and he'll always have a roving eye. He'll tell tall tales, and try to avoid responsibility. "Margo's at the Roi Christophe," he said. "She's waiting for you."

"Oh?" Geoff murmured. One corner of his mouth twitched in the charming, crooked smile. He looked at the fragile crystal glass and tossed it into a clump of oleanders. "Never let it be said that I kept a lady waiting." He lifted his hand in a salute and got into the station wagon.

Dr. Cannon moved swiftly. Eve and Larry watched the car disappear through the gates.

"You didn't go to the fort," she said. She was standing close beside him. "I've been sending you thought-waves. Haitian ones." She was smiling. "Poor Geoff," she added. "I'm glad you didn't hit him." She laughed. "Larry!" she said. "Stop smouldering! Didn't you hear what your uncle said—about keeping a lady waiting?"

(Copyright)



fix it. We're all staying at the Bridges Hotel. If you brought the puppy along after dinner tonight I could introduce you to our director. You might mention an interest in the film industry and . . ."

"I'll do that," Walter interrupted eagerly. "I'll be along at—what shall I ask for?"

"Lucille Langley. Better write it down in case you forget."

"Forget your name!" Walter's voice shook with disbelief. "Oh . . ." Lucille flushed faintly. "We'll expect you and the puppy tonight then."

Nobody moves faster than a converted bachelor. Walter's ambition to marry Lucille Langley took root long before he fell asleep that night, and he opened what was to be a speedy and determined courtship at eight o'clock the next morning, when he arrived on location with the rest.

At the end of a fortnight he could have written a book on film-shooting. On the fifteenth day he proposed to Lucille and was accepted. His delight was touching to witness, and so was the film company's.

Continuing . . .

## Hats and Hearts

from page 25

They toasted the happy pair in champagne and then implored Walter to stay away from location and allow their continuity girl to get on with her job.

So Walter said goodbye to the location and returned to his farm. He and Lucille met in the evenings when the hours passed swiftly, and they discovered those details of personality that had not emerged during Walter's whirlwind courtship. It was a fascinating pastime. They were continually pleasing or astonishing each other.

Although they touched on many subjects, it never occurred to either of them to mention hats. This was a pity, for, while Lucille had not thought of wearing a hat in this rural place, there was no more enthusiastic wearer of dashing millinery in the right and proper surroundings.

At last the picture was finished and Lucille returned to London with the rest of the company. Only a week was to elapse before Walter came to

town for the delightful purpose of arranging a simple wedding.

A week is a long time to a recently plighted lover, and when Walter stepped off the train that had brought him to her the past week appeared more like a month spent in a trackless desert, miles from anywhere.

He gazed yearningly about the platform, searching for her delicate shape in its simple dress, and for the tender, smiling face crowned with its aureole of duckling-down hair. He could scarcely believe it when he could not find her, and was on the verge of despair when he caught sight of a small gloved hand waving wildly. Walter waved, looked, and looked again, unbelievably.

It seemed to him that he saw both Lucille and a stranger in one woman. Her appearance was frighteningly urban. Her dress was dark and rich, her hair was smooth. On this hair was a hat. A staggering hat; a confounding hat. Walter's untutored eye blinked; he thought she was wearing a plate of yellow roses. Lucille ran to meet him.

"Darling," she murmured, and put her arm through his. Walter's elbow squeezed the arm responsively, but it was a reflex action. He still reeled from the impact of that fantastic hat.

"We'll take a taxi round the park and talk before we have lunch," she suggested. "Oh, Walter, this week has been so long!"

"More like a year than a week," Walter suggested. He had discovered that by touching her and listening to her voice he easily recognised her as his lovely Lucille.

"Walter, dearest Walter," she murmured as soon as they were seated in the taxi.

She took off her hat and placed it carefully on the seat beside her. Then she kissed

him. That suited Walter. He kissed her, too, and forgot the hat. It was the more shattering, when, after a turn round the park, she put the hat on again and eyed him provocatively. "Like it?" she asked.

Walter hedged. "Like what?"

"This hat. It's new, especially for you. I knew you'd love it."

"Yes," said Walter, unfortunately sounding like "No."

"Darling, you do like it, don't you?"

Looking back on the affair afterwards, Walter recognised that this was the point at which he made his major mistake.

**There is no such thing as chance. We have invented this word to express the known effect of every unknown cause.**

—Voltaire

He told the truth. "Not much," he said.

"But it's beautiful," she gasped. "And it cost a lot of money."

"Did it?" He had the foolishness to sound surprised. "How much?"

She told him, and he whistled.

"Guineas," added Lucille defiantly. "It is made by Rodenque, and everybody knows just how really wonderful his creations are."

"Did you say him?" demanded Walter. "A man made that contraption?" In his amazement all caution deserted him.

"Certainly. And if you had any idea of hats at all you'd see how perfectly beautiful this one is. I bought it to please you."

"I wish you hadn't."

"You don't love me properly or you'd like anything I wore."

"Lucille," Walter was

shocked. "Darling," he said carefully, "you know I love you. How can it possibly matter whether or not I like your hat?"

"It matters terribly. The way you're behaving shows that you're insensitive, cruel, and . . ."

"Lucille, what are you saying? We can't be quarrelling about a hat!"

"No," she said violently. "We're quarrelling about your being pig-headed and narrow-minded."

"Lucille, it isn't narrow-minded of me to love you and not your hat. That just happens to be the way I feel."

Her face softened. But unwisely Walter added more.

"Not when it's a hat like that," he said.

"You know nothing about it. You couldn't make a beautiful hat like this in a million years."

"I could make a better one in a week."

He saw immediately that he had gone too far: her face had hardened again. "All right," she said. "Do it, then."

Walter dropped her hands and looked at her. Even in her wrath and with the plate of roses on her head she looked so pretty, so attuned to smiles and love that he was stirred to angry frustration at the waste of the moment.

"Is that a challenge, Lucille?"

"Yes," she said. "Yes, it is. In the meantime, there isn't much point in our lunching together, is there?"

"We have to eat, Lucille."

"I'm not hungry," she said aloofly. "Please drop me at my flat."

Walter, now seething with frustration, did not argue, and his abstracted response to Lucille's farewell when they reached her flat did nothing to heal the breach. He let her go without further protest, his mind already on the problem of making a hat in a week. Walter was a farmer, a dogged man whose experience had shown that where there were

odds there were also ways of overcoming them.

It would have surprised him to know that Lucille, deep in the pain and disappointment of their quarrel, thought no more of its cause or of the challenge she had issued.

He checked in at his hotel and ate a simple lunch, after which he found a hat shop. He went inside and, although slightly discomfited by the feminine aura of the place, contrived to explain to an astonished young saleslady that he did not wish to buy a hat but to make one. The puzzled girl took him to Madame, the proprietor.

He was lucky. Madame, although intimidatingly well-groomed, was a motherly woman, and there was about Walter an eagerness and modesty that went straight to her heart. She invited him to sit down and tell his story.

He told it well, and she found something both piquant and touching in the idea of a big, ham-fisted young man making a hat for his lady-love. She agreed to take him into her workroom for a week's instruction, prudently suggesting a fee big enough to cover any inconvenience to herself or a possible waste of her young ladies' time.

Walter accepted gladly, paid his fee, and took his place at a separate table under the large-eyed, pleased gaze of a benchful of girls.

He began with a hopeful spirit and with all the confidence of a man who knew he could put a farm gate together in a matter of hours. While he was not expecting to nail a hat together, he was of the opinion that he could make a very sound job with a good strong glue and a length of wire.

It was a shock to him to discover that he actually had to sew.

Madame, patient but inexorable, made him practise the art on scraps of material, most of them slippery, and Walter spent the rest of the day discovering

To page 47

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by TIM



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that he had too many fingers, all of them too big.

The next day was worse.

Everything he touched was a snare to his big hands. He got himself into dreadful trouble with buckram, veiling, and millinery wire. He burnt his thumb on a hot block and broke two sewing-machine needles. Madame frowned and the girls tittered all along the bench.

On the following day matters took a turn for the better. He was allowed to try his hand at a rolled brim and here he had luck. It was as good a rolled brim as ever came off an apprentice's work-table.

Within twenty-four hours his triumph was succeeded by dismal failure. He was put to making hat crowns, and these defeated him. He understood that hat crowns should be round, and he moulded and stretched and smoothed with this end in view. But the things

that came off the blocks were square crowns, oval crowns, and pixie crowns, especially pixie crowns.

Madame finally grew angry: she declared that nobody could make all those pixie hats without trying. At last, Walter, almost in despair, achieved a crown with a point at one side. Madame conceded that this made a change, a striking change, and she recommended him to mate this effort with his first—and best—rolled brim. She owned that it was a pity the colors did not match, but justly claimed that he could hardly hope to do better.

On his last day of millinery, as Walter sat stitching, it came to him that he was not a success; that, indeed, he had made a fool of himself. Or—and here the needle stabbed his thumb for the fourth time

## Continuing . . . Hats and Hearts

from page 45

—Lucille had made a fool of him with her challenge. It struck him that his predicament in this den of hat-makers was parallel with that of the legendary knight whose lady inconsiderately threw her glove inside the lion's cage and sent him in after it.

The knight, Walter recollected, defied the lions, secured the glove, and contemptuously tossed it back into the lady's lap before striding away. Walter, burning with a slow, unexpected resentment, did not blame the knight. It was fitting treatment for ladies who made unkind challenges.

When the hat was finished, the entire workroom raised an encouraging cheer. The hat was packed in a foam of tissue paper inside a striped hatbox. Walter had fancied one of those bearing Madame's name, but she had seemed unwilling.

He lost no time, but went to Lucille's flat and rang her doorbell masterfully, stoking up his indignation while he waited.

The first sight of Lucille, astonished, radiant, loving, weakened his wrath dangerously. He could not stop the surprisingly loud pounding of his heart.

"Darling," she gasped. "Oh, darling!"

She drew him inside and closed the door behind him. At once he felt her soft arms round his neck and her duckling-down hair tickling his cheek.

"Oh, Walter!" she sighed. "Where have you been? I telephoned the farm and they had no idea of your hotel; neither had I, and I was so anxious."

With an effort he unclasped her arms and spoke roughly. "I've brought it, Lucille."

"Brought what?" She sounded puzzled.

"The hat. Please go in and sit down."

"Walter!" She looked worried, beaten. "What is it? I don't understand. Oh, please, what is it?"

"That hat. The one you challenged me to make in a week. I've brought it with me."

She threw him a hurt, surprised look and led the way inside. She sat down and eyed him warily. "I'm sitting down, Walter," she said submissively.

Grimly, he took out the hat. "There!" he said violently and, mustering all the contempt of which he was capable, threw the unlovely object into her lap. "Are you satisfied?" he inquired coldly. "You said I couldn't do it, but I have."

Lucille gave the hat a measured scrutiny. The faintest possible smile quivered at the corner of her mouth. But the look in her eyes as she gazed at him was grave and respectful. "It's a beautiful hat, darling," she said.

"I'm glad you think so," Walter said. He meant his voice to be heavy with cynicism; instead it rang with joy and pride.

"I want to wear it out," cried Lucille. "We'll go round to the vicarage now and fix our wedding, shall we?"

Walter only nodded, but he might as well have clashed cymbals. Lucille rose briskly from her chair and went over to the wall-mirror. She placed Walter's hat on her head and studied her reflection. Her face when she turned was entrancing in its serenity.

"I'm ready to go, darling," she said.

"Lucille!" — his voice shook — "are you sure?"

She came to him and softly kissed his downcast face, then took his hand.

Together they went out into the street. They walked closely and spoke softly. Their eyes glowed, yet they saw nothing. One or two passers-by smiled at the pair; smiles of warmth and enthusiasm, not of amusement. A hat, however laughable, has absolutely no significance when it is worn by a pretty girl in love.

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# HOUSE MERGES WITH GARDEN

## Plan turned round to get best view

● Planned in the contemporary manner, this home in Brighton, a Melbourne seaside suburb, is practical, easy to run, and comfortable and pleasant to live in. A feature is the fine rear garden, on which all living-rooms and bedrooms look out.

**ARCHITECT** Neil Clerehan designed the house for Mr. and Mrs. Victor Gibson and their grown-up son, Kerry.

It is built on land that was formerly part of the grounds surrounding Brighton's well-known old home "Norwood Castle," once a landmark and now demolished.

The irregular site faces a quiet, secluded street, tree-lined and winding like an English lane, but convenient to the beach and transport.

The Gibsons had two basic requirements for the design of their home. It had to be aesthetically satisfying and also comfortable in every aspect.

### Summer shade

Sun control was essential, so the rooms would have all the sun needed in winter and none in the hotter months. This was achieved by a roof overhang on the north elevation and the louvered pergola over the glass wall of the living area. Both give perfect sun control.

When planning the home, the Gibsons also decided that the interiors and garden must merge as much as possible so the occupants would never feel they were shut off from the beautiful garden.

The ground floor of the house is on two levels. In the front section Kerry Gibson has his own bed-sitting-room with toilet section. This has been designed to enable him to entertain his friends without disturbing the remainder of the household.

From the paved double carport on the street side the front entry opens into an attractive hall.

An open staircase on one side leads to the bedrooms above. Beyond the stair is the lanai (an informal section of the large living area), with a glass wall giving a view of the garden and green paved terrace.

The kitchen opens off one side of the entrance hall, and the dining-room is opposite. These rooms, with the hall, merge through wide openings and down two shallow steps into the enormous living area that runs across the width of the house.

There are no doors between these rooms. They are not needed because the electric oil-fired central-heating system can warm the upstairs or downstairs part of the house as required at the flick of a switch.

A highlight of the living-room is the unusual fireplace that separates the formal and informal living areas. Circular and of natural stone, it has a shining conical hood of aluminium reaching to the ceiling.

At present, after two Melbourne winters, the fireplace is still unused because of the success of the central-heating system.

Throughout the house the colors are interesting but not blatant. Mrs. Gibson, who is an artist (some of her pictures hang on the walls), mixed the colors for the interior decor herself to achieve exactly the cool, restful effect she had in mind.

### Color accents

Grey is the dominating color, with accents of chartreuse, pinks, and lavenders skilfully used in different rooms.

True garden-lovers, Mr. and Mrs. Gibson, in conjunction with planting consultant John Stevens, carefully planned every inch of the front and back grounds of their new home.

The rear, except for a small screened service area, is a beautiful private garden in which every tree, shrub, and plant has been specially chosen for its position.

Among them are frangipani, New Zealand umbrella tree, and tropical honeysuckle—all of which are unusual in the Victorian climate. The Gibsons have grown these successfully in front of the northern glass wall where there is sun and warmth.



**ABOVE:** Mr. and Mrs. Victor Gibson's home in Melbourne, photographed from the back garden. The whole house plan was turned round so living and bedrooms would look out on the lovely garden at rear.

**LEFT:** A high brick wall partly encloses the garden, and ensures privacy. The placing of the trees, and a lantern on the wall gives an Italian touch. Service area at right is hidden by the vine-covered fence.

**BELOW:** The master bedroom is French in character. The beds back on to built-in wardrobes behind which are two dressing sections. The birdcage light on top of the wardrobe is a frivolous touch.



**SET** into the sun terrace is the picturesque fish pond with water-lilies, water irises, Chinese papyrus, and other plants.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 12, 1958





**SPACIOUS LIVING AREA** that runs across the width of the house has two sections. The carpeted area is for formal living, and the uncarpeted lanai for casual relaxation. The far wall features built-in fish tank that is lit from outside by day and by electricity at night. Note the unusual fireplace which stands in the centre of the room.



**ABOVE:** The dining-room is separated from the living area by two shallow steps. The lovely gray walls and carpet make a perfect background for the antique furniture and pieces of ruby glass.

**RIGHT:** The kitchen is separated from the lanai by a built-in cocktail bar. This has a special concrete section below for storing wines in bottle-shaped slots. The kitchen is decorated in brilliant colors.





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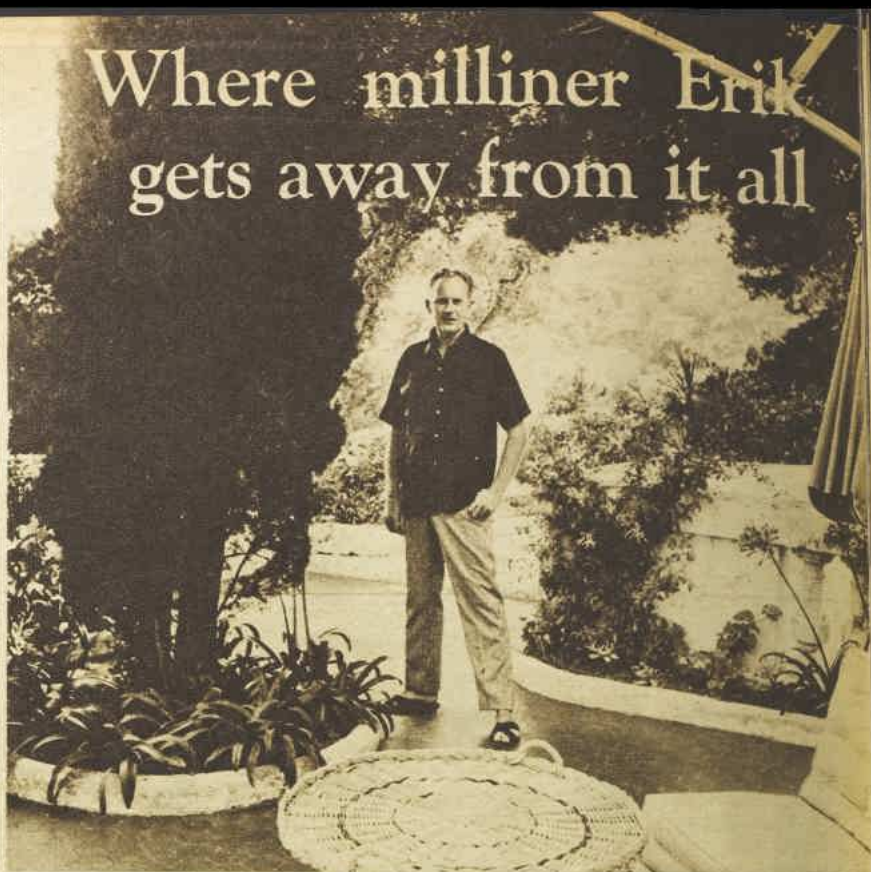
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N23/58

Where milliner Erik  
gets away from it all



ABOVE: Monsieur Erik, the tall, Danish-born hat-designer, relaxes on one of the many terraces of his casa on the lovely Mediterranean coast.

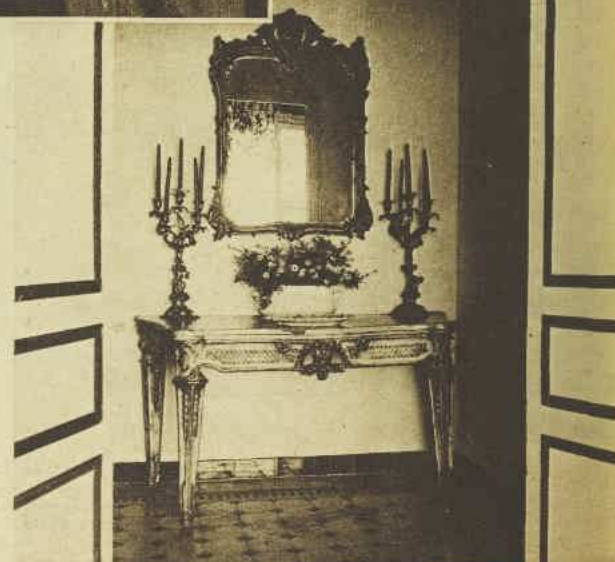


ABOVE: This quiet, shady doorway is the entrance to the "Casa del Sogno," Monsieur Erik's "House of Dreams." The arched doorway is typical of much of the architecture of the Riviera, and shows the lasting influence of the invading Moors centuries ago.



THE BARBECUE was built to include every culinary convenience and to tone with the surroundings. Picture shows the chef cooking fish over charcoal on stone barbecue.

RIGHT: In surprising contrast to the exterior, the inside of the casa is furnished in light, graceful period pieces. Here the hall is shown with its gilt Louis XV mirror and its French Regency table. The color scheme is green combined with gold.





# HIS RIVIERA DREAM HOUSE



**THE HIGHEST TERRACE** is shown above. Paved with hexagonal tiles, this large, walled terrace is a magnificent spot for entertaining, eating, or just relaxing. The old balustrade is half hidden by the shrubs and creepers in the garden.



**VIEW** looking down from the casa is shown at right, above. This picture gives some idea of the steepness of the setting. Cool pines and lush sub-tropical plants grow on the hillsides surrounding the beautiful casa of Monsieur Erik.

● Perched high on a hillside overlooking the Mediterranean between Cape Martin and Monte Carlo on the Riviera is the lovely home of Monsieur Erik, famous designer of hats for the world's smartest women.

**T**HE small but beautiful "Casa del Sogno" (House of Dreams) is Erik's retreat from the pressure of designing hats in the cities of Europe.

Erik is now a name and a label well known throughout Europe and America, but it was in Paris that he first made his mark as a hat designer. There, in his early days, he moved in the fashion world and counted among his friends such celebrities as Albouy, the hat designer, Gruau, the fashion artist, and the late Jacques Fath.

Just as Paris was beginning to notice this young designer of hats, just as his business was beginning to flourish, World War II began. In the spring of 1940 he decided to leave. He abandoned his premises on the Rue St. Honore and fled to the U.S.

Landing with only 50 cents in cash (approximately 4/6 in Australian money), Danish-born Erik went first to Chicago and Toronto to work and later opened his own salon near New York's famous Fifth Avenue. His hats were a success, his business prospered, and soon his shop became a favorite with American society women.

## Bought 35 hats

Erik likes to tell of his most loyal client, Mrs. Joseph E. Davis, wife of the former American Ambassador to Moscow. She was his most enthusiastic hat collector and often ordered her selection in all the colors available. It was not unusual for her to end a shopping expedition at Erik's with an order for 35 hats.

The film colony in Hollywood made a big fuss over Erik when he flew to the West Coast to pay a social visit.

Hollywood dearly loves a celebrity, especially if he happens to have a fashionable background, and the hospitality was overwhelming.

Many of Erik's old friends from faraway Europe were then living

in and around lovely Beverly Hills, and they helped to make his visit there memorable.

Monsieur Erik has travelled extensively, and while in America went to many different places in South America as well as North America. On his travels he broadened his knowledge of women, their likes, their dislikes, and their many styles of dressing.

Then Erik returned to Europe to open another salon. This time he captured London as he had captured Paris. Monsieur Erik explained his choice of London instead of Paris when he said:

## "They cost more"

"In the first place, I like the charm, the reticent distinction, and the quiet smartness, the quality of my customers. Then," he added with a smile, "because hats are worth much more in London than in Paris."

When his flourishing salon in a corner of Claridge's Hotel can spare him, Erik spends most of his time at his lovely casa on the Riviera. There he can relax, or, as he usually prefers to do, he can entertain. Erik's wonderful parties are famous on the Riviera for their food and their "Who's Who" guest-lists.

The two separate guesthouses that are situated in the spacious grounds of his casa help to make entertaining much easier.

Guests from all over the world have occupied these quarters on the mountainside at different times. Sir Winston Churchill, who likes to spend much of the winter in this balmy part of the world, has enjoyed the hospitality there.

Inside, the "Casa del Sogno" is furnished with beautiful period pieces, all obviously chosen by a connoisseur of fine things. Many of the pieces are French and some of the best in the collection date from the French Regency.

One room is a lovely library filled with books in many languages.

On the walls in every room are pictures collected on Erik's travels.

Outside, the casa has many terraces filled with blue agapanthus, lush creepers, and cool cypress. The top terrace is tiled and provides an outdoor living and eating area with a view over the Mediterranean.

As well as the terrace gardens there is another garden filled with fruit trees — orange, lemon, mandarin, peach, and figs. Each spring the garden is filled with the gold of sixty wattle trees in full bloom.

Another feature of the garden is the picturesque barbecue, which was carefully designed to blend with the style and old-world atmosphere of the casa.



**THE SALON** (above) is decorated mainly in white, with white walls, carpets, and white in the fabrics. Greens are used, and strong, accenting colors added to complete the period atmosphere in this charming room.



**ANOTHER VIEW** (above) of the salon shows a corner of the white fireplace against a dark green recessed wall. The painting above is Italian.

**THE BEDROOM** (right) adjoins the library, is connected to it by sliding doors. Green and white are again predominant in this room.





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OUR HOME PLAN No. A628, shown above, has an extra bedroom built on the front. Without this second bedroom it is even more economical to build, and would be an ideal holiday home. When the budget permits, the second bedroom can be added.

## Budget home can be built in sections

THIS economical home, designed by Sydney architect Ian White, can be built as a complete unit with two bedrooms, or the second bedroom in the front can be added later when the budget permits.

A full set of plans for this house costs £7/7/- and can be bought at our Home Planning Centres. See panel at right.

Much of the appeal of this week's home plan lies in the simplicity of its design. Basically it is a rectangle with a long, low gable roof, showing the simple, easy lines of modern architecture.

Built with one bedroom, it would be ideal as a holiday house or a home for a retired couple.

The second bedroom, designed to be added at minimum cost and without affecting the basic plan, makes the house an attractive L-shape, as shown in the sketch above and the floor plan below.

The overall area is now only eight squares if built in timber or fibro, and, with its simple treatment, is a design for building at bedrock cost.

The front door opens into a wide gallery that is lit and ventilated by highlight windows. The gallery forms part of the living area and increases its size.

## Our centres

YOU can buy this plan or order it by mail from our Home Planning Centres, established in conjunction with leading stores in Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, and Adelaide.

All plans we publish, and hundreds of other standard plans in stock, are available at the Centres. Plans cost £7/7/- per full set.

Readers are invited to call at the Centres for any advice on home-building. Addresses are:

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MELBOURNE: The Myer Emporium Ltd. (sixth floor), Lonsdale St. Mail to Box 5038Y, G.P.O.

GEELENG: Our representative will attend the Myer Emporium in Geelong every Friday and Saturday to advise on home plans.

Although the living-room is not large, the extensive use of glass creates an impression of greater size. This glass is in fixed panel and sash and

awning type windows, so the air can circulate freely, and any tendency to a glass-walled effect is reduced.

A heater, centrally placed, not only warms the whole area but divides the living and dining sections.

The living-room opens on to a terrace, ideal for relaxation and informal meals.

In a small home it is important not to waste space, so the kitchen has been planned for smooth efficiency and to enable the housewife to work uninterruptedly, without traffic through to the other rooms.

There are lots of storage cupboards; work-benches are adequate and convenient, with plenty of natural light.

The bedrooms are a good size. Bedroom 1 has windows in the corners, both back and front, to give a pleasant outlook and admit maximum of light and air.

The small gable roof over Bedroom 2 has been extended to form a front porch to give a protected entry.

Approximate costs of building this home, with two bedrooms, would be:

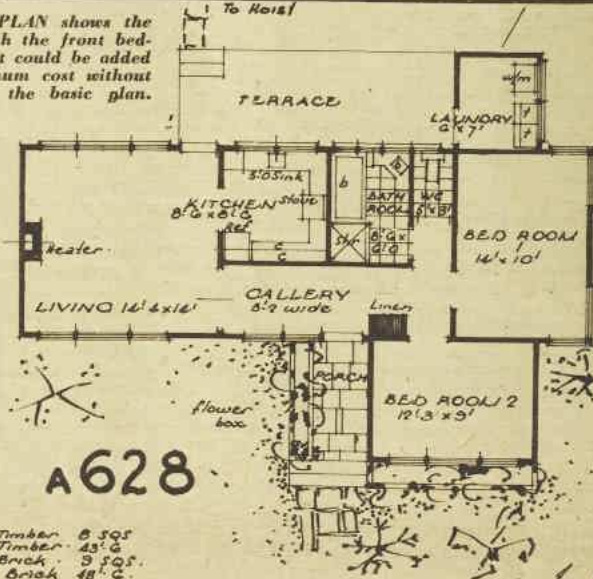
In New South Wales: Brick, £3800; timber, £2725; fibro, £2480.

In Victoria: Brick, £3375; timber, £2400; fibro, £2300.

In Queensland: Brick, £3800; timber, £2400; fibro, £2325.

In South Australia: Brick, £2700; asbestos, £2300.

FLOOR PLAN shows the home with the front bedroom that could be added at minimum cost without affecting the basic plan.



Area Timber 8.505  
Width Timber 45'6"  
Area Brick 9.505  
Width Brick 48'6"



# DELICIOUS DESSERTS FOR FILING

## FRUIT SALAD SPECIAL



## PEACH-ALMOND TRIFLE

One-layer sponge (one day old), 2 tablespoons sherry, 2 tablespoons raspberry jam,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cups milk, 3 dessertspoons cornflour, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 egg, vanilla,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup desiccated coconut,  $\frac{1}{2}$  packet raspberry or cherry jelly, 1 cup hot water, peach halves, whipped sweetened cream, almonds and cherries to decorate.

Cut sponge into small blocks or fingers, spread lightly with jam. Place in dish and sprinkle with sherry. Blend cornflour with milk and sugar in saucepan, stir until boiling. Reduce heat, add egg-yolk, cook 3 minutes without boiling. Fold in vanilla, stiffly beaten egg-white, and coconut. Pour over cake; cool and chill in refrigerator. Dissolve jelly in hot water. When cold and beginning to thicken, pour over chilled custard. When set arrange peach halves on top, decorate with whipped cream, cherries, and almonds. Serves 6 to 8.

## CORNUCOPIA DESSERT



## PINEAPPLE MERINGUE DESSERT

One tin diced pineapple (large), 2 tablespoons arrowroot, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 cup shredded colored coconut, 3 egg-whites, pinch salt and cream of tartar, 1-3rd cup sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon grated lemon-rind.

Strain juice from pineapple into a saucepan; heat slowly. Mix arrowroot with a little water to form a smooth paste. Stir into warm juice. Bring slowly to the boil, stirring constantly. Cook further 3 minutes. Remove from heat, add pineapple and lemon juice. Pour into greased ovenproof dish. Place egg-whites in large basin, add salt and cream of tartar. Beat until stiff and gradually add sugar; continue beating until meringue will hold its shape. Fold in grated lemon rind. Spoon over cooled pineapple mixture and sprinkle with coconut. Bake in moderate oven 10 to 15 minutes. Makes 6 generous servings.

• In our series of recipes for your cookery index-file series we feature this week some melt-in-the-mouth desserts that are different but quite simple to prepare. On this page and overleaf are the eight selected kitchen-tested recipes. For most housewives cooking is no longer a full-time job but only a part of the daily routine, so the preparation of these desserts has been streamlined to a minimum.

## DATE-NUT PAYLOVA

Four egg-whites,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon cream of tartar, pinch salt,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup chopped dates,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup chopped walnuts.

Sprinkle egg-whites with cream of tartar and salt. Beat until stiff, add sugar, one tablespoon at a time, beating until all sugar has dissolved and mixture stands in peaks. Fold in dates and walnuts. Spoon on to oven-slide which has been covered with a sheet of greased paper. Shape into a circle approximately 8 inches in diameter, pile mixture around edge to form a nest. Bake in slow oven approximately  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hours. Cool and fill with ice-cream.

To make a torte from the above mixture, reduce sugar to  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup and add an extra  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup dates and 1 cup dry cake crumbs. Fill into greased 8in. sandwich-tin and bake in moderate oven 35 minutes. Serve topped with ice-cream. Serves 8 persons.

## ORANGE WAFER GATEAU



## LAYERED CRUNCH TART

Crumb Case: Four cups cornflakes (finely crushed),  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup melted butter,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar.

Combine butter with cornflakes and sugar. Press over base and sides of 8-inch tart-plate, reserving some for decorating. Chill.

Filling: Two ounces butter, 2oz. flour, 1 pint milk, 2 tablespoons sugar, 2 eggs,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon vanilla essence, few drops peppermint essence, green coloring.

Melt butter in saucepan, add flour, cook few minutes without browning. Stir in milk and sugar, continue stirring until mixture boils and thickens. Cool slightly, fold in egg-yolks and stiffly beaten egg-whites. Divide into 2 portions, flavor one with vanilla. Color remaining portion with green coloring and flavor with peppermint. Pour vanilla mixture into chilled case and pour peppermint portion on top, sprinkle with reserved crumbs; chill. Cut into 8 wedges.

## APPLE BLOSSOMS



## Hansen's Junket

Magical Hansen's Junket tablets combined with pure fresh milk, make the most appetizing and nourishing dessert you can serve your family. Choose from either plain or luscious fruit flavours of strawberry, raspberry, pineapple, almond and cherry.



THRILL YOUR FAMILY WITH THESE DELICIOUS HANSEN'S JUNKET DESSERTS

### RASPBERRY JUNKET WITH WHIPPED CREAM AND CHERRIES

2 raspberry-flavoured junket tablets, 1 teaspoon cold water, 1 pint milk, 1 heaped tablespoon sugar, 1 level tablespoon sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup whipping cream, maraschino cherries, a few drops cochineal.

Dissolve raspberry-flavoured junket tablets in 1 teaspoon cold water. Warm milk and cochineal adding 1 heaped tablespoon sugar. Remove from stove. Add dissolved tablets. Stir a few seconds and pour at once into individual dessert glasses. Let set until firm—about ten minutes. Chill. Just before serving, beat egg white until stiff. Add sugar gradually until thoroughly blended. Add puny pulp and lemon juice. Heap the glasses of junket with puny whip and, if desired, garnish with nuts.

### RUM JUNKET WITH PRUNE WHIP

1 plain junket tablet, 1 teaspoon cold water, 1 pint milk, 2 heaped tablespoons sugar, 1 teaspoon rum, 1 egg white, one-third cup prune pulp, 2 teaspoons lemon juice.

Dissolve junket tablet in 1 teaspoon cold water. Warm milk and rum to LUKEWARM—not hot, adding 1 heaped tablespoon sugar. Remove from stove. Add dissolved tablet. Stir a few seconds and pour at once into individual dessert glasses. Let set until firm—about ten minutes. Chill. Just before serving, beat egg white until stiff. Add sugar gradually until thoroughly blended. Add puny pulp and lemon juice. Heap the glasses of junket with puny whip and, if desired, garnish with nuts.

### FAIRYLAND FRIED EGGS

1 plain junket tablet, 1 teaspoon cold water, 1 pint milk, 1 heaped tablespoon sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 4 or 5 tinned apricot halves.

Dissolve junket tablet in 1 teaspoon cold water. Warm milk, sugar and vanilla to LUKEWARM—not hot. Remove from stove. Add dissolved tablet. Stir a few seconds and pour at once into individual dessert glasses. Let set until firm—about ten minutes. Chill. Just before serving, top each dish of junket with one of the tinned apricot halves with the rounded side up.

### LEMON GRAPE-NUT DESSERT

1 plain junket tablet, 1 teaspoon cold water, 1 pint milk, 1 teaspoon lemon flavouring, 4 tablespoons grape-nuts, 4 tablespoons raisins, 4 tablespoons sugar.

Mix grape-nuts and raisins. Divide among five dessert glasses. Dissolve junket tablet in 1 teaspoon cold water. Warm milk, sugar and lemon flavouring to LUKEWARM—not hot. Remove from stove. Add dissolved tablet and stir a few seconds. Pour over grape-nuts and raisins. Let set until firm—about ten minutes. Chill and serve. Sprinkle with grape-nuts before serving.



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## More desserts you can add to your file

DATE-NUT  
PAVLOVA



ORANGE WAFER  
GATEAU

Four ounces butter or substitute, 1 cup sugar, grated rind of 1 orange, 1 egg, 1½ cups of flour, 2 teaspoons baking-powder, 6 tablespoons cornflour, ¼ cup milk, ¼ cup orange juice, 1 egg-white, extra 2oz. sugar.

Cream shortening with sugar and orange rind; mix in egg. Fold in sifted dry ingredients alternately with milk and orange juice. Spread ¼ inch thickness over base of inverted greased 8in. sandwich-tins, taking mixture to within ¼ inch of edge. Bake in moderate oven 10 to 15 minutes, cool. Make 5 or 6 of these wafers. Spread filling between layers. Decorate top with remaining filling, chopped nuts, and egg-white beaten to meringue consistency with extra sugar.

Filling: Blend 2oz. cornflour with ¼ cup water. Heat 1 cup orange juice and ¼ cup lemon juice, add ¼ cup water and ¼ cup sugar. Add cornflour. Simmer 3 minutes, mix in ½oz. butter and 1 egg-yolk.

LAYERED CRUNCH  
TART



APPLE  
BLOSSOMS

Twelve ounces shortcrust pastry, 6 apples, ½ cup sugar, ½ teaspoon nutmeg, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, cream or mock cream, cherries.

Roll pastry on floured board. With 2in. fluted or plain cutter, cut 5 circles for each apple. Core apples, peel one-quarter of the skin from top. Fill with nutmeg, cinnamon, and sugar mixed together. Top with nut or butter or substitute. Moisten outside of each apple, place four circles around sides of each, pressing each circle on to apple and glazing each circle where it overlaps. Place another circle on base of apple. Place on greased oven-tray. Bake in hot oven 10 minutes, reduce heat, cook slowly further 30 to 35 minutes until apples are tender. Serve hot or cold with whipped cream or custard. Decorate with cherries. Serves six.

Below are four more appetising recipes for delicious desserts that you can add to your recipe index file. With the other four on the previous page, these recipes should help to lighten not only your hand with cakes and tarts but the task of finding different desserts to vary family menus. The recipes are printed back-to-back with the ingredients on one side and the pictures on the other. Cut recipes along the dotted lines and each one is complete.

FRUIT SALAD  
SPECIAL

One small tin preserved cherries or ½lb. fresh cherries, 2 bananas, 2 oranges, 2 passionfruit, 1 apple, ¼ cup diced pineapple, ½ packet cherry, strawberry, or raspberry-flavored jelly, 1 cup hot water, whipped sweetened cream, juice of 1 lemon.

Prepare all fruit. Peel and slice bananas and apple, place in lemon juice to prevent discoloration. Cut passionfruit in halves, scoop out pulp. Peel and chop oranges. If using fresh cherries, wash and remove seeds and stems. Combine cherries with bananas, apple, passionfruit pulp, pineapple, and orange. Chill in refrigerator. Dissolve jelly crystals in hot water; leave to cool. Place chilled fruit salad in individual dishes, spoon over slightly thickened jelly. Chill until jelly is firm. Place whipped sweetened cream into piping-bag with star pipe. Pipe small stars around edge. Serves four.

PEACH-ALMOND  
TRIFLE



CORNUCOPIA  
DESSERT

One egg-white, 1oz. flour, 2oz. castor sugar, 1oz. melted butter, grated rind of ½ orange, 2 cups sweetened apple pulp, 1 pint rich custard, ¼ pint whipped sweetened cream, cherries.

Whip egg-white until frothy. Fold in castor sugar then flour alternately with melted butter. Lastly fold in orange rind. Place a tablespoon of mixture on to a greased oven-slide and work around into a circle approximately 4 inches in diameter. Put only 4 circles on tray because wafers have to be curled while hot, and if you bake more the last one on the tray will be too cold to curl. Bake in moderately hot oven 5 to 7 minutes, or until light golden color. When cooked, immediately loosen wafers and roll around greased cream-horn tins; leave few minutes, remove. Cool; fill with cream. Fill apple pulp into serving-bowl, pour over custard. Arrange cream-filled horns in custard and decorate with cherry pieces. Serves eight.

PINEAPPLE MERINGUE  
DESSERT







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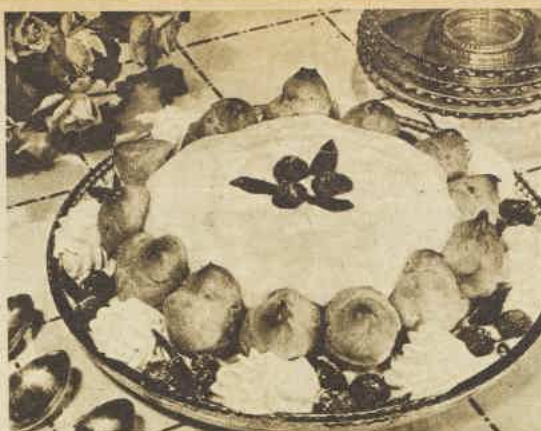
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DECORATED with swirls of whipped cream, cherries, and angelica leaves, Gateau St. Honore is an attractive centre-piece on any celebration table. See recipe below.

## French dessert wins prize

● A gala French dessert, Gateau St. Honore, wins the main prize of £5 in this week's recipe contest for readers.

**THIS** luscious dessert takes time to prepare, but the result is well worth while.

A consolation prize of £1 is awarded to spiced meat-loaf in which sweet and savory ingredients are combined.

All spoon measurements are level.

**GATEAU ST. HONORE**  
Biscuit Mixture: Five ounces flour, pinch salt, 2½oz. butter, 1oz. castor sugar, 1 egg-yolk.

Sift flour and salt into basin, rub in shortening, add sugar. Mix to dry dough with egg-yolk, adding milk if necessary. Roll to 8in. circle, ¼in. thick. Place on greased baking-sheet, prick well; stand ½ hour.

**Choux Pastry:** Two ounces butter, ¼ pint water, 4oz. flour, pinch salt, 3 large eggs.

Boil butter and water, remove from heat, stir in sifted flour and salt all at once. Beat until smooth with a wooden spoon, stir over heat until mixture forms a ball and leaves side of saucepan; cool. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Fill mixture into large piping-bag fitted with a plain tube. Pipe a band of choux pastry round edge of biscuit circle. Pipe small pieces of mixture on to greased oven-tray. Bake in hot oven 10 minutes, reduce heat to moderate, and bake further 20 to 25 minutes. Cool.

**Toffee Glaze:** Four ounces sugar, 2 tablespoons water.

Boil sugar and water until brittle when a little is dropped into cold water. Dip each choux pastry-puff into toffee and press around edge of circle base. Fill centre with custard.

**Custard Mixture:** Three or 4 eggs, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 tablespoon cornflour, ½ pint milk, ½ teaspoon vanilla.

Beat egg-yolks with sugar, add cornflour. Stir in milk, cook over low heat until smooth and creamy. Cool slightly, fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites and vanilla. Decorate gateau with whipped cream, cherries, and angelica.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. N. McGuinness, 41 Stawell Street, Coburg, Vic.

### SPICED MEAT-LOAF

One pound minced steak, ¼lb. minced rabbit meat, 1 tablespoon chopped dates, ½ cup breadcrumbs, 1 grated onion, 1 egg, ½ cup milk, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch mixed herbs, 1 tablespoon chutney, 1 tin peach halves.

Combine breadcrumbs and onion. Beat egg well, then add minced steak, dates, rabbit, milk, salt, and herbs. Combine with crumbs and onion. Mix well. Place in greased loaf-tin, press peach halves cut side up into mince, place a little chutney into each peach half. Bake in a moderate oven for 50 minutes. Drain off excess fat, serve.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. E. MacRae, 5 Essex Street, Prahran, Melbourne.


## FAMILY DISH

**FISH** steaks with a rich tomato and garlic sauce with a dash of onion and lemon make this week's family dish, which costs 8/3 to 9/6, according to type of fish used.

### FISH STEAKS WITH TOMATO-GARLIC SAUCE

Four steaks jewfish or fillets flathead or other fish, salt, pepper, 1 onion, ½ cup water, 2 small lemons, ½ clove garlic, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, 4 tomatoes, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, gherkins.

Place steaks in well-greased baking-dish; rub lightly with cut lemon; season. Cover with greased paper, bake in moderate oven until just tender. Prepare sauce. Combine juice of lemons, water, finely chopped onion, crushed garlic, parsley, chopped tomatoes, and butter or substitute. Simmer 10 minutes; spoon over fish on hot serving plate. Garnish with sliced gherkins.

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thin, dark woman. She was holding up something in her hand and looking at it transfixed.

Jamie saw it and also stared transfixed. He forgot to be careful. He suddenly heard, from behind the half-open door, a thick, angry whisper: "There's that boy again!"

The woman dropped what she had been holding and flew to him. Without speaking at all, she bundled him down to the basement, pushed him into the dimly lit room, and, pulling the door shut, locked it.

But she did not put the light out. At least she had not left him in the dark. Crawling forlornly into the tumbled bed-clothes, Jamie had a strange adult feeling that the woman was as frightened as he was.

At first, when Harriet answered the telephone, there was no sound at all. But one knew someone was there because there had been the slight click of the pushed button indicating that the call had come from a public call-box.

"Who is there?" Harriet demanded again, desperately controlling her impatience and fear.

Then the answer came in a low, throaty voice that could have been a man's or a woman's. A man's, she thought, disguised in this throaty whisper.

"Is that Mrs. Lacey speaking?"

"Yes, it is."

"Have you called the police?"

Instinctively she answered, "No."

"That's a good girl. Now I can tell you your kids are well."

"Where are they?" Harriet demanded tensely.

"That would be telling, wouldn't it? Especially since I got to keep them another day. Too bad, isn't it?"

"You can't! You promised. I did exactly as you said—"

"Except for one important thing. You had me watched."

She was gripping the receiver hard. She knew Flynn was at her elbow, with his acute hear-

ing probably able to distinguish the words coming through the receiver, but she could pay no attention to him. With all her strength she willed this nightmare to cease.

"No, you're wrong!" she exclaimed. "I didn't have you watched."

"I beg your pardon, dear." The voice was heavily ironic. "Oh, I know the blind man couldn't see, but his chauffeur could. Or did he have his eyes shut, too?"

**T**HERE was a grotesque chuckle that sent a shiver down Harriet's spine.

She cried angrily, "If you don't bring my children back by midnight I intend to call the police."

"I wouldn't do that if I was you. I really wouldn't. Wait until you see what comes in the mail in the morning. It will be in a parcel. Nice getting parcels, isn't it? And don't worry about your kids. I won't hurt a hair of their heads—"

For some reason this statement brought forth another breathy chuckle—"so long as you don't go to the police. And there's a little matter of some more money. I'm sorry about that, but you brought it on yourself by employing watchdogs. You'll get your instructions in the morning, with the parcel. Now are you going to the police?"

"I—don't know."

"Course you won't, dear. Not if you're wise. See what's in that parcel first. It's just a beginning of what will happen if you have cops nosing about. Understand?"

"No!" Harriet cried vehemently. "No! If you don't bring my children back tonight—"

But she was talking into a dead telephone, for the speaker had hung up.

Flynn caught her as she swayed against him.

"Harriet! This is all my fault."

"I don't know. I don't

## Continuing . . . Listen To Danger

from page 21

know. He might be just making an excuse to ask for more money, as you said he would—"

Millie was at the door then, interrupting them. Newly awoken, she stood there in her nightgown, her cheeks flushed, her eyes starting.

"Oh, Mrs. Lacey, was it her?"

"It was a man," Harriet said carefully. "At least, I think so. It seemed to be a too-deep voice for a woman. It was difficult to tell, because it was sort of a thick whisper."

Millie nodded in a mesmerized way.

"Harriet, I couldn't hear everything that was said," Flynn interrupted. "Something about a parcel and not calling the police."

"The gist of it was that I mustn't call the police until I see what is in this parcel."

"He's bluffing!" Flynn said sharply.

"He or she? It's all the same. Whoever it is has my children, and I'm to get a parcel containing— heaven knows what."

"Dial 999 at once," Flynn ordered. "I'll speak."

"No!" cried Millie. "Don't! Don't!"

"You stay out of this!" Flynn said angrily. "You've done enough harm already."

Millie's fist went to her mouth, like a hurt and terrified child. But she had enough spirit to plead: "Don't get the police till you see what's in the parcel. Please, Mrs. Lacey. She won't stop at nothing if you don't do as she says!"

"Millie is utterly convinced this person is the blond woman she saw hanging about the other day," Harriet explained to Flynn. "But I still think that voice was a man's."

"If it should be a woman," Flynn said consideringly, "things may well be rather more hopeful."

"Because a woman would hesitate to harm a child?"

"Partly. And I don't think she would be quite so ruthless."

"You won't get the police, Mrs. Lacey?" Millie begged.

The sight of the girl in her crumpled cotton nightgown irritated Harriet unreasonably.

"Millie, go back to bed."

"I can't sleep. I'm too scared."

But the girl wandered off, nevertheless, and Harriet turned to Flynn.

"Millie's right, though, isn't she? I can't get the police until I see what's in that parcel."

"What on earth has a mysterious parcel got to do with it?"

"How can I know? How can I know anything except that I've got to believe what he said. I don't dare believe anything else."

"What's the time?" Flynn asked heavily.

"It's nearly midnight."

"We said we'd wait until then."

"But that means it isn't so long till morning. The postman comes early."

"Get the police, Harriet. Dial that number."

"But he'll know, just as he knew—"

"That Jones and I were there?" His face was taut with pain. "A fine protector I have been."

"Flynn, dear, don't worry. If he hadn't been able to blame you, he may have made another excuse to get more money."

"Can't you curse me, at least?" he demanded savagely.

She tried to smile. "I'm too tired. I'm not very good at it, anyway. I think we ought to try to get some sleep."

"You really mean to go on waiting?"

"It's only a few hours till morning. Yes, I'll have to."

"You'll let this scoundrel walk away with your five hundred pounds and tomorrow demand another five hundred?"

"It's what may be in that

To page 58

## CHECK Perspiration... STOP Odour 24 hours!

Yes, Tact Deodorant checks perspiration instantly! For there's a miracle anti-perspirant in Tact that's not found in any other deodorant. Tact prevents odour for a full 24 hours... actually destroys the bacteria that cause odour. Yet Tact is safe for normal skin—harmless to clothes. Dries instantly. Get Tact today—use it daily for personal freshness.

# Tact

## DEODORANT

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Large Jar, 3/6 ★ Handy Tube, 2/4 ★ Spray, 6/6





# GARDEN COLOR

**PHLOX DRUMMONDII** (right) and their cousins, the grandiflora, nana compacta, and cuspidata varieties, are all bright, highly colored, fragrant, and hardy. Plant seedlings now for bright late autumn display. The drummondii and grandiflora types are about 16in. high, but nana compacta is a short, stumpy little plant, more suitable for edging or massing by itself. Cuspidata is a distinct class, with long-winged flowers, often star-shaped. Phlox self-sows its seed freely every year, and once introduced in the garden is there for many years.



**SHIRLEY POPPIES** (left) are one of the most glamorous of the extensive poppy family, flowering mostly in spring and early summer. Their color range extends from pure white through pink and red to carmine, salmon, and rose. Some varieties have rose-margined or veined petals and are extremely beautiful. Unlike Iceland poppies, they will not transplant, and should be sown where they are to spend their entire lives. Their foliage differs from that of the Iceland poppies, being fringed and often fluffy and hairy. Seed can be sown in March and April everywhere. Space plants 8 inches apart.



**SWEET-PEAS** (above) are easy to grow, provided soil is deep, well drained, slightly alkaline, and the site well protected from strong winds that damage their tender flowers. In addition to the tall multiflora and Spencer types, there is a new dwarf, Little Sweetheart. This picture was taken at Hunter's Hill Bowling Club, N.S.W.

**STOCKS** (right) require good quality, well-drained, limed soil. Seed can still be sown in March in cool climates, and up to May in temperate climates. There are several varieties, probably the best being the newer columnar or upright type, which produces one tall spike. The best columnars are Giant Imperial, Giant Column, and Giant Perfection.



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you've ever  
tasted...



...try adding this

*'magic touch!'*



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Sanitarium

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*Why don't you make Pears a family affair?*

Continuing . . .

## Listen To Danger

[from page 56]

parcel," Harriet said hypnotically.

"You're behaving with lumatic stupidity! If the police had been there tonight they'd probably have got him."

"They'd more probably have scared him off even more successfully than you and Jones did."

She saw him wince, and instantly cried, "Flynn, dear! Children sleep well at night. The time will go more quickly for them than for us."

"And wake to—" He bit off his words. "Oh, if only I could see!"

Harriet took his arm.

"Do you think you could possibly endure a night on my couch? I'd feel much safer with you here."

"Safer!" His voice was full of caustic irony.

"Very much safer," she said firmly.

And then suddenly he had his arms round her, and was holding her with savage tightness.

"Harriet! My poor child! Am I your evil genius, or what?"

She tried to stop trembling, but now she couldn't. She was so utterly exhausted, and it had been so long since she had been held like this. She wanted in that moment nothing more than to close her eyes and sleep on his breast.

**S**UDDENLY, however, the telephone rang again. After a moment of panic, Harriet snatched at it eagerly. Had her tormenter relented? But no. It was only Fred, apologetic at disturbing her at such a late hour, but he and his mother were still waiting to see if anything had happened. Neither of them could sleep.

"We're not doing much of that ourselves," Harriet said wryly. "No, Fred, there's nothing you can do. Just be around."

"I've been that all day, madam. I've watched everyone who's come in and gone out. Especially tonight. But there's been nothing you might report as queer."

Harriet felt impelled to ask whether he had seen anyone resembling the blond woman who haunted Millie. But at that Fred gave a slight snort, and said he didn't think Millie was very reliable. Look how she'd behaved with Jamie, letting him follow her down the street like that. And the other night she had blamed him for losing a pair of earrings, but the next day she'd said she had found them in her pocket where she must have put them herself.

"That kind," Fred's voice came informatively, "likes to dramatise themselves."

Harriet cut off Fred's talkativeness by saying briefly, "Nothing's going to happen until the morning."

"You know that for certain?"

"Yes, I know that for certain." She couldn't explain and justify herself to Fred, as well as to Flynn. In spite of the sharp curiosity in his voice, he would have to wait to hear what had happened. "So tell your mother to stop worrying and go to bed."

Fred, however, could not bear to be left in the dark.

"Did something go wrong tonight, madam?"

"Slightly wrong."

"But you're not calling the police?"

"Not—just yet."

"You're sure there's nothing I can do."

"No, Fred, thank you. Good-night."

"Don't you think, Harriet," said Flynn in his ironic voice, "that your allies are poor, broken reeds. A scared nursemaid, a porter who, if I'm not mistaken, wouldn't be adverse to a bribe, a potty old woman who should have been sitting in the Place de la Bastille, watching the aristocrats losing their heads, a valet who is besotted with a sick wife and isn't aware of anything much else, and myself, blind. Scotland Yard could really do better than that."

"Oh, Flynn, be quiet!"

"Very well. For another eight hours precisely. Now, where's this couch where I endure physical discomfort as well?"

"It's really very comfortable."

He smiled at last. "Of course, Harriet. I know it is. Try to sleep, my dear."

Sheer exhaustion made Harriet sleep. In the morning she came slowly out of the fog of tiredness to a strange sound. At first, in sleep-drugged confusion, she thought it was the telephone, and, only half awake, shot up in bed, tense with apprehension. Then she realised that it was the spaniel puppy crying. Poor little thing, he had not yet had much care, but Jamie would make amends for that when he came home.

She put on a house-coat and went into the kitchen to comfort the puppy and give it milk. It was seven o'clock.

Daylight had not yet lightened the grey sky. There was still a thin scattering of snow on the window-sills and roofs. It was very cold, and no day for children to be outdoors.

Harriet shivered and put on water to heat for coffee. Then she went quietly into the living-room and looked down at Flynn on the couch. The light did not wake him. But, of course, it wouldn't, for he couldn't see.

His dark glasses were lying on the floor, and, with his eyes closed, he looked young and peaceful, the tautness and strain smoothed out of his face. Harriet suddenly wanted to touch his forehead. As if she had actually done so, he woke.

"You're with me, Flynn, on my couch," she said swiftly, anticipating his dark bewilderment. "It's just after seven and I'm making coffee."

He reached for her hand.

"Wonderful! Did you sleep?"

"Until the puppy woke me."

"The post comes about eight."

"Yes."

He sat up energetically.

"Coffee. Post. Then I go home to shave and avoid scandalising Jones."

"Because you slept on my couch?"

"Because I slept in my clothes. Jones has the standards of a good valet."

Harriet smiled.

"It's my Mrs. Blunt who'll be scandalised for the other reason. Excuse me; there's the kettle boiling."

"Wonderful girl! Harriet, have I told you you're wonderful?"

"I expect you have. I hardly think many of your female friends escape that little attention."

"I wasn't admiring you for your looks. I haven't seen them. But for your self-discipline."

"Oh!" She went away slowly.

"I guess that's a thing one has to learn."

"Yes, one has. Some earlier."

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than others. Some more successfully.

"You're being very successful, Flynn." "Am I? Am I, really?" The eagerness in his voice was deeply touching. Suddenly her eyes filled with tears. Was she falling a little in love? The thought startled her. Joe, darling! she whispered soundlessly.

"Are you standing there staring at me, Harriet? I thought you were going to make coffee."

"So I am." "What a luxury, after my fumbling efforts. Jones always arrives expecting to find me scalded or the kitchen on fire. Actually, I hardly even break any crockery now."

"You shall make it for me one day," Harriet said lightly. "Splendid! That's a promise. What's the time now?"

"Twenty minutes past seven." "Has that puppy made a mess?"

"I'm afraid so. It's my fault. I didn't cope very well."

"I must start taking him for walks. I depend on Jamie for that. And we have to name him."

"You're very good to Jamie."

"Harriet, why are we being so polite to one another suddenly?"

"We're making conversation," she said bleakly.

"I suppose we are. To pass time. Let's do this another day when time doesn't have to be passed so urgently."

"Of course. Black or white coffee?"

"Black this morning."

"Same for me. I'm not going to wake Millie yet. Actually, in her present state, I prefer her when she's asleep. Flynn, you'll have to go before Mrs. Blunt arrives. She thinks the children are in the country."

"And you may be meeting their train this morning?"

"Oh, I hope so!" she breathed.

At that moment, as if it were obeying a cue, the telephone rang.

Flynn sprang up. The cup in Harriet's hand clattered against its saucer.

## Continuing . . . Listen To Danger

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"Shall I answer it?" Flynn asked.

"No. I'd better. Who — what — It's ridiculous being so scared of the telephone!"

But she was. Her hand was shaking so that she could scarcely pick up the receiver.

"Hullo," she said tentatively. And then the unbelievable, the miracle happened. It was Jamie's voice.

"Is that you, Mummy? When are you coming to get us?"

"Jamie! Darling! Where are you? Tell me quickly."

"In a house by the river. I sleep on the floor. I don't like it. Arabella —"

And that was all. His voice was cut off. There was a click as the receiver was put down.

"Jamie! Jamie!" Harriet cried uselessly. She was crying as she left the telephone. "They wouldn't let him speak. They stopped him."

"But he's alive!" Flynn said excitedly. "Harriet, if the police were here they could have traced that call."

"They stopped him," Harriet repeated desolately. "I didn't even have time to tell him about the puppy." But a little color had come into her cheeks. Suddenly she laughed through her tears. "He's apparently being a handful, as usual."

"He has always rung you up from my flat. Jones taught him. He knows the number by heart. He'll ring again."

"They'll take good care not to let him."

"He's difficult to stop when he wants to do a thing."

Harriet nodded, smiling again. The little episode, though it had ended abortively, had heartened them both. The children were alive and well. The unknown voice in the night had told the truth. So perhaps one could trust it today also.

"Here's your coffee, Flynn. Oh, here's Millie, too. Millie, Jamie has just rung us."

"Oh!" gasped Millie. "What did he say? Where is he?"

"He couldn't tell us. He wouldn't know, anyway. And they stopped him telling, of course."

"And the baby?" Millie asked, wide-eyed.

"Jamie was just going to say when he was stopped. Oh. There's the doorbell. The postman."

"He's early," Millie said nervously. "Shall I go, ma'am?"

"No, I will." Harriet was already half-way to the front door. But now her mouth was dry, her knees weak. In a few moments the suspense would be over. They would know what was in the mysterious parcel.

THE postman said cheerfully, "Good - morning, madam. Parcel for you."

"No letters?" said Harriet automatically, taking the medium-sized but curiously light parcel.

"No letters. Good-day, madam."

He was gone on his cheerful way, and she was slowly closing the door, holding the parcel gingerly, and looking at the scrawled printing of her name.

"Oh, what is it, Mrs. Lacey?" Millie asked shakily.

"I — don't know."

"Take it easy, Harriet," said Flynn. "There can't be anything very serious in a small parcel."

Suddenly, feverishly, Harriet was tearing the paper off. Inside was a shabby cardboard box. With the same feverish haste she lifted off the lid, then gave a faint stricken cry and dropped everything to the floor.

"What is it? Harriet, what is it?" Flynn was shouting, his face taut with anxiety and frustration. "Don't you know I can't see. What made you cry out?"

Harriet knelt, her hands gently on the spilled sunshine. The spilled London sunshine that once Joe had loved.

"It's Arabella's hair," she

whispered. "Her curls. They've been cut off."

Flynn's fingers clenched round his stick.

"Is there nothing else? No letter?"

"It's so diabolical. Poor little Arabella."

"Harriet, pull yourself together. Is there any kind of a message?"

"Yes. Yes, at the bottom. I didn't notice it before."

"Well, read it, for heaven's sake."

"It's printed. It says: 'Because I was watched last night I couldn't pick up the money. So the same amount to-night, please. Do it in a parcel and throw it over the wall of the bombed site on the corner of Parker and Abbott Street, Hammersmith, at nine o'clock. Make sure you're not watched. You'd better borrow the money from your blind friend, so your bank don't ask no awkward questions. Your little girl's hair will grow again—if you're careful.'"

Flynn spoke authoritatively. "Millie, are you there? Gather up those wrappings, carefully. Don't handle them more than you can help. Harriet, you have yesterday's note, as well as today's, I imagine."

"Yes, of course. Why are you asking?"

"Because whether you agree or not, this is when the police come in."

"Otherwise —"

"Otherwise we wait all day until nine o'clock this evening, then probably again until midnight."

"Another midnight," Harriet said dazedly.

"Which would be unendurable, for you as well as your children. I am able to dial 999, but it would be simpler if you did it for me."

Harriet got slowly to her feet. They were leaden as she walked towards the telephone.

The doorbell ringing was not to announce the arrival of the

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police, but merely of Mrs. Blunt, wrapped in her shapeless coat, clutching her familiar string bag bulging with its various sharp-cornered parcels.

"Good morning, madam," she said cheerfully. "Cold, ain't it? That wind would cut you in half. Did you get my message about the soap? I believe the baby ate half the last lot, and, of course, Jamie wastes it shockingly. Oh, I beg your pardon, you've got a visitor."

"We're having coffee," Harriet said inanely. "Actually, we're waiting for the police."

Mrs. Blunt gasped. "You haven't had burglars!"

"In a way, yes," Harriet said wryly. "But it isn't jewelry that's missing, it's the children."

Unlike Millie, Mrs. Blunt did not sob and threaten to have hysterics. She listened to Harriet's story soberly, and at the end she said, "I thought you wasn't telling me the truth yesterday about the children being in the country, but it wasn't none of my business. But, oh, madam, why didn't you get the police immediately?" She turned on Flynn. "Why didn't you make her do it, sir?"

"Don't blame Mr. Palmer," Harriet intervened. "He tried his best. And now—they're coming."

Mrs. Blunt, stout and solid, and reassuring, stood over her protectively.

"You sit down, madam, and I'll make some fresh coffee. You look fair wore out, and no wonder. Kidnapping!" She seemed to be just beginning to realise the enormity of the situation.

"My goodness. And we're not even in America. The nerve of whoever it is. I'd like to lay my hands on him. Where's that lazy Millie? Her carelessness is to blame for this. Wait till I tell her what I think of her."

"Oh, madam, fancy keeping all this to yourself yesterday. But don't you worry, your little ones will come back safe and sound. And the kidnapper will have no soap left in his house. Death on soaps, those two! Only I don't suppose he'd have

## Continuing . . . Listen To Danger

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any variety Arabella would favor the taste of."

The loud, astonished voice, which was Mrs. Blunt's way of expressing shock, went on in the kitchen. Harriet could hear her beginning to scold Millie, and Millie's whimpered protests. But now the need for secrecy and the need to devise her own way of action were gone. She found she could think no more.

She was unbearably tired. It seemed almost impossible to cope with the questions of the police. When Flynn said he must go down to let Jones in and tell him what had happened, she begged him to stay.

"I can't face the police alone. Please! Jones will come up here when he finds you not at home."

"Of course I'll stay, Harriet." His quiet voice calmed her incipient hysteria, and presently

**All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.**

Mrs. Blunt arrived with steaming coffee and buttered toast.

"Now, madam, you're to have this. You, too, Mr. Palmer. You've both had a shocking night, I can see. And as for Millie, she's scared of her own shadow. Wants to know if she'll get sent to gaol. I've told her there's such a thing as criminal negligence. But I reckon the police will decide she's just plain dumb. Oh, lor, there's the doorbell now. I'll answer it, madam. Then I'll put more coffee on. I've no doubt they're human, same as us."

When Mrs. Blunt came back, followed by a tall, grizzled, middle-aged police inspector and a younger constable, she drew back the curtains and the grey day came into the room.

Harriet stood up to greet the older man, who introduced himself as Inspector Burns. She then explained who Flynn was, and the long-dreaded inquisition began.

Fortunately, Inspector Burns was a quietly spoken man who at once inspired confidence. At first he was startled, then deeply interested. He scarcely interjected at all while Harriet told her story. He made notes and then talked almost to himself.

Kidnappings were extremely rare in England, he said. He guessed that they would not now be dealing with the highly organised and ruthless gangster type who might have operated in the States but with an amateur, probably extremely nervous, ready to disappear like a startled rabbit the moment his plans went even slightly wrong. The fact that the presence, even at a long distance, of Flynn and his servant last night had scared him off was evidence of this.

On the other hand he could be the sort of man Flynn suggested, the greedy blackmailer who, having succeeded once in extorting money from his victim, would go on playing his luck until he made his inevitable mistake.

"In that case, what would be happening to my children?"

"Your guess is as good as mine, Mrs. Lacey. But I'd say it would be regrettable that you hadn't called us earlier." Inspector Burns had kind eyes. He did not intend to waste time in useless recriminations. He left the room to have a low-voiced conversation with the young constable in the hall, then came back, smiling reassuringly.

"I've sent Reilly to the park to check-up on any evidence. If your man was scared off last night that money may still be there. It's early, and it's snowing. Or some honest person may turn it in to a police station. We constantly get surprises in our job."

"Now, Mrs. Lacey. I want to ask quite a lot of questions. And later I want to interview every-

one who has had any part in this affair, the porter and his mother, Mr. Palmer's servant, the nursemaid, particularly the nursemaid."

It was Fred who sprang up from the breakfast table to answer the telephone when it rang in the basement. His mother, listening with concealed alarm, heard him exclaim:

"The police, Mr. Palmer! They're there now? But why didn't you stop her getting them? Now she's upset the apple cart!"

Then he collected himself, and after listening for a moment said, "Certainly, sir. They can ask me what they like. I haven't got anything to hide."

He hung up and turned. His handsome face was flushed with anger, and something else, was it fear? Did she imagine that his eyes did not quite meet hers?

"What do you think, Mrs. Lacey lost her nerve and called the police. At least, she didn't do it. It was that interfering Mr. Palmer. Fancied himself playing the hero, I suppose. He won't fancy himself so much if the kids are fished out of the Thames."

"I think they've done the right thing," Mrs. Helps said stoutly. She was always a little afraid of her big son's flashing eyes and sudden tempers, but she was not going to be intimidated now. The police should have been called at the beginning. If Fred hadn't a clear conscience he would have to face the consequences.

This was what she told herself, even though she knew she would lie to the end to save him.

Fred crossed the room agitatedly.

"You don't know anything about it, Ma, so keep your mouth shut. The right thing! Knowing the way a desperate

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Bring your family to the breakfast table with Kellogg's Corn Flakes — every morning. Enjoy them *yourself*, mother! — if anyone needs a sustaining breakfast, it's you. Remember, Kellogg's Corn Flakes take only seconds to serve.

**FULL OF ENERGY  
FROM THE SUN**



# Kellogg's CORN FLAKES



man's mind works. Knowing that now he can't either give the kids up or take them with him when he gets out. So what do you think he'll do?"

With that Fred left his half-finished breakfast and went to put on his working overalls. "If they come trying to snoop in here, call me."

"Why shouldn't they snoop in here? Or have you something to hide?" Fred came out of his room.

"Course I haven't. But I don't like cops, sec. And I particularly don't like them snooping. Now I got to go and stoke the furnaces, or all the old women will be complaining they're cold."

He grinned. He had recovered his breezy good humor. But in that moment of being caught off his guard his mother had seen his fear, and she couldn't forget it.

If Fred were in any way connected with this shameful thing that was the end of life for her. But surely he couldn't

be. He may not have been completely honest in the past, but he had never been unkind or brutal.

Even now he pursued his secretive affairs, refusing to tell her where he had been the afternoon the children had disappeared, when she had lied for him and said he was sleeping on his bed, and again last night, when he had come in late, with snow on his shoulders, and a strange excitement in his eyes that he could not hide.

She made herself do her housework, washing the breakfast dishes, tidying the flat, making Fred's bed. Presently she would sit down to her wig-making, and that would calm her.

It was the day for changing the bed linen. If it hadn't been for that fact she might never have noticed the small

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trickle of fluff from the mattress under Fred's bed. That was funny, there must be a hole in the covering. She turned it over to look. No, there was no sign of a tear. But wait a moment. What was this?

The stitching along the edge seemed to have been slit to make a small opening. It had been stitched together again, but clumsily. It had also been done recently, as evidence the little forgotten drift of fluff, like dirty snow.

Her heart beating suffocatingly, the old lady ripped open the amateur stitching and plunged her hand into the soft wool. She had to grope for a little while before she found the foreign article. When she drew it out, her hand was shaking. It was a neat brown-paper parcel. She knew what was in it, even before she had unwrapped it. Five hundred pounds in crisp one-pound notes.

The ransom for the Lacey children!

On the fourth floor Inspector Burns was saying to Harriet in his gentle probing voice: "And you're sure you have no enemies, Mrs. Lacey? What about your late husband?"

"My husband has been dead for two years."

"I understand that, but before he died. Perhaps some old score?"

"Joe wasn't the kind to make enemies."

"His parents in Boston, then? You tell me they're wealthy."

"You mean," said Harriet incredulously, "that you think someone would cross the Atlantic just to find Joe's children, and steal them, for a miserable five hundred pounds?"

"It's a thousand now, isn't it?" the inspector pointed out courteously. "And it may not

stop at that. On the whole, I don't expect it to, depending on what happens this evening."

"You're going to follow the instructions in that note?"

"You're going to, Mrs. Lacey. To the letter."

Harriet winced. She did not think she could face another of those solitary trips, in the biting wind, with the feeling that unseen eyes were watching her all the way.

"You believe the same thing as Mr. Palmer," she said unhappily, "that the kidnapper really got that money last night, and now is getting bolder."

"Reilly reports that it was gone. Unfortunately, the snow has covered any footprints. Not that they would be much use in a public park. We'll be fingerprinting the threatening notes and the parcel wrappings, of course. But there are eight million people in London. Without some personal clue it's a long job tracing down a criminal of this kind."

"There's no time to waste."

He looked at her reflectively. He did not point out that already thirty-six hours had been wasted. He merely said: "We'll set a trap tonight. If that fails, we'll have to come out in the open. Publish photographs of the children and broadcast for anyone who has seen them. Someone will have, you know. Out of the thousand people who think they have, there'll be perhaps one who has some real information."

"But that means the kidnapper will panic!"

"Perhaps. On the other hand, tomorrow will be the fourth day. It's a long time, whatever way you look at it. By the way, I'm not very happy about the nursemaid. How much do you know about her?"

"Very little. I'm afraid I took her on trust. She seemed young and jolly. I spoke to her mother, who seemed a decent, honest person. She said Millie had been strictly brought up."

To page 69

## Fashion FROCKS

● Ready to wear . . . or cut out ready to make.



"ANNE."—Smartly styled front-buttoned shirtwaist dress features a gored skirt, cuffed wrist-length sleeves, and two hip pockets. The material is whirlway wool angora in mushroom, blossom-pink, petunia, forget-me-not blue, burgundy, blue-grass, and lilac. A special discount given for orders of 50 garments or over.

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● NOTE: If ordering by mail send to address on page 77. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney. They are available for only six weeks after date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

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## FILM FAN-FARE

Conducted by AINSIE BAKER

### ★ THE SCREEN'S BEST ★

- |  |                                     |
|--|-------------------------------------|
| 1928 "Wings."                          | 1943 "Casablanca."                  |
| 1929 "The Broadway Melody."            | 1944 "Going My Way."                |
| 1930 "All Quiet on the Western Front." | 1945 "The Lost Weekend."            |
| 1931 "Cimarron."                       | 1946 "The Best Years of Our Lives." |
| 1932 "Grand Hotel."                    | 1947 "Gentleman's Agreement."       |
| 1933 "Cavalcade."                      | 1948 "Hamlet."                      |
| 1934 "It Happened One Night."          | 1949 "All the King's Men."          |
| 1935 "Mutiny on the Bounty."           | 1950 "All About Eve."               |
| 1936 "The Great Ziegfeld."             | 1951 "An American in Paris."        |
| 1937 "The Life of Emile Zola."         | 1952 "The Greatest Show on Earth."  |
| 1938 "You Can't Take It With You."     | 1953 "From Here to Eternity."       |
| 1939 "Gone With the Wind."             | 1954 "On the Waterfront."           |
| 1940 "Rebecca."                        | 1955 "Marty."                       |
| 1941 "How Green Was My Valley."        | 1956 "Around the World in 80 Days." |
| 1942 "Mrs. Miniver."                   |                                     |



JOANNE WOODWARD, screen newcomer, who recently married actor Paul Newman, gave a likely "best actress of 1957" performance in "The Three Faces of Eve," story of a girl with three personalities.

# 30 YEARS OF OSCARS



★ The Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences will hand out its golden Oscars to Hollywood's "bests" of 1957 in a glittering gala presentation ceremony on the night of March 26.

**B**UT the coveted statuette does not always spell triumph for its acceptors—records since the first awards were made in 1928 show the letters of tragedy, too.

Luise Rainer, for example, who won two successive Oscars (1936-37), walked straight from the presentation platform into film oblivion.

Victor McLaglen disappeared from the screen almost immediately after his 1935 award, and James Cagney, 1942 winner, went into a steep dive from which he took

years to recover. At first, the 10-inch-high, 7lb., bronze, gold-plated statuette was nameless. Then, just before the 1932 awards, a Mrs. Margaret Herrick, secretary to the Academy, casually picked one up and murmured, "Why, it's just like my Uncle Oscar!"

Cedric Gibbons, an executive art director for M.G.M., doodled the original Oscar.

Contenders for 1957 awards include Deborah Kerr, Eva Marie Saint, Anna Magnani, Maria Schell, Joanne Woodward, Alec Guinness, Marlon Brando, Anthony Quinn, Frank Sinatra, and Henry Fonda.

### ★ PREVIOUS WINNERS ★

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| 1928 Janet Gaynor—"Seventh Heaven."             | 1928 Emil Jannings—"The Way of All Flesh."                                     |
| 1929 Mary Pickford—"Coquette."                  | 1929 Warner Baxter—"In Old Arizona."   |
| 1930 Norma Shearer—"The Divorcee."              | 1930 George Arliss—"Disraeli."   |
| 1931 Marie Dressler—"Min and Bill."             | 1931 Lionel Barrymore—"A Free Soul."   |
| 1932 Helen Hayes—"The Sign of the Cross."       | 1932 (tie) Fredric March—"Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"; Wallace Beery—"The Champ." |
| 1933 Katharine Hepburn—"Morning Glory."         | 1933 Charles Laughton—"The Private Life of Henry VIII."                        |
| 1934 Claudette Colbert—"It Happened One Night." | 1934 Clark Gable—"It Happened One Night."                                      |
| 1935 Bette Davis—"Dangerous."                   | 1935 Victor McLaglen—"The Informer."   |
| 1936 Luise Rainer—"The Great Ziegfeld."         | 1936 Paul Muni—"The Story of Louis Pasteur."                                   |
| 1937 Luise Rainer—"The Good Earth."             | 1937 Spencer Tracy—"Captains Courageous."                                      |
| 1938 Bette Davis—"Jezebel."                     | 1938 Spencer Tracy—"Boys' Town."   |
| 1939 Vivien Leigh—"Gone With the Wind."         | 1939 Robert Donat—"Goodbye, Mr. Chips."  |
| 1940 Ginger Rogers—"Kitty Foyle."               | 1940 James Stewart—"The Philadelphia Story."                                   |
| 1941 Joan Fontaine—"Suspicion."                 | 1941 Gary Cooper—"Sergeant York."  |
| 1942 Greer Garson—"Mrs. Miniver."               | 1942 James Cagney—"Yankee Doodle Dandy."                                       |
| 1943 Jennifer Jones—"The Song of Bernadette."   | 1943 Paul Lukas—"Watch on the Rhine."  |
| 1944 Ingrid Bergman—"Gaslight."                 | 1944 Bing Crosby—"Going My Way."   |
| 1945 Joan Crawford—"Mildred Pierce."            | 1945 Ray Milland—"The Lost Weekend."   |
| 1946 Olivia de Havilland—"To Each His Own."     | 1946 Fredric March—"The Best Years of Our Lives."                              |
| 1947 Loretta Young—"The Farmer's Daughter."     | 1947 Ronald Colman—"A Double Life."  |
| 1948 Jane Wyman—"Johnny Belinda."               | 1948 Laurence Olivier—"Hamlet."  |
| 1949 Olivia de Havilland—"The Heiress."         | 1949 Broderick Crawford—"All the King's Men."                                  |
| 1950 Judy Holliday—"Born Yesterday."            | 1950 Jose Ferrer—"Cyrano de Bergerac."   |
| 1951 Vivien Leigh—"A Streetcar Named Desire."   | 1951 Humphrey Bogart—"The African Queen."                                      |
| 1952 Shirley Booth—"Come Back, Little Sheba."   | 1952 Gary Cooper—"High Noon."  |
| 1953 Audrey Hepburn—"Roman Holiday."            | 1953 William Holden—"Stalag 17."   |
| 1954 Grace Kelly—"The Country Girl."            | 1954 Marlon Brando—"On the Waterfront."  |
| 1955 Anna Magnani—"The Rose Tattoo."            | 1955 Ernest Borgnine—"Marty."  |
| 1956 Ingrid Bergman—"Anastasia."                | 1956 Yul Brynner—"The King and I."   |





**1928**—Janet Gaynor won the first merit trophy (as the Oscar was then called) for "Seventh Heaven." That's Doug Fairbanks presenting the award.



**1931**—Marie Dressler (second from left) and Lionel Barrymore (right) are congratulated on their 1931 awards by Norma Shearer and George Arliss, who took the best actor-actress honors for 1930.



**1934**—Claudette Colbert received her Oscar from (then) child actress Shirley Temple. The highest acting honors of the year went to Claudette for her part in "It Happened One Night."



**1937**—Film executive Louis B. Mayer presents the year's awards to Luise Rainer (centre) and to Mrs. Spencer Tracy, who represented her husband, who at that time was ill in hospital.



**1939**—Vivien Leigh received her trophy from Spencer Tracy for her role in "Gone With the Wind." Thomas Mitchell (second from right) was the year's best supporting actor. Actress Fay Bainter is seen at right.



**1939**—English actor Robert Donat as the beloved Mr. Chips of James Hilton's story. The role won Donat the title of the year's best actor, a popular choice.



**1942**—Greer Garson, named best actress of the year for her delightful "Mrs. Miniver," received a congratulatory kiss and hug from friendly and slightly bearded co-star Walter Pidgeon.



**1952**—As the marshal in the Western classic "High Noon," Gary Cooper won an Oscar and a nation-wide Press poll for the best performance by an actor.



**DEBORAH KERR** as Sister Angelica, the shipwrecked nun in "Heaven Knows, Mr. Allison," from Australian Charles Shaw's book of the same name. Deborah's performance in this lengthy role made her a strong contender for 1957 Award nomination.



**EVA MARIE SAINT**, whose young wife of a dope addict in "A Hatful of Rain" was likely "best actress" material. Her work in M.G.M.'s "Raintree County" (not yet seen in Australia) also put her well in the running for an alternative "best support."



## New Film Releases

### ★★ UNTIL THEY SAIL

M.G.M. drama, with Jean Simmons, Joan Fontaine, Piper Laurie, Sandra Dee. CinemaScope. Liberty, Sydney.

**S**ENSITIVELY acted, and directed by Robert Wise, "Until They Sail," a wartime drama with a New Zealand setting, could have been one of the year's best films.

Just one thing spoils it—the stupid miscasting of Wally Cassell as Shiner, the supposed New Zealander. Shiner, with Cockney accent, bowler hat, and cigar stub in mouth, looks more like a refugee from Petticoat Lane than a New Zealander off to battle.

Living together in Christchurch are four sisters who have a lonely and manless existence until American forces arrive in the Dominion.

Piper Laurie is the one who goes off the rails, Joan Fontaine the young woman of reserved dignity, Jean Simmons the faithful wife, and Sandra Dee the young school-girl growing up in those strange years.

For those who remember that time, and the tug between tragedy and happiness, "Until They Sail" is highly recommended. Only for miscast Shiner...—H.F.

In a word: **EMOTIONAL.**

### OUR FILM GRADINGS

- ★★★★ Excellent
- ★★★ Above average
- ★ Average
- No stars—below average

### ★★ THE PRIDE AND THE PASSION

United Artists drama, with Cary Grant, Frank Sinatra, Sophia Loren. In VistaVision, Technicolor. Regent, Sydney.

**F**RANK SINATRA, as the tough little Spanish guerrilla leader inspiring his countrymen to resist the invasion of the French during the Napoleonic wars, steals the acting honors.

Sophia Loren is the Spanish girl who loves both men, in different ways, and Cary Grant is the British naval captain who helps the Spanish guerrillas for the sake of the girl.

The film was taken from C. S. Forester's book "The Gun," and is the story of an enormous gun which the guerrillas hauled over hundreds of miles, against almost insurmountable odds, to bombard the French headquarters at Avila.—A.M.B.

In a word: **SPECTACULAR.**

### ★★ THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON

Columbia comedy with Kenneth More, Diane Cilento, Cecil Parker, Sally Ann Howes. Technicolor. State, Sydney.

**D**OMINATING this film, based on the J. M. Barrie play, Kenneth More in the title role of that admirable butler Crichton knows what to do whether in stately home or on a desert island.

In this witty comedy of manners, Lord Loam (Cecil Parker) is the aristocrat who believes in social equality, and Crichton the servant who argues against this.

When, on a luxury cruise, shipwreck occurs, roles are suddenly switched—Crichton, through ability, becoming "governor" of the island, his love sought by Lord Loam's daughters, as well as by the Cockney "Tweeny" (Diane Cilento), all accent and naivete.

Well acted, this film is marred by bad color.—H.F.

In a word: **AMUSES.**

### ★★ NANA

French-language drama with Martine Carol, Charles Boyer, Walter Chiari, Paul Frankeur. Eastman Color. Savoy, Sydney.

**T**HIS was Emile Zola's book; it is Charles Boyer's film.

As Earl Muffat, Lord Chamberlain to Napoleon III, Boyer has never deviated from his duty, or weakened in de-



votion to his wife (Elisa Cegani).

Surprising himself, and the whole of Paris, Boyer becomes infatuated with apricot-haired actress Nana (Martine Carol), whose affairs have been notorious.

Shallowly beautiful Nana, as time passes, robs Muffat of his fortune, his family, and his honor.

Making the transition from his first self, a man to whom excess is distasteful, to his second personality as lover and tragic figure, Boyer matches past performances in "Mayerling" and "Marie Walewska."

Exquisite color and photography show 19th-century Paris.

Martine Carol, however, as Nana the courtesan, is more

**DISTINGUISHED AUDIENCE** at Paramount's Canberra preview of "The Ten Commandments" included (from left) the American Ambassador, Mr. W. J. Sebald, Mrs. R. Graham, Mrs. Sebald, Mr. R. Graham, managing director for Paramount in Australasia, and wife of the Prime Minister, Dame Pattie Menzies.

strident than convincing.—H.F.

In a word: **PASSION.**

★ **JAILHOUSE ROCK** M.G.M. "musical," with Elvis Presley, Judy Tyler, Mickey Shaughnessy. In CinemaScope. St. James, Sydney.

**E**VEN fans of Elvis Presley's peculiar style of singing would be hard put to enjoy seeing him in this story of a young man who goes to gaol for accidentally killing a man in a bar-room brawl, and emerges to

make his name as a singer.

His sullen face, with the perpetual open-mouthed sneer, grimaces through every song, while he clutches his stomach, and writhes and twitches as if suffering from some strange disease.

His behaviour never deviates from that of an ill-mannered lout.

Presley fans might find this film 95 minutes of "real cool" entertainment, but everyone else will find it 95 minutes too long.—A.M.B.

In a word: **UNPLEASANT.**

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**1 ITALIAN BRIDE** Gioia (Anna Magnani) arrives in America with husband Gino (Anthony Quinn), whose late wife was Gioia's sister. Bene (Anthony Franciosa) meets them.



**2 AT FAMILY PARTY** Gino's daughter Angie (Dolores Hart) and brother Alberto (Joseph Calleia) welcome Gioia. Joy is marred when Gino keeps likening her to his dead wife Rosanna.

## "WILD IS THE WIND"



**3 RANCH ASSISTANT** Bene, brought up as Gino's son, saves Gioia from a bolting horse. Full of relief, Gioia kisses Bene, who is practically engaged to Angie.

★ Latest vehicle for the talents of fiery Italian actress Anna Magnani is Paramount's "Wild is the Wind," a Hal Wallis production in VistaVision. Matching Magnani's forceful performance, actors Anthony Quinn and Anthony Franciosa bring dramatic power to this film with a Nevada sheep-ranch setting. Emotions run high as turbulent Magnani hates and loves.



**4 LEFT.** Gioia's hidden emotions come to the surface at a party when Rosanna's name recurs. At once the dance stops.

**5 ABOVE.** Alone in her room, Gioia refuses to see Gino, who leaves on business. Later Gioia and Bene make love.



**6 VIOLENT SCENE** occurs on Gino's return. Finding his wife and Bene talking together on the mountainside, he drags her away, then thrashes Bene unmercifully.



**7 DECIDING** that she must return to Italy, Gioia reaches the airport. Just before take-off, Gino arrives, both plead forgiveness, confess loneliness, and Gioia returns to the ranch, which Bene has left forever.



And for a week it was wonderful. It really was. The children were happy, and so was Millie."

"And then what happened?" "Well, as Millie told you, she began to imagine this strange blond woman was watching her. Jamie played a trick one day, wearing a blond wig, and frightened her, but that same night she came home from a dance positively trembling. She said this woman had been watching her from the Square gardens. After that, somehow, she was never quite the same. I should have realised, but I'm afraid I didn't. And then it was too late."

"Do you think she has invented this woman?"

Harriet looked surprised. "No, I don't! She was in a state of absolute panic. She couldn't have invented that."

"Something else could have frightened her."

But Harriet shook her head. "No, I don't think so. She couldn't have made it up about the woman. She just hasn't enough imagination."

"I'd like to talk to her again," the Inspector said. "So far, I haven't got much beyond tears."

Harriet smiled wryly. "You'll get plenty of those, I'm afraid."

"She sticks to this rather odd story that she told Jamie to stay home that afternoon. Was that a usual thing to do?"

"Not at all. She'd never done it before or Jamie would have told me."

"It was very cold and she wanted to hurry. That's plausible enough. But it seems to me there might be more behind it. Send her in again, will you? And after that I'll see Palmer's servant—what's his name, Jones? The man with the sick wife. By the way, I suppose he has a sick wife?"

"Oh, I'm sure he has. He worries so much about her."

"But you don't know of anyone who has actually seen her? Well, we'll check on that later. I also want to see the porter."

## Continuing . . . Listen To Danger

from page 63

Inspector Burns looked up and smiled. "Cheer up, Mrs. Lacey. We're getting on nicely. Do you think your woman could make some more of that very good coffee?"

It was ten o'clock. Jones had been late for work, and Flynn had bathed and shaved before he arrived. He apologised for his lateness, saying that his wife had had a particularly bad night.

"She got upset because I was late getting home, sir."

"But you rang and told her you would be late."

"I know I did, but it's the first time I've done it and it worried her. Goodness knows what she really thought I was up to." Jones gave a somewhat hollow laugh. "And after that she couldn't sleep. I was up half-a-dozen times, making her hot drinks and things. It's her nerves, you see, sir."

**F**LYNN said ironically, "Well, it's a pity you weren't up to something more diverting last night. If one's going to worry, one might as well have a real cause."

"It was diverting enough in its peculiar way, sir. I've been wondering all night what happened. I was going to ring, but I didn't want to disturb you. If there had been anyone to be with Nell I wouldn't have gone home."

"You couldn't have done anything here."

"You say the children didn't come back, sir?"

"The children didn't come back. There was a threatening phone call at eleven o'clock, and this morning at eight a mysterious parcel. At eight-thirty the police arrived. So now it's out of our hands."

"The police! Oh, sir!" "Confound you, Jones! Don't sound so suicidal."

"But it isn't that—I mean, the fat in the fire, and all that? Of course, I don't know

the whole story since nine o'clock last night."

"No, you don't." Flynn's voice was sharp. "So please keep your criticisms to yourself. Calling the police was the logical thing to do. It should never have been delayed. Criminals are like dictators. A taste of power and they can't resist more. Anyway, you and I have bungled it badly enough. The police can't do worse."

"I expect you're right, sir." Jones was the well-trained servant again. "What were you planning to have for lunch, sir? And will you be having guests?"

"Oh, heavens, Zoe! She's sure to be in to find out about our impromptu visit. And we must see that Harriet eats. Better get a cold chicken. Ring for it. Don't go out, because the inspector will probably want a word with you at some time."

"Very good, sir. Dear, dear, what a business this all is. What about the girl, sir?"

"The girl?" "Millicent, sir. She was in a proper funk, wasn't she. I should think the police would just about finish her off."

It was true that Millie was in a lamentable state of funk. Twice she had been cross-examined by the inspector, whose mild eyes, in some strange way, seemed to see right into her. She had stuck stubbornly to the story she had told previously, although she had had an uneasy feeling that the inspector didn't believe more than half of it.

He kept questioning her about the blond woman, but there she could be convincing enough because she still got the shivers when she thought of that strange, menacing figure. They all believed it was a man who had taken the children, but she knew it was that woman. She just knew it. She had only to tell of the

threatening voice on the telephone and the plan to leave Arabella outside the chain-store and probably they would trace the children in no time. She was genuinely fearful for the children's safety, but the fear for her own was greater. If she told she would also have to confess to taking the earrings. And that meant either gaol or losing Fred, or both.

She couldn't make that sacrifice. She couldn't really. And anyway the children were all right so far, because hadn't Jamie rung up that morning?

The inspector did keep on saying in his soft, persuasive voice that now the police were investigating it might considerably increase the children's danger. Therefore it was most urgent to trace them immediately.

But why should she sacrifice her life for two kids who had everything, an adoring mother, servants, a lovely home. She'd never had any of those things, only that crowded cottage falling to bits with damp, filled with squalling kids, and the sound of her mother and father shouting at each other. It had been time something nice happened to her.

Now it had happened, in the shape of Fred. But no sooner had he appeared than he was to be snatched tantalisingly away. No, she wouldn't let him go, not for all the pampered kids in the world.

If only she hadn't borrowed those earrings . . . Mum had always said her vanity would get her into trouble . . .

Supposing the police tracked down the blond woman and she told about the earrings . . .

Then it would have been better if Millie had confessed of her own accord.

She had wanted to scream and scream when they had shown her Arabella's curls. Jamie was a holy terror, but the baby had been soft and laughing and sweet. It would

To page 71

that **GALA** look . . .



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**5 YEAR GUARANTEE**

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New Balm's amazing action

MILLIONS of people suffer needlessly from the pain and embarrassment of spots and pimples. Many common skin troubles such as rashes, sores and eczema can now be healed, often in only a few days. What causes these troubles? Germs which breed under your skin.

No single antiseptic can kill the whole wide range of these germs.

That's why new Valderma Balm contains two powerful antiseptics. They penetrate deep under your skin in the specially emulsified healing oils. Septic matter isn't sealed in the bad place; it can escape. Irritation ends. Your skin trouble quickly vanishes. The skin is left clear, healthy. Creamy Valderma Balm is sold at chemists: tubes 2s. 6d., jars 3s. 6d.

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CURLYPET makes baby's hair grow curly... removes nasty cradlecap. Get a month's supply of CURLYPET from your Chemist or Store for 4/10.

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**Dr. Scholl's ZINO-PADS**

## PRACTICAL HOUSEHOLDER

You'll save pounds and pounds if you spend 2/- a month on "Practical Householder," Australia's big Do-It-Yourself magazine. Packed with information on how to do those odd jobs round the house, it's on sale at all newsagents.

Continuing . . . .

## Listen To Danger

from page 69

be so awful if something had happened to her.

Perhaps she should tell . . . She felt as if she had been cooped up in the flat for weeks. It was almost as bad as being in gaol. And Fred didn't ring, or come near. It wasn't fair of him to treat her like this, when he knew what she must be going through. If he wouldn't come and see her, why shouldn't she go and see him?

The idea sprang into her mind and grew excitingly urgent. She had stayed faithfully in the flat when Mrs. Lacey had told her not to leave it in case the telephone rang. She had been lonely and terrified for hours, but she had obeyed.

Now there was no need to be there, because the inspector and Constable Reilly were shut in the living-room, and they could look after the telephone if it rang. She would slip quietly down to the basement and have a word with Fred. If he would just tell her that he still liked her and would be seeing her when this business was cleared up, she would be happy.

It was not difficult to tiptoe quietly through the hall and slip out of the door. She did not take the lift, but ran all the way down the five flights of stairs, and arrived breathless at the door to the basement flat.

IT was a pity that it was Fred's mother who came to the door. The old lady did not like her, and one look at her face showed that she had not changed her mind.

"What do you want?" she asked rudely.

"I want to see Fred."

"He's not here."

"Then where is he? I've got a right to see him, surely."

"That's up to you, young lady. But if I was you, I'd wait first to see if Fred wanted to see me."

"Why shouldn't he want to see me? He wanted me enough the other night." Millie was getting angry. "I believe it's you that's stopping him."

Mrs. Helps gave a humorless smile.

"My Fred does as he likes, I'm sorry to say. And he's not backward about pursuing girls if he likes them." Her faded gaze, flicking over Millie, was significant. Millie interpreted it clearly enough. The nasty old woman was speaking the truth.

If Fred wanted to see her, he wouldn't be backward about it. So he obviously wasn't interested in her any more. But why? What had she done? Had she bored him the other night? Had he thought she was too prudish when they sat in the gardens?

Well, if that's the way it was, there wasn't much point in keeping her secret. She might as well be brave and confess to everything. If she lost Fred, it didn't really matter if she went to gaol . . .

Disconsolately and wearily Millie climbed the stairs. She had her head down and scarcely noticed where she was going. At the top of the fourth flight she almost bumped into Jones, who was coming down from Mrs. Lacey's flat.

He said, "I beg your pardon, miss," in his polite voice.

"It was my fault. I wasn't looking where I was going," Millie looked up into his long, earnest face, and had a sudden desire to keep him there talking. She hadn't talked to anyone for so long, because you couldn't count Mrs. Lacey, or that fault-finding Mrs.

Blunt with her do this and do that. "Have you been cross-examined, too?"

"The inspector asked me a few questions. But I'm sorry to say I couldn't help him much, being an onlooker only, so to speak. It must all have been a horrible experience for you."

The sympathy in the man's voice brought the ready tears to Millie's eyes.

"Oh, Jones, if you only knew! I've been that scared."

"Scared? What of?" Jones gave an intimate and teasing smile. "You're a little too big to be kidnapped."

"It's not that I'm frightened of," Millie blurted out. "It's the voice on the telephone. And that woman with the long hair who watches me!" Suddenly confession, even partial confession, was such a relief that the words tumbled out. "You see, I lost Mrs. Lacey's earrings, and this woman knows, so she threatens me."

Jones' eyes were narrow and interested.

"Have you told this to the police?"

"No, not yet. I was so scared of being sent to gaol. But now—" Millie's tears overflowed once more—"it doesn't really matter. If it's my life or the children's, it ought to be the children's, oughtn't it? They're only babies, Oh, it's all so awful!"

Millie began to stumble away, blind with tears. Jones' voice followed her sternly: "You ought to tell the police everything that you think might help. It's very wrong to hide anything."

"Should I?" Millie faltered, her courage ebbing again.

"I won't give you away, but when the Inspector comes back this afternoon you should certainly tell him anything that seems important. You say this woman threatened you?"

"Yes. At least—Oh, if only I could talk to Fred. He'd tell me what to do. But his mother says he doesn't want to see me." The corners of Millie's mouth were turned down like a child about to bawl.

"Cheer up," said Jones. "I'd say the old woman's making that up. She's a bit jealous. I wouldn't wonder. You'll find Fred will be round. How long is it since you saw him?"

"Two days."

"Two days! Good gracious! That's half a lifetime, isn't it? I wouldn't wonder if he's not on the phone this minute."

"Oh, do you think so?"

"Could be," Jones smiled tolerantly. He was really rather nice, with his sharp, black eyes and his teasing smile. But she had no time to think about him now, because it well could happen that Fred was on the telephone. His mother might have told him she was down, and he'd be ringing to say he was sorry his mother was such an old meanie.

With resilient spirits, Millie began to giggle.

"I'd better go, then."

"Don't know what Fred's thinking of, a pretty girl like you. But you tell the inspector all you know, Miss. You don't know what might be a clue, and there's those poor kids to think of."

"Yes," said Millie hurriedly. "Yes, I guess so. Goodbye. Jones. And thanks for cheering me up."

Flynn insisted that Harriet should come down to lunch. Mrs. Blunt was staying on for a while to see if she could be of help, and Millie was there. Either of them could run down

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## BOTH ARE EXCELLENT HOUSEWIVES

—but which would you say was the most thoughtful?



An unpleasant task, but Mrs. A. scrubs her toilet bowl regularly. It looks reasonably clean, and that's enough for Mrs. A. She never thinks of the hidden "S" bend, around which no brush can possibly reach.



Mrs. B. is very conscious of the hidden "S" bend, and realises that a brush alone will not do the job. So she sprinkles Harpic last thing every night, and has the added satisfaction of knowing that the whole toilet will be sparkling clean . . . free of germs and unpleasant odours.

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To keep your toilet clean and bright Sprinkle Harpic every night

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Lavatory Cleanser

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DAYS after using ordinary preparations — dandruff comes back because hard scaly layer remains.

MONTHS after using Theraderm—still no dandruff because Theraderm removes hard scaly layer.

Clear them up  
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Certain laxatives operate before your food has had time to be of maximum benefit—they leave you feeling weak. Beecham's Pills are a special laxative treatment that ensures a thorough clearance only when you have digested your food properly and completely absorbed the essential proteins and vitamins. By taking Beecham's Pills you will relieve constipation and derive full value from your food. So choose...

**BEECHAM'S**  
THE WORLD FAMOUS LAXATIVE **pills**

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BP. AUS. 5/57

Continuing . . .

## Listen To Danger

from page 71

with a message if anything happened. Inspector Burns was working on a plan to have Harriet carefully but invisibly screened that night when she made her second bleak trip with the parcel of money.

So there was nothing to do now but wait.

It was impossible to deny that the hours passed more quickly in Flynn's company than when she was restlessly and tensely waiting alone. Waiting for what? The telephone to ring with another sinister message? The postman to come?

It was too much to hope that the doorbell would ring, and there would be the children on the doorstep. To see them again now seemed like a radiant and completely unrealisable dream. She was bogged down in the dark nightmare. It was only Flynn who kept her even partially sane.

If the police had been there to trace Jamie's call all might have been over by now. She should have called them long ago. But if they had been called, something more dreadful than Arabella's shorn curls might have arrived in the post.

If Flynn, in his determination to help, had not followed her last night, all might have been over by now. The kidnapper might really have been honest.

But, again, how could one know?

THE knowledge to cling to was that the children were still alive. Jamie's voice had been vigorous and indignant. He was such a grand, tough little boy. Even this bewildering and frightening thing that had happened to him had not cowed him. Joe would have been so proud of him.

"But he needs a father, Harriet, darling. He's going to be too much for you to handle."

The words seemed to come out of the air. They must have been in her own mind, but for a moment, fantastically, it seemed as if Joe had spoken them.

She was still thinking about them as she went down to Flynn's flat on the third floor.

It was foolish of her to have forgotten all about Zoe, or not to remember that such a constant visitor would not allow two days to go by without calling on Flynn. Especially after what had happened yesterday.

She had apparently just arrived. As Jones let Harriet in, Harriet heard Zoe saying incredulously, "But you couldn't have thought I would have them!"

Flynn's sharp ears had caught Harriet's footsteps. "Come in, Harriet. I've just been telling Zoe everything."

"Harriet, darling, how dreadful!" Zoe burst out with complete sincerity. "But surely you couldn't have thought I'd play a trick like that on you! Oh, I know I wasn't very polite the other day, but I guess I was in a bad mood. You shouldn't have taken it seriously."

Zoe's pretty face was so distressed that Harriet found herself liking her more than she had ever done.

"I didn't really take it seriously," she said. "But you understand I had to explore every avenue, no matter how unlikely. I wish you had had the children. Then it really would have been only a joke."

"A pretty unfunny one for us all," Zoe said. "Do you think I'd let Jamie loose in my room?"

"What was going on between you girls?" Flynn asked inquisitively. "I didn't hear about this."

"It's time those greedy ears of yours missed something," Zoe said flippantly. "Well, how did you like my room, Harriet?"

Her voice remained light and flippant, but her eyes did not. Those long, sea-green eyes were full of apprehension. Did you see the wedding dress? They were asking. And did you tell Flynn about it?

"Your room was nice," said Harriet. "And I didn't know you were so clever at sewing." "Zoe sewing!" Flynn exclaimed. "I thought she did nothing but stand in elegant postures?"

"I sometimes make things for my friends," Zoe said defensively. "It helps. Jobs aren't all that plentiful. You don't know?"

"I don't if you don't tell me," Flynn reached for her hand. He patted it reassuringly. "You should let me look after you better than that."

Zoe's lip trembled. For a moment it seemed that she was going to fling herself into Flynn's arms and weep. Then abruptly she pulled herself together. She tossed her head, and her face hardened.

"I can look after myself, thank you very much. But I'm not averse to some food if there's any. That dress I'm making is for my cousin. Do you think she will like it, Harriet?"

"I'm sure she will," Harriet said sincerely.

"You know, Flynn," Zoe went on, "I was jealous of Harriet. I thought she had such a lot—two kids, a nice flat, a wonderful career. But now this horrible thing has happened. You can never be certain of anything, can you? Oh, well! I guess one lives and learns. Aren't we going to have a drink? I certainly need one."

"Help yourself," said Flynn. "Give Harriet one. I'll have a whisky. Don't drown it."

"Isn't there anything we can do about those kids?" Zoe asked. Suddenly she began to laugh without mirth. "When I think of me landing them on Mrs. Higgs! That would be the day. But I don't blame you for being suspicious."

"You were very secretive about your address," Flynn pointed out.

"I'd only just moved there, and I'm not exactly proud of it. I have to walk half a mile to catch a bus. But it's cheap. Or cheaper than some."

"You're a very silly girl," said Flynn. "You know that I'd help you get on your feet. You've only to ask."

Zoe looked at him with narrowed eyes.

"Maybe I could use some help, too."

And in that moment Harriet knew that she had discarded her cherished dream. The half-finished wedding dress would be swept away and hidden in some drawer. The small amount of softness there had been in Zoe would disappear. She would grow astute and mercenary, her lovely green eyes alert for the best chance. She would succeed, too. She might even be happy, since money and success represented happiness to her.

But with the discarded wedding dress went the last fragments of her youthful innocence.

As she said, one lived and learned. It was all enormously sad . . .

"Where's Jones?" asked Flynn. "We'll have something

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 12, 1958



## Continuing . . . Listen To Danger

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to eat. Oh, there's the telephone. Wait, he'll answer it." Jones did not, however, answer the telephone in his usual prompt way. The bell went on shrilling. Harriet, her nerves tensed to that now dreaded sound, went herself to pick up the receiver.

The voice that came into her ear was frail and far-off, and somehow curiously unreal. "Is my husband there, please?"

"Your husband?"

"Yes, Mr. Jones. Have I the right number?"

"Oh, you're Mrs. Jones!" Harriet exclaimed. The sick wife! The one about whose existence Inspector Burns had expressed doubt.

"I said so, didn't I?"

"Wait a moment, will you? I'll get him."

But Jones was not in the flat. Harriet looked in the kitchen and the bedrooms without success.

"Confound him!" Flynn exclaimed. "I told him not to go out. He'll be back in a minute, surely. Tell the little woman that."

"Is she always ringing?"

Zoe asked, with amazement.

"Quite often, yes. She clings."

"Jones doesn't look a frightfully strong thing to cling to."

"Thin but wiry."

Harriet picked up the receiver.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Jones. Your husband will be back in a moment. I'll tell him you rang."

"Yes, do that, will you, dear? I don't know who you are, but please tell him I'm very worried. That Miss Lane, she's my nurse, you know, she's out just now or I wouldn't be ringing, well, anyway, I've discovered that she's been stealing my clothes. Of course, I can't wear them myself, I'm quite bedridden, but all the same, one doesn't want one's best coat to be worn by someone else whom one doesn't even like!"

"If I'd voluntarily given it to her, that would be quite another thing. A baratha. I had it tailored by a good man. Oh, of course, I know it isn't new any longer. But she'll have to go. One can't have that sort of thing happening. You will ask my husband to ring me, won't you. And within half an hour, because after that Miss Lane will be back. Thank you very much, dear. I don't know who you are, but I'm sure you're trustworthy."

Harriet put down the receiver.

"What's the bee in her bonnet now?" Flynn called.

"Not in her bonnet, in her coat." Harriet had a mad desire to laugh, with a mixture of impatience and amusement. She visualised a tall, rather thin bumblebee strolling along the High Street in an old-fashioned but good tailored baratha coat . . .

Jones came in a moment later, carrying parcels.

"Your wife has just been ringing," Harriet told him.

"Oh, dear! Is anything wrong?"

Harriet remembered the thin, complaining voice and was sorry for Jones. He was so anxious, so ready to be bullied . . .

"It isn't serious. Something about Miss Lane and a missing coat."

### Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2500 to 6000 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate.

Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4066W, G.P.O., Sydney.

Flynn was calling impatiently. "Jones, I thought I told you not to go out."

"It was just to get some greens, sir. I just slipped round the corner. I thought you'd want some with the chicken."

"It wouldn't have been a major calamity to go without them. All right, cook them and don't waste time. What's the day like out?"

"Cold and foggy, sir. It's not snowing, but it probably will."

Flynn walked restlessly about the room.

"Look out of the window, Harriet. Tell me what you can see."

The scene was not reassuring. There were the knotted and leafless branches of the trees in the gardens, swirling with mist, a few traces of snow still on the grass. Cars were parked along the street, but there were few people about, a man in a raincoat loitering on the corner opposite, a woman overlaid with shopping bags, a policeman carefully taking the number of an obstructing car. It was all quiet and forlorn, with nothing to indicate that the sun would ever shine again, or the trees burst into radiant leaf.

But she related obediently

what she saw, and Flynn said, "The man in the raincoat will be a plain-clothes man, I should think. I shouldn't be surprised, too, if the car-parkers in this square have an unfortunate time today." He rapped his stick on the floor with restrained violence.

"It's so hard doing nothing," Harriet said, speaking the words for him.

"We can have another drink, can't we?" Zoe suggested. "I've got a modelling job this afternoon, but as long as I can stand upright, who cares?"

"Does that man look unobtrusive, Harriet?"

"He's lighting a cigarette. Yes, now he's strolling on."

"We can trust Scotland Yard to do the best possible job. After all, it's better than sitting helplessly all day waiting until nine o'clock, and knowing nothing's being done."

"Flynn, stop worrying. I helped you call the police, didn't I?"

"Would you have done it yourself?"

"I—I expect so. After that parcel."

Harriet hugged her arms round herself, trying to stop shivering. Zoe handed her another drink. What a fine trio they were, she thought. Zoe with her shattered dreams (but she hadn't really loved Flynn, she had been thinking of an easy life; it had been a rosy dream of a constant supply of good clothes and champagne), herself with her lost children, Flynn so angrily helpless because of his blindness . . .

Jones, too, to make a quartet, with his anxiety about his strange, ailing wife . . .

But the hours were going by. It was one o'clock already. Only eight more to that second journey . . .

Flynn picked up her thoughts, for he said suddenly, "What are you going to use for money tonight?"

"The Inspector is arranging about that. I don't have to do anything except take a look at the site this afternoon."

"I'll come with you."

"Of course. If you want to."

"You'll have to be my eyes again, curse it."

"Does she make a good pair of eyes?" Zoe asked in her flip-pant voice.

"Excellent. Except that I don't know their color."

"What a perfectionist you are. Even though you do play at husbands and wives, it's a thing quite a lot of husbands don't know about their wives." Zoe's voice remained flip-pant.

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Joan Collins starring in "STOPOVER TOKYO"

A 20th Century-Fox Production



## JOAN COLLINS LOVES LUSTRE-CREME SHAMPOO

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Page 73

## IRON-ON TRANSFER AND PATTERN

LOVELY sprays of lilac blossom are featured on iron-on transfer No. FP204. All shades of lilac and purple are high-fashion colors this winter, so these transfers will be ideal for decorating blouses, scarves, and even household linens.



All you have to do is press the transfer on to the material with a warm iron for a long-lasting, attractive decoration. Price of each transfer sheet is 2/6.

Also available is the pattern for the simple blouse shown at left. The blouse is very easy to make and is ideal for wearing with summer skirts or under autumn suits. Obtainable in sizes 32 to 38in., the pattern costs 2/-.

• Order your transfer and pattern from our Needlework Department, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - March 12, 1958





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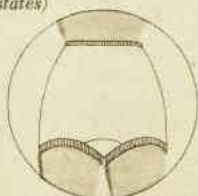
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but Harriet caught the suddenly bleak knowledgeable look she gave Flynn, and that strange, unexpected tremor of delight shot through her again. It was connected with the love-letters she had read about the unknown Mary Weston, with the feel of Flynn's arm in hers on the staircase of that dreary boarding-house yesterday, and the sudden unexpected desire she had had last night to lay her head on his breast. It was a faint thread weaving through the darkness, like the promise of the inevitable spring.

"My eyes are blue," she said flatly. "Unremarkable." And then the unnerving moment had gone with Jones coming in to announce in the pompous voice he assumed for those occasions that luncheon was served.

It was a little later that the telephone rang again. "Answer that, Jones, but if it's your wife tell her she must keep off the line today. I'm sorry, but it may be wanted much more urgently."

"I understand, sir," Jones said, and disappeared into the hall, closing the door behind him.

Almost immediately he was back, acutely distressed.

"Oh, sir, I'm very sorry, but Nell's had a bad turn. I'll have to go to her."

Flynn's head shot up suspiciously.

"Did she ring you and tell you that herself?"

"No, it was Miss Lane, her companion, the one I told you I don't trust, sir."

"The one who stole the coat?" Harriet said.

"Yes, apparently poor Nell got out of bed and fell. She's had some kind of seizure. I'm sorry, sir, but I'll have to go."

"But, Jones, I wanted you to drive us to Hammersmith. Very well, if it's really serious you'll have to go. We can get a taxi."

Jones looked at Harriet. He was in a pitiful state of agitation, perspiration on his brow, his mouth working.

"I can't say how sorry I am at this time, madam—"

## Continuing . . . Listen To Danger

from page 73

"You can't help that, Jones. My troubles aren't yours. Don't waste time. Get away."

"Thank you, madam. I'll keep in touch, sir, and come back later if I can."

The telephone had been ringing in Harriet's flat, too. This had been an hour ago, and Millie had been able to do nothing but look at it in fear, like a mesmerised rabbit. Oh, if it was that awful voice again she would die . . .

Mrs. Blunt, however, had no inhibitions.

"What's wrong? It won't eat you," she said scathingly, and

thought you'd disappeared off the face of the earth."

"Come off it. It's only a couple of days since I saw you."

"I know, but there've been so many awful things happening, and I've been cooped up here."

Fred's voice softened.

"Been having a bad time, have you? Police been asking too many questions?"

"What do you mean?"

"Well, you were a bit careless, weren't you?"

"If you only knew—" Millie

four and we'll walk across to a sweet little pub I know. Can you make it?"

"I'll make it somehow."

"Good girl!"

"But whereabouts, Fred? It's a big place."

"At the first bus-stop on a 73 bus. If I'm not waiting for you there's a seat there, facing the football field. But I won't be late."

"Please don't be. It'll be getting dark by then."

"Go on with you! It was much later and darker the other night."

Remembering, Millie giggled pleasantly.

"Fred, behave yourself!"

"And don't come wearing earrings to lose at inconvenient moments. Understand?"

"Yes, Fred," Millie breathed deeply. "Darling!"

"Have you made an assignment?" asked Mrs. Blunt severely.

"Just for two hours."

"You mean you can go gallivanting while those poor babies are lost?"

"I'll go mad if I stay in here any longer!" Millie cried desperately. "You don't know how awful it's been. Besides, I'm not doing anything, am I? The police are watching everything now, and, honestly, they give me the willies."

"Guilty conscience?"

"Of course not!" Millie cried indignantly. "But I've told them everything, and I can't do anything more by being here. It's only for a little while. I know Mrs. Lacey won't mind."

"A broken reed to lean on you are," Mrs. Blunt said contemptuously. "I've got to go now to my other lady. Don't you dare step outside this flat until Mrs. Lacey comes home!"

"No, I promise!" Millie said eagerly.

"And tell her I've left a note in the kitchen about coffee. Things have to go on as usual notwithstanding."

To be concluded



picking up the receiver said a brisk "Hullo! Who is it?"

A moment later she turned to Millie.

"It's for you. It's your boyfriend."

"Fred!" Millie cried incredulously. She snatched the receiver from Mrs. Blunt and then could scarcely speak.

"Oh, Fred!"

"What's up? You sound out of breath."

"No, I'm not. Well, I am a bit, with surprise." Millie tried valiantly to be laconic. "I

was horrified to find she had almost said too much. "I guess I was," she said humbly.

"Never mind, love. What can't be cured must be endured. Talking of that, could you endure my company for a couple of hours this afternoon?"

"Oh, Fred, that would be smashing!"

"It's my afternoon off. I've got to go out Barnes way to make a business call. Don't tell Ma. It's something about a bet. She doesn't approve. Meet me on the common about half past

If it's hard to "make ends meet.."

**RYVITA**  
is the bread to eat!

### IT TAKES RYE TO SATISFY

Crunchy Ryvita crispbread works two ways to make you slim. Because it is a rye crispbread, rich in natural cellulose, it satisfies your appetite sooner and keeps it satisfied longer. Because it steps up your energy with whole-rye vitamins, minerals and proteins, you burn up fat in healthy exercise. That is why nothing can take the place of Ryvita—Australia's only crispbread made from rye.

### SUMMER FUN—SMART STYLES—ARE FOR THE SLIM

Today's smart women are getting slim and staying slim by simply making Ryvita their daily bread. There's never a hungry moment when you lose unwanted weight with Ryvita, the delicious rye crispbread.



### GOOD FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY

Ryvita is all nourishment, as good for growing youngsters and figure-conscious teens as it is for older folk with 'weighty problems'.

**ALWAYS SOLD IN PACKETS,  
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The modern way to lose weight and gain energy.





This family room is an ideal place for the youngsters to kick up their heels and have fun with their friends while Mum and Dad have a quiet evening in the lounge. The open-back porch has been extended and enclosed and inexpensively panelled in ply and cypress pine. A recess houses the TV and a cupboard underneath takes the 'gram unit. Nairnfelt "Festival" completes the picture! (Pattern No. 1017/4.)



Ask for Pattern No. 1017/6



Ask for Pattern No. 1017/1



Ask for Pattern No. 1017/5



Ask for Pattern No. 1017/3

## Be care free with *Festival* ... so kind to the budget!

Here's a gay, new Nairnfelt pattern to brighten your floors and brighten your life — "Festival," colour-keyed in cheerful harmonies to give any room zip and sparkle. And this very latest pattern is just one of dozens of beautiful designs in high gloss, hardwearing Nairnfelt — the wonder floor covering that's so easy on the pocket! ..... The average room (10' x 12') can be completely transformed for under £5! Another blessing, too, is the way the glossy, hard, enamelled surface of Nairnfelt sheds dirt: a wipe over with a damp cloth or mop is all that's necessary to keep it sparkling and clean! (Some enthusiasts get a diamond finish with "Spred-ezi"!)

Roll out new floor beauty with Nairnfelt! See the full range of contemporary and traditional patterns at your favourite store — and make sure you ask for Nairnfelt, Australia's finest felt-base floorcovering.

High gloss  
**Nairnfelt**

TOP-GRADE, FELT-BASE FLOOR COVERING



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WON'T DISCOLOUR! PROTECTS, PRESERVES, BEAUTIFIES! GROCERS AND FURNISHERS EVERYWHERE!

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From the huge NAIRN organisation at Auburn, N.S.W., comes a complete range of quality floor products. Look for the brand, Nairn's — the oldest and greatest name in hard floor-coverings.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 12, 1958

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# AS I READ THE STARS

by Eve Hilliard  
For week beginning Mar. 11

## Your Sign Your Luck Your Job Your Home Your Heart Socially

<b>ARIES</b> The Ram MARCH 21 - APRIL 20	★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, violet. Gambling colors, violet, silver. Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday. Luck in a confidential mission.	★ Refrain from becoming too emotional or critical, especially in connection with partnership finances. Avoid secret financial adventures, anything not above board.	★ Get a personal lift by doing something for your loved ones. By taxing your ingenuity you may perform a minor miracle, and enjoy the happiness of those near you.	★ It's a tug-of-war when you want to go one way and your beloved prefers another. You can afford to be generous when dates are plentiful and you feel glamorous.	★ This appears to be a week of adjustment, a stock-taking of what has been accomplished, and some sort of new start seems in order, don't wait for others.
<b>TAURUS</b> The Bull APRIL 21 - MAY 20	★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, orange. Gambling colors, orange, black. Lucky days, Saturday, Sunday. Luck in group activities.	★ A hidden desire regarding money could be realized if, instead of depending on wishful thinking, you cultivate the goodwill of those who share in your enterprises.	★ Even if you feel quite self-sufficient you have little to gain by being unco-operative, and you may lose the sympathy of at least one member of the household.	★ A number of you may have a regard their ideas as superannuated and their standards do not fit in with those of your crowd.	★ Increasing pressures, demands for your help with group activities may be the result of changes, departures, or alterations in the old familiar set-up.
<b>GEMINI</b> The Twins MAY 21 - JUNE 21	★ Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, black. Gambling colors, orange, black. Lucky days, Friday, Saturday. Luck through those in authority.	★ The upward trend in your fortunes should continue, although there is the danger of expecting too much too quickly. Climb the ladder one rung at a time.	★ Take the spotlight with you ideas if they hold possibilities for improvements, or unusual adventures which could enrich family living. You can improvise.	★ Your romance may keep you starry-eyed, but you'd better come out of the stratosphere when you have work to do. Your one-and-only will like you being practical.	★ New clothes, diets, personal enhancements can add to your feeling good, and since you may be called upon to shine in public don't neglect any details.
<b>CANCER</b> The Crab JUNE 22 - JULY 22	★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, yellow. Gambling colors, yellow, grey. Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday. Luck in a personal interview.	★ Time spent in travel or with people of similar interests is not wasted if it brings you inspiration and a new slant on possibilities. Watch for useful information.	★ If you can get away for even a few hours from the ordinary round you will be able to return to family or domestic problems with a clearer perception.	★ If you have any artistic skills, music, drawing, dancing, they are one gateway to romance. From acting love scenes on the stage it is a short step to real life.	★ Gradually get into the swing of working at familiar jobs, forming new bonds, and renewing old ones. Do not rely too much on the promises of other people.
<b>LEO</b> The Lion JULY 23 - AUGUST 22	★ Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, orange. Gambling colors, orange, navy-blue. Lucky days, Monday, Thursday. Luck in finding a lost article.	★ Your ambitions are liable to be stirred by a business or economic development. It pays to plan ahead, provided you are willing to wait patiently for future rewards.	★ If you were in the wrong, or made an error of judgment, own up to it frankly. If you've been trying to do what you can't afford come down to earth.	★ Love and logic do not always go together. You fall for a boy on the other side of the town or one who is an awkward dancer, yet you think he is perfect.	★ Press every advantage if you are working on behalf of individuals, the community, organisations or ideals. You might play a major part in a real achievement.
<b>VIRGO</b> The Virgin AUGUST 23 - SEPTEMBER 22	★ Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white, gold. Lucky days, Friday, Saturday. Luck in a romantic episode.	★ Should you start on an undertaking filled with rose-colored hopes, don't be surprised if you find the going much tougher than anticipated, because of undercurrents.	★ Consult the marriage partner before embarking on any major venture. Don't attempt surprises which fall wide of the mark, or worse, be unwelcome.	★ Love and logic do not always go together. You fall for a boy on the other side of the town or one who is an awkward dancer, yet you think he is perfect.	★ Do not judge people too soon from surface indications. A confident manner can cover up experience. Give jobs to those who have shown their ability.
<b>LIBRA</b> The Balance SEPTEMBER 23 - OCTOBER 22	★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, red. Gambling colors, red, white. Lucky days, Monday, Saturday. Luck in the face of obstacles.	★ Friends or associates may have plenty of advice, but little in the way of practical help to offer. Don't be high-pressured into risking any of your cash.	★ While your capacity for honest effort is magnified, something behind the scenes is working for you. Pursuits that mean better living conditions should be first.	★ If your best beloved has aroused that jealousy for which your sign is famous, and you attempt to hit back, there will be fireworks. Keep as calm as possible.	★ There must be hard work if you are only out for socialising. The well-run occasion has been preceded by careful planning and division of responsibilities.
<b>SCORPIO</b> The Scorpion OCTOBER 23 - NOVEMBER 22	★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, green. Gambling colors, green, gold. Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday. Luck in bold action.	★ Take up the financial angles to forestall possible future misunderstandings with partners, either marriage or business. A middle-of-the-road policy pays dividends.	★ Much ado at home as well as outside may cause you worry. If you let things get on your nerves and become emotional, you are the one who will suffer.	★ When hearts do not lead to diamonds it could be your fault. If you've been busy being a pal, a good sport, a sincere friend, did you forget romantic glamour?	★ The guest of honor perhaps Or the belle of the ball? Meantime one of you will be congratulated. Any matter which conceals the theatre should be successful.
<b>SAGITTARIUS</b> The Archer NOVEMBER 23 - DECEMBER 20	★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, mauve. Gambling colors, mauve, white. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday. Luck in the family circle.	★ There is a possibility of a profit through dealing in property, renting, improving your home, or selling an unwanted article. Exchange of services could be satisfactory.	★ Even though you may have your own opinions, there is no point in trying to convince others who differ from you. Anything like that will be bitterly resented.	★ Should you be a highbrow type, don't show off your superiority at the expense of your beloved. This will make him feel small. He may shine in another field.	★ Are you trying to bring together friends who have similar tastes? Arrange a gathering home and over a cup of tea may draw them into activities.
<b>CAPRICORN</b> The Goat DECEMBER 21 - JANUARY 19	★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, brown. Gambling colors, brown, green. Lucky days, Tuesday, Thursday. Luck in having the right contacts.	★ Be ready to sign on the dotted line if a proposition is made to you. This is an excellent week for new responsibilities, fresh contacts, or unfamiliar tasks.	★ Do not let news or other people's statements depress you, for they do not appear to be borne out by facts. Steer clear of wild-goose chases, stick to routine.	★ Just because you enjoy expensive outings don't expect the boyfriend to spend more than he can afford. Be glad to have an evening at home occasionally.	★ Take yourself outdoors in your spare time. If a city dweller, walk part of the way to town or home if a suburbanite, the garden is waiting.
<b>AQUARIUS</b> The Waterbearer JANUARY 20 - FEBRUARY 18	★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, grey. Gambling colors, grey, green. Lucky days, Monday, Friday. Luck in getting what you want.	★ Don't attempt to hurry events or you may act prematurely, and be obliged to pay for an error in judgment. Allow enough time for your hopes to be fulfilled.	★ It might be revealing to check over your private, financial, and domestic accounts. Avoid becoming indebted to friends, relatives, or neighbors. Clear up old obligations.	★ If it's first love you'll live in a daze. If it is an old love it will be renewed with understanding. More than one of you will make a solemn promise.	★ Those who are interested in domestic arts classes may find new friends. If no such classes exist in your district, some smart Aquarian will organise some.
<b>PISCES</b> The Fish FEBRUARY 19 - MARCH 20	★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, light blue. Gambling colors, light blue, rose. Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday. Luck in realizing your hopes.	★ Ambition is fine, but don't drive yourself so hard that you neglect relaxation, hobbies, friends, or family. Don't carry your worries. Tense people aren't efficient.	★ Protect yourself and family from seasonal ailments, keep out of family or neighborhood arguments, and spend your leisure in developing your personality.	★ If it's first love you'll live in a daze. If it is an old love it will be renewed with understanding. More than one of you will make a solemn promise.	★ Your sign always shines on its decorating committee. Your article gifts may be called upon in a hurry and you can perform wonders with the simplest materials.



## Appetites quicken when they TASTE THAT CHICKEN

Betty King says:  
"Chicken is just another word for temptation—something your meals need plenty of these drowsy days when appetites droop. Served as a soup, it's an appetiser and thirst-quencher, too."

You can serve a chicken appetiser in seven minutes using Continental brand Chicken Noodle Soup. It's made from real chicken and, because you fresh-cook it, you get those gorgeous sniffs of real chicken curling up—drawing that slow-coach husband by the nose! Serve it before your salads and lunch-time sandwiches—and taste that chicken!



# CONTINENTAL SOUP

BRAND



**BEGINNERS' PATTERN**  
F3749.—Beginners' pattern for  
an easy-to-make skirt. Sizes  
24, 26, 28, and 30in. waist.  
Requires 1yd 54in. material.  
Price 2/6.

# Fashion PATTERNS

\* Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 4069, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand readers send money orders only direct to Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

F4752. — Dress-and-jacket ensemble, the dress beltless and slender, the jacket featuring the new bloused fullness. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 54in. material. Price 5/-.



F4717. — Smart Empire-line coat. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 54in. material. Price 4/9.

F4750. — Slender-line suit with single-breasted unwaisted jacket. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 54in. material. Price 4/6.

F4754. — Attractively styled one-piece dress features bloused fullness above a fitted waist. The dress can be made with short or wrist-length sleeves. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Sketch A (long sleeves) requires 2½yds. 54in. material; sketch B (short sleeves) 3½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/-.

F4748. — Chic two-piece suit; the jacket is designed with a drawstring waistline. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 54in. material. Price 4/6.

## NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

\* Needlework Notions are available for only six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

No. 665.—GIRL'S OR BOY'S TARTAN DRESSING-GOWN  
The dressing-gown is obtainable cut out ready to make in brushed-back cotton tartan. The tartan choice includes McDuff, Victoria, Rosa, Stewart, Dress Stewart, and Prince Charles.  
Sizes: Lengths 29in. for 2 years 25 ½, 33in. for 3 to 4 years 26 ½, 37in. for 5 to 6 years 30 ½, 41in. for 7 to 8 years 36 ½. Postage and registration 1/9 extra.

No. 666. — LUNCHEON SET  
The set is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider with an unusual grape-vine motif. The material and color choice includes white and cream Irish linen and sheer linen in blue, lemon, pink, and green. Sizes: Centre mat 11in. by 17in., plate mat 11in. by 11in., cup-and-saucer mat 5in. by 5in. Nine-piece set includes 1 centre, 4 plate, and 4 cup-and-saucer mats. Price 18/11. Postage and registration 1/9 extra. Thirteen-piece set includes 1 centre, 6 plate, and 6 cup-and-saucer mats. Price 22/8. Postage and registration 2/9 extra. Serviettes to match, size 11in. by 11in. Price 1/9. Postage 4d. extra.

No. 667.—SUPPER CLOTH  
The cloth is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider with a pretty daisy motif. The material and color choice includes white and cream Irish linen, and sheer linen in blue, lemon, pink, and green. Size 36in. by 36in., price 18/11. Postage and registration 1/9 extra.

No. 668.—INFANT'S LAYETTE  
Six-piece infant's layette is obtainable cut out ready to make. The material and color choice includes tulle in cream, pale pink, baby-blue, and lemon; and flannelette in cream only. Frock in tulle 22 ½, in flannelette 14/3. Postage and registration 1/6 extra. Petticoat in tulle 16/9, in flannelette 11/2. Postage and registration 1/- extra. Nightgown in tulle 24/6, in flannelette 14/6. Postage and registration 1/6 extra. Pilechers in tulle 7/9, in flannelette 4/3. Postage 6d. extra. Coat in tulle 19/11, in flannelette 13/3. Postage and registration 1/3 extra. Matinee jacket in tulle 8/3, in flannelette 4/6. Postage 6d. extra. Complete layette in tulle 99/8, in flannelette 59/9. Postage and registration 2/9 extra.



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The wise bride makes Actil her choice. She knows that with Actil she receives more than fine sheets and pillow cases. She enjoys pride of possession of unsurpassed quality . . . serene sleeping comfort over the years . . . the extra strength and longer wear that make Actil the best money can buy.

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IMPROVES ICE CREAM, COFFEE,  
AND TINNED FRUITS

There is no Substitute for Quality.

## Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, is amazed by the strange stories coming from the country where a weird green spiral is supposed to have swallowed up a farmer, a chicken, a young man, and, finally, a police motor-cycle. One eyewitness who says he saw the farmer disappear is suspected by police of having murdered the missing man.

More and more reports of the spiral pour into police headquarters. The Chief and Mandrake are eventually able to pinpoint the appearances on the map. Each spiral has been seen within a half-mile of the laboratory of Professor Pell, who is experimenting with ultra-short sonic waves. They pay a visit to the professor. NOW READ ON:

IN THE LABORATORY OF PROFESSOR PELL--

PROFESSOR PELL: I HAVE A SEARCH WARRANT HERE. YOU'RE UNDER ARREST ON SUSPICION OF--

CHIEF: I'VE HEARD ABOUT THE 'GREEN THING' ON ALL SIDES! I KNOW NOTHING ABOUT IT!

IM EXPERIMENTING WITH ULTRA-SHORT SONIC WAVES. THE SHORTEST EVER KNOWN-- BUT THEY'RE COMPLETELY HARMLESS-- THERE'S NOTHING THAT COULD CREATE THE 'GREEN THING'!

HERE'S A LOG OF THE EXACT TIMES WE HAD THE EQUIPMENT WORKING DURING THE LAST MONTH!

HMM-- WHENEVER THE 'GREEN THING' WAS REPORTED SEEN, YOUR EQUIPMENT WAS ON!

WHAT? LET ME SEE THAT LOG!

THIS IS OUT-AND-OUT EVIDENCE!

IMPOSSIBLE, CHIEF! THIS MACHINE CREATES NOTHING BUT SOUND-- WHICH WE CANNOT HEAR! I'LL TURN IT ON--

YOU SEE, THE MACHINE IS ON. NOTHING'S HAPPENING. I DON'T BELIEVE THE 'GREEN THING' EXISTS. ALL IMAGINATION--

PROFESSOR PELL--!

SUPPOSENLY, OUT OF NOWHERE, THE SILENT WHIRLING 'GREEN'--

TO BE CONTINUED

### IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By R

THERE'S NOT A MINUTE I CAN HAVE IN THE KITCHEN WITHOUT ONE OF THE FAMILY COMING IN.

HOW DO YOU KEEP THEM OUT?

THAT'S EASY. I JUST LOOK AS IF I'M STARTING TO WASH UP.

Rud.





Don't  
leave a  
lipstick  
trail!

Use LIPCOTE over your favourite lipstick. Invisible—provides day-long protection—makes lips softer, more adorable. One bottle lasts for months.

Only 6/3 at all stores, beauty salons and chemists.



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IM FIGHTING FIT  
AT FIFTY...



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Get YOUR Ford Pills in red and gold plastic tubes, 6/- and 3/6 everywhere.

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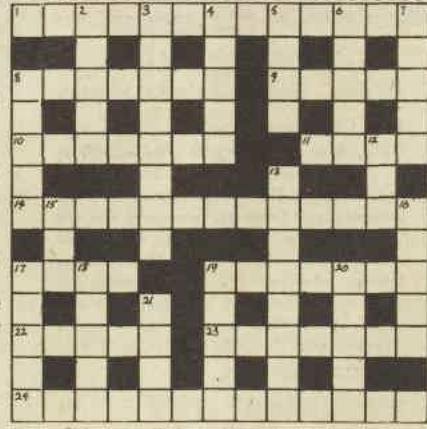
**Muscle Pains**

Sure, quick, positive relief...  
Iodised Balmosa cream!  
You'll feel the pain abating...  
You'll feel new freedom return to aching muscles.  
Iodised Balmosa cream is non-staining. Just smoo-o-o-th it in.  
Ask your doctor about  
**IODISED BALMOSA**  
AVAILABLE FROM CHEMISTS EVERYWHERE



## THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

- ACROSS
- Four of them could command a ship (13).
  - This tar could be eagerly desirous (7).
  - They are for skating and their centre is for writing (5).
  - Any dart for converting hide into leather (7).
  - Pianissimo on any instrument produces this heavenly body (4).
  - The showing of it infuriates and makes the job of a matador more dangerous (3, 3, 2, 1, 4).
  - The small one is poor stuff (4).
  - Mere sin (Anagr. 7).
  - Marshy plant growing in edges (5).
  - Warn Sue to recant (7).
  - Agreeing with top end corners (13).



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

- Like a layer but pale (5).
- The French in Highland woollen fabric makes a fine muslin (8).
- Scolded angrily (5).
- Subtle emanation from a starting and ending Chaldean city (4).
- Do not make a majolica plate (5).
- Ascended though the end is worth little in Japan (5).
- Change (5).
- Bird to be seen when growling (3).

- A good cheese which mars a pen (8).
- Woman in the Revelation (3).
- If you can't win, be a good one (5).
- A cab is or could be fundamental (5).
- The senior tree (5).
- Furnish mostly a sally (5).
- Relative full of broken ice (5).
- This keeps a gun cocked (4).



## Use ARRID to be safe

This smooth Arrid Cream Deodorant Safely Stops Perspiration.

All through the year—particularly in the summer—you risk offending unless you stop perspiration before unpleasant odors can form. Use Arrid to be safe! Smoother, creamier Arrid instantly stops perspiration. Arrid removes odor from perspiration on contact—with its magic PERSTOP\* action! And Arrid is safe for skin—safe for fabrics.



Regular, 3/9;  
Large, 5/10.  
\*Trade Mark Reg.

Girls, if you prefer a spray deodorant, then here's the one for you—Arrid!

Arrid Super-Spray is tingling fresh, and it has such a refreshing perfume. One squeeze and its magic vapour gives you day-long protection. Arrid Super-Spray dries instantly, is safe for skin and clothes. Only 6/11 at all cosmetic counters.



ARRID CREAM—ARRID SUPER-SPRAY  
— AT ALL COSMETIC COUNTERS.

## Free yourself from Nervous Tension

SANATOGEN, the protein nerve tonic, treats nervous tension where it originates—in the nervous system itself. Sanatogen is an active nutrient tonic, medically recommended and proven, rich in protein and phosphorus—essential nutrients for both body and nerve cells.

Unlike drugs and sedatives, which merely calm you down temporarily, Sanatogen repairs and restores nerve cells and tissues to their normal healthy state. A course of Sanatogen starts helping you from the very first day. Sanatogen will enable you to maintain really good health so that, as nature intended, you'll be calmer, less worried and less irritable. You'll sleep better and get a great deal more enjoyment out of life.

Sanatogen is recommended by doctors the world over and is sold only by chemists.

**Sanatogen**

The PROTEIN Nerve Tonic

FS9/58



next  
time

you  
"change"  
Baby...

change  
to

**Nyal**  
**BABY**  
**POWDER**



**HERE'S WHY! STOPS CHAFING, SOOTHES SENSITIVE SKIN AND RESISTS MOISTURE**

These are good reasons why Nyal Baby Powder brings so much comfort and contentment to your baby. It actually "moisture-proofs" the skin and thus protects against chafing. The moisture-resistant powder creates a barrier between wet nappies and baby's skin. Nyal Baby Powder forms a silky-smooth film of protection which clings longer . . . helps keep baby cool and comfortable even through long night hours.

Nyal Baby Powder is the softest, smoothest powder you could ever use. Made from the whitest, purest talc (specially processed and sifted through silk), it is so beautifully fine it brings soothing comfort to sensitive skin.

Nyal Baby Powder contains two gentle antiseptics (Boric and Alphozone) carefully blended to give you a powder of unsurpassed quality. Thus Nyal Baby Powder not only relieves skin irritations, but acts as a mild deodorant, too.

And, moreover, the delicate refreshing perfume of Nyal Baby Powder will help keep baby fresh and sweet. So, next time you "change" baby . . . change to NYAL Baby Powder. Two sizes—Regular, **2/5**, and Giant Economy Size, **4/9**, which gives you almost three times the quantity for only twice the price.

**ACTUALLY REPELS MOISTURE.** Water simply "rolls" off when Nyal Baby Powder is smoothed gently over the skin. Unlike ordinary baby powders which absorb moisture, Nyal Baby Powder actually repels it. This moisture-resistant quality lessens the chance of wet nappies chafing baby's tender skin.

**Nyal**

**BABY POWDER**

SOLD ONLY BY CHEMISTS

**"SOOTHES BABY'S TUMMY"**

"Just one teaspoonful of Nyal Milk of Magnesia after feeding is the quickest way I know to soothe baby's upset tummy—prevent 'wind' pains and acidity in infants," says Matron Shaw. "Nyal Milk of Magnesia is smooth, even and pleasant to take. Its gentle laxative action ensures regular habits, too. I have proved it safe for even the youngest baby." Mothers! Take Matron Shaw's good advice and have a bottle of Nyal Milk of Magnesia on hand always. Buy either Sweetened or Regular. Two sizes, **3/3**, **5/6**.

**Nyal MILK OF MAGNESIA**

**Soothing Relief From Skin Irritations**

When baby "complains" because of Diaper Rash, Cradle Cap or Chafing, provide relief instantly by using cooling, soothing, protective NYAL Calamine-Lanolin Cream. The modern formula of NYAL Calamine-Lanolin Cream was compounded especially to ease these painful conditions. As the name implies, NYAL Calamine-Lanolin Cream contains Calamine, which soothes pain and discomfort, promotes healing; Lanolin to make baby's skin soft, supple again; PLUS a special pain-relieving ingredient which stops the irritation and itching.

**FAST. Large Tube, 2/3.**

**Nyal CALAMINE-LANOLIN CREAM**

**Safe, Positive Cough Relief for Baby!**

Coughs and chest congestion in infants vanish quickly when treated with Nyal 'Decongestant' BABY Cough Elixir. The 3-way expectorant, soothing, decongestive action of this proven effective formula "breaks" summer coughs far, far better than ordinary mixtures. Nyal 'Decongestant' BABY Cough Elixir soothes sore, inflamed tissues of throat and chest; shrinks swollen bronchial tubes, cutting away phlegm and so making breathing easier. This soothing, cherry-flavoured elixir can be safely given to babies from six months of age. **4/6**, **5/9**.

**Nyal 'DECONGESTANT' BABY COUGH ELIXIR**